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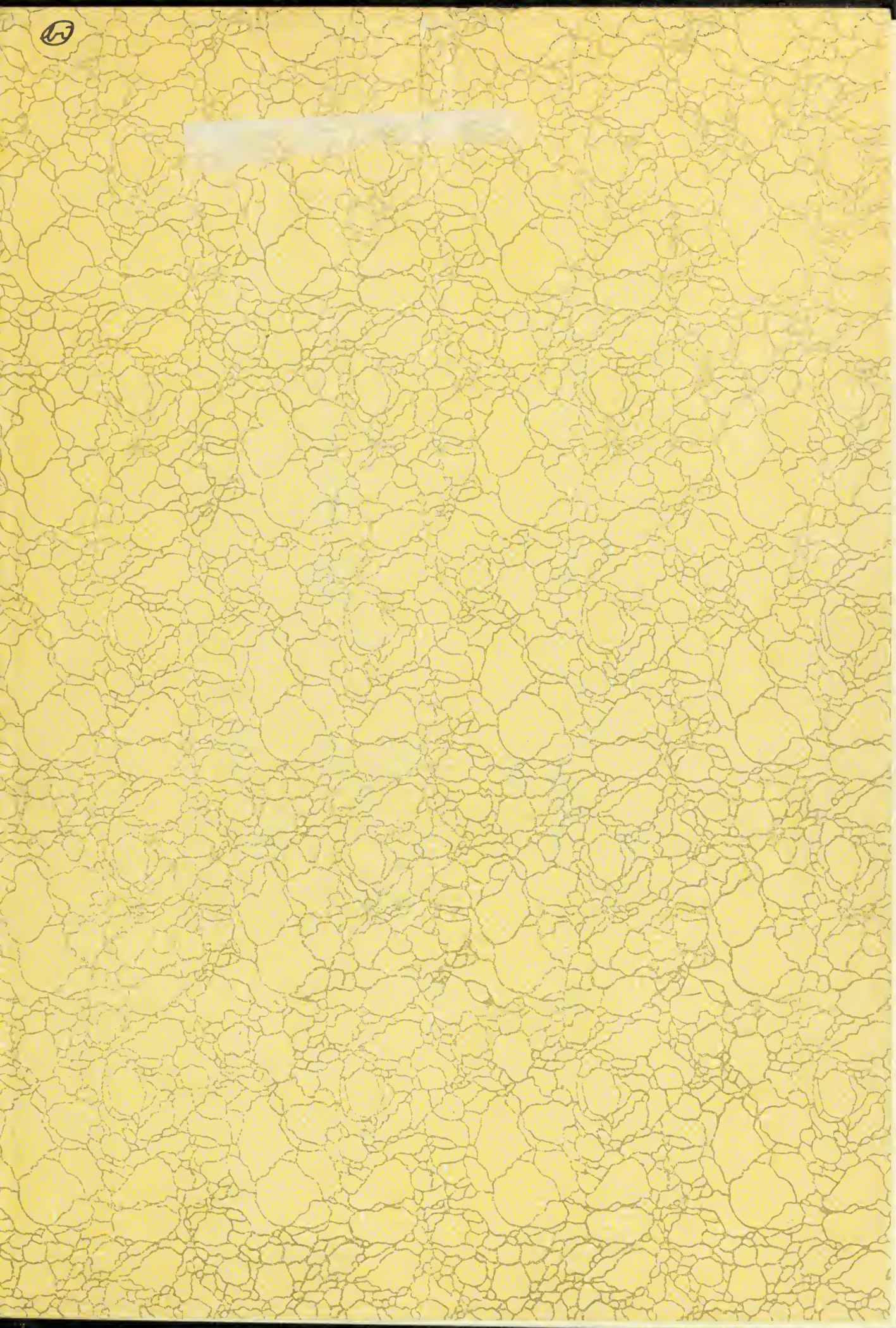

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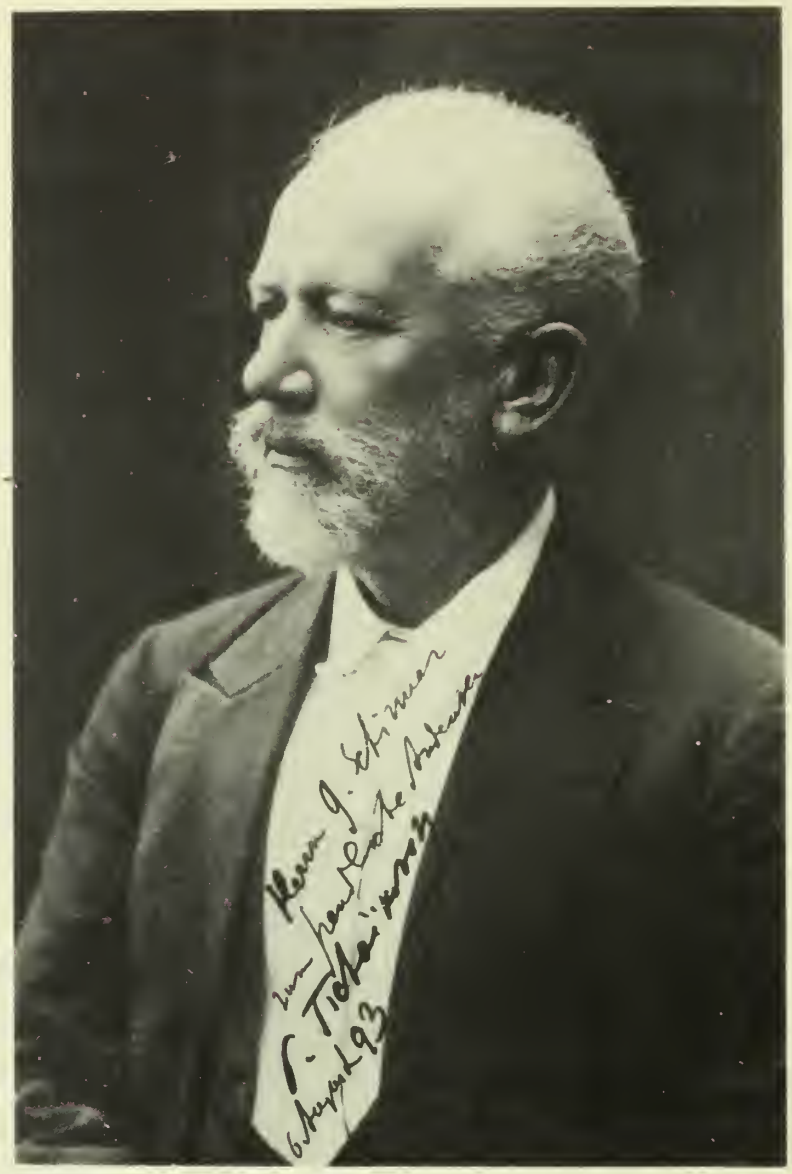

Photograph of P. I. Tchaikovsky, signed and inscribed to Gustave Schirmer, founder of the house

M
1503
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1910

The QUEEN OF SPADES

An Opera in Three Acts and Seven Scenes

by

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY

Libretto by

MODESTE TCHAIKOVSKY

English Version by

ROSA NEWMARCH

172271

G. SCHIRMER, INC. New York

Characters.

Herman	*1-st Tenor.*
Count Tomsky (Plutus)	*Baritone.*
Prince Yeletsky	*Baritone.*
Tchekalinsky	*Tenor.*
Sourin	*Bass.*
Tchaplitsky	*2-nd Tenor.*
Naroumov	*2-nd Bass.*
Master of the Ceremonies	*2-nd Tenor.*
Countess ***.	*Mezzo-Soprano.*
Lisa	*Soprano.*
Pauline (Daphnis)	*Contralto.*
The Governess	*Mezzo-Soprano.*
Mary	*Soprano.*

Characters in the Interlude.

a) Chloë	*Soprano.*
b) Daphnis (Pauline)	*Contralto.*
c) Plutus (Count Tomsky)	*Baritone.*

The scene is laid in St. Petersburg at the close of the Eighteenth Century.

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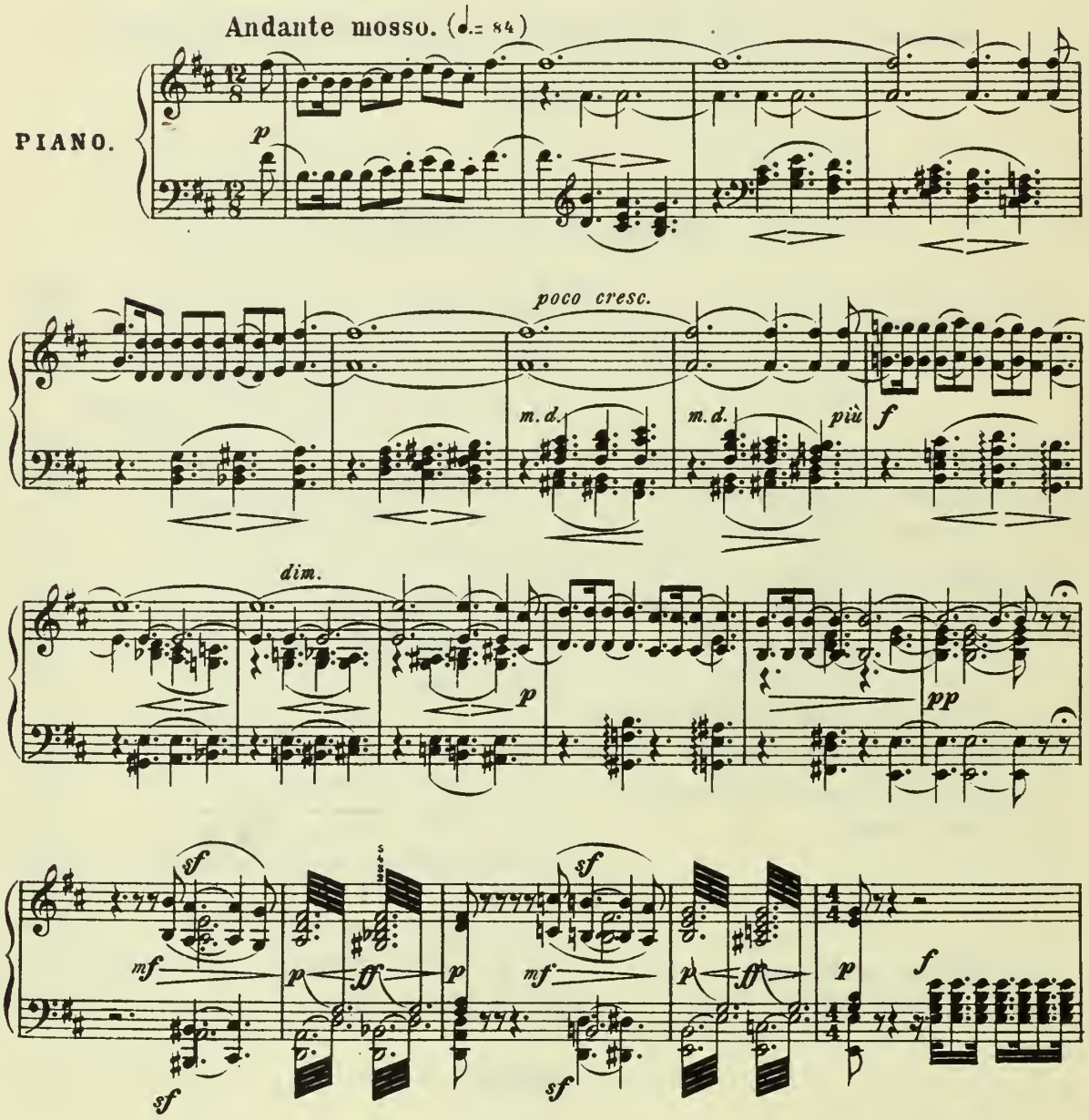
The Queen of Spades

English version by Rosa Newmarch
(after the Russian of Modeste Tchaikovsky)

Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky, Op. 68

INTRODUCTION.



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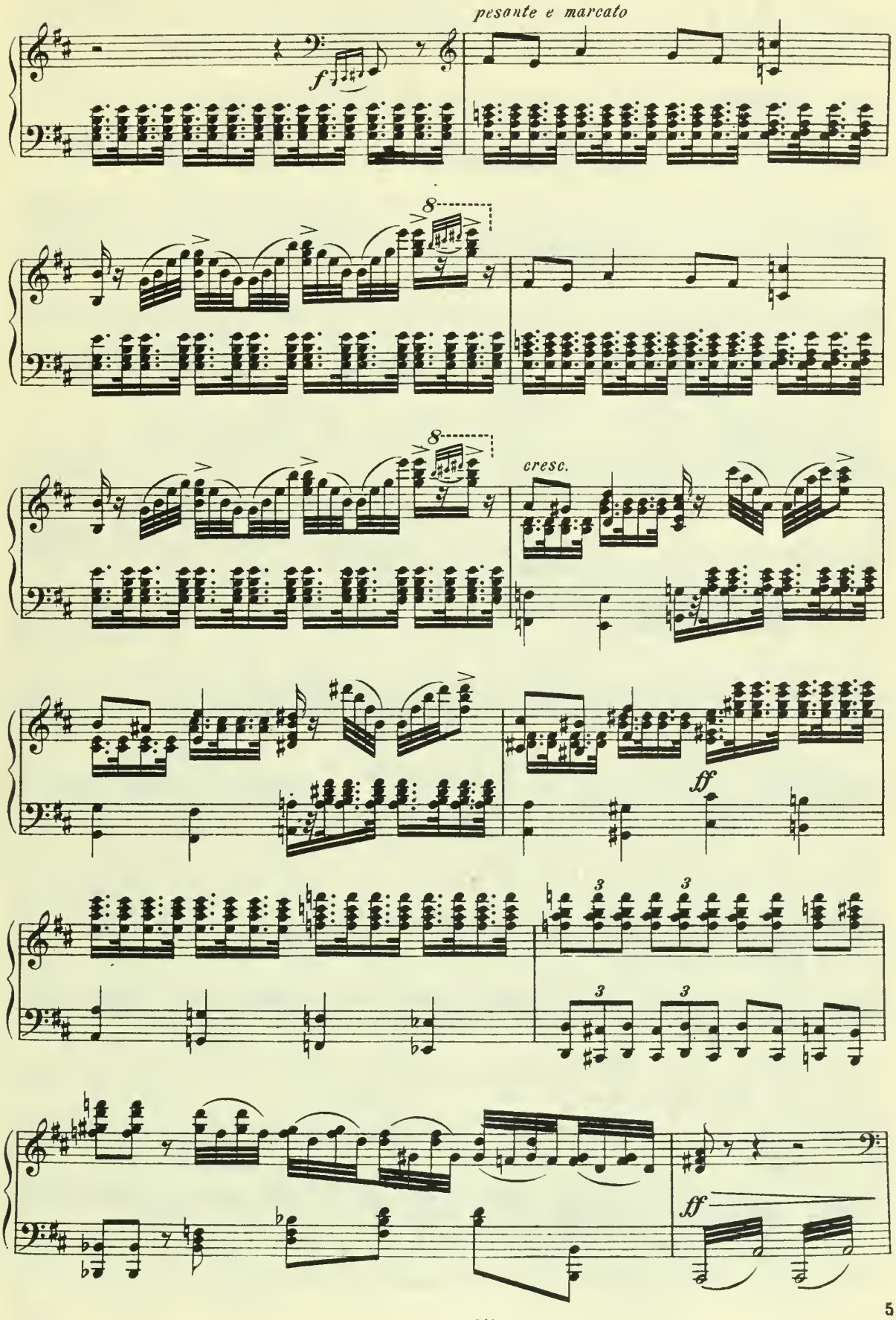
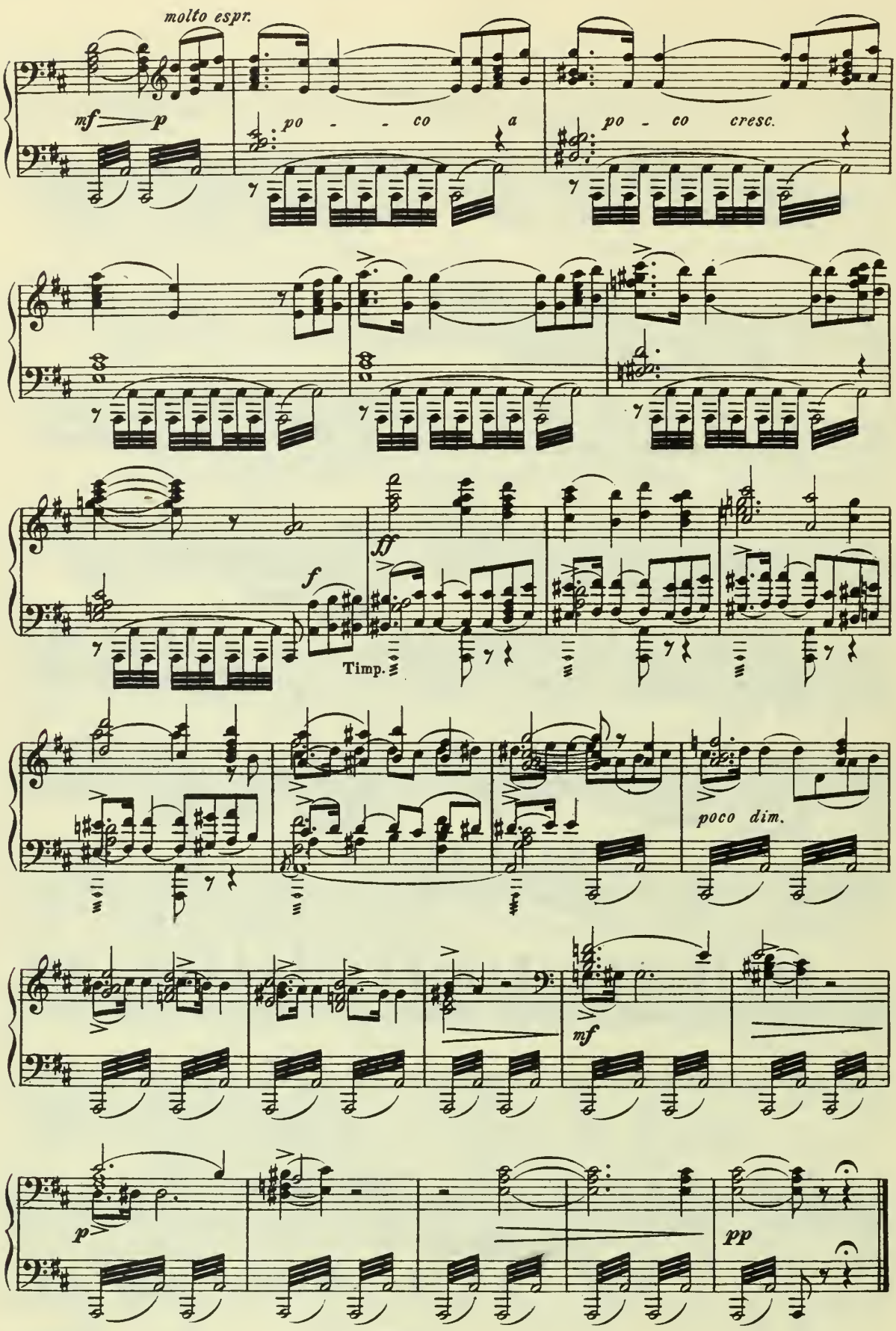

pesante e marcato
f
8
8
cresc.
ff
3
3
3
3
ff

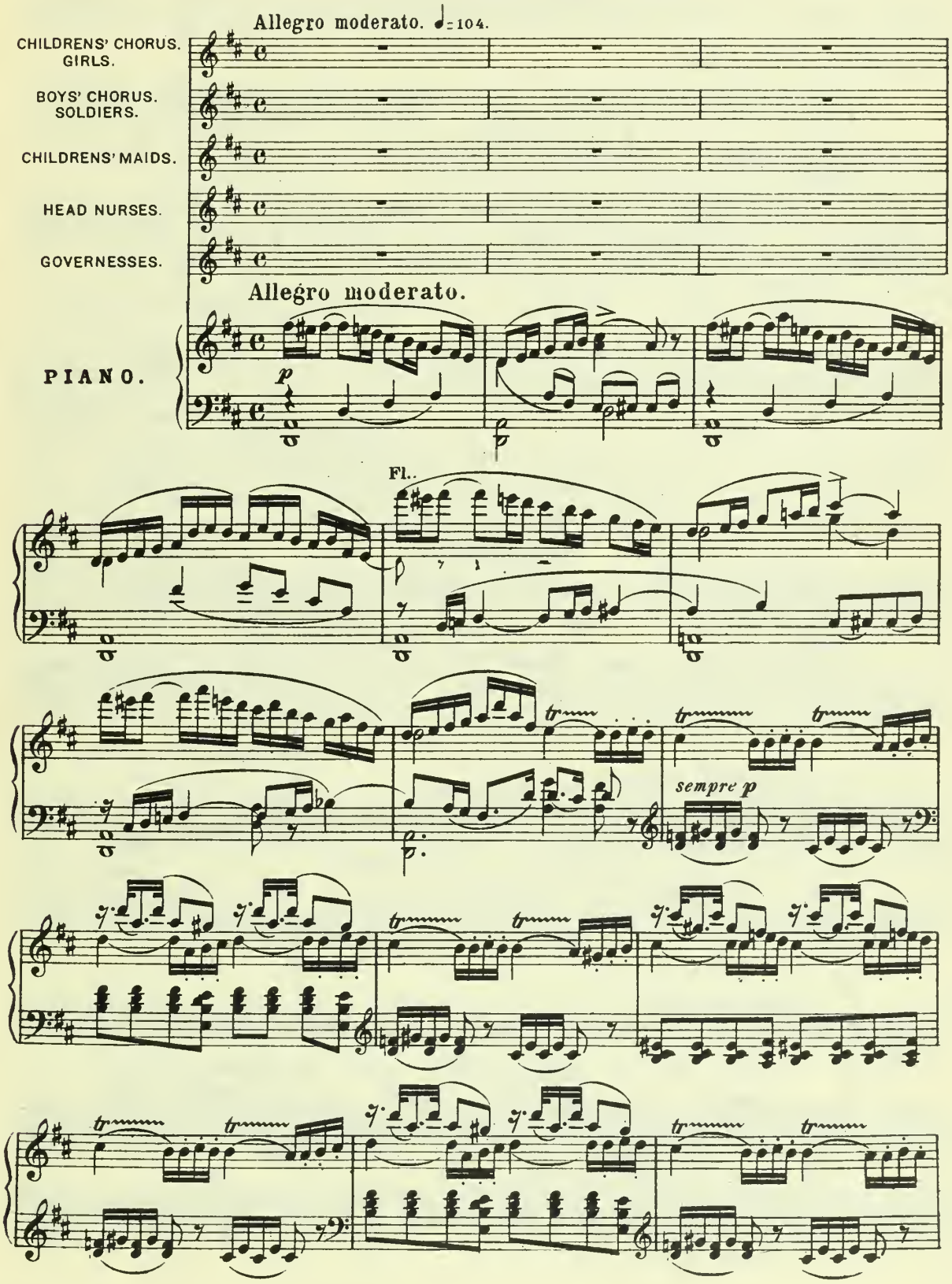

molto espr.
mf
p
po - co a
po - co cresc.
ff
f
Timp.
poco dim.
mf
p
pp

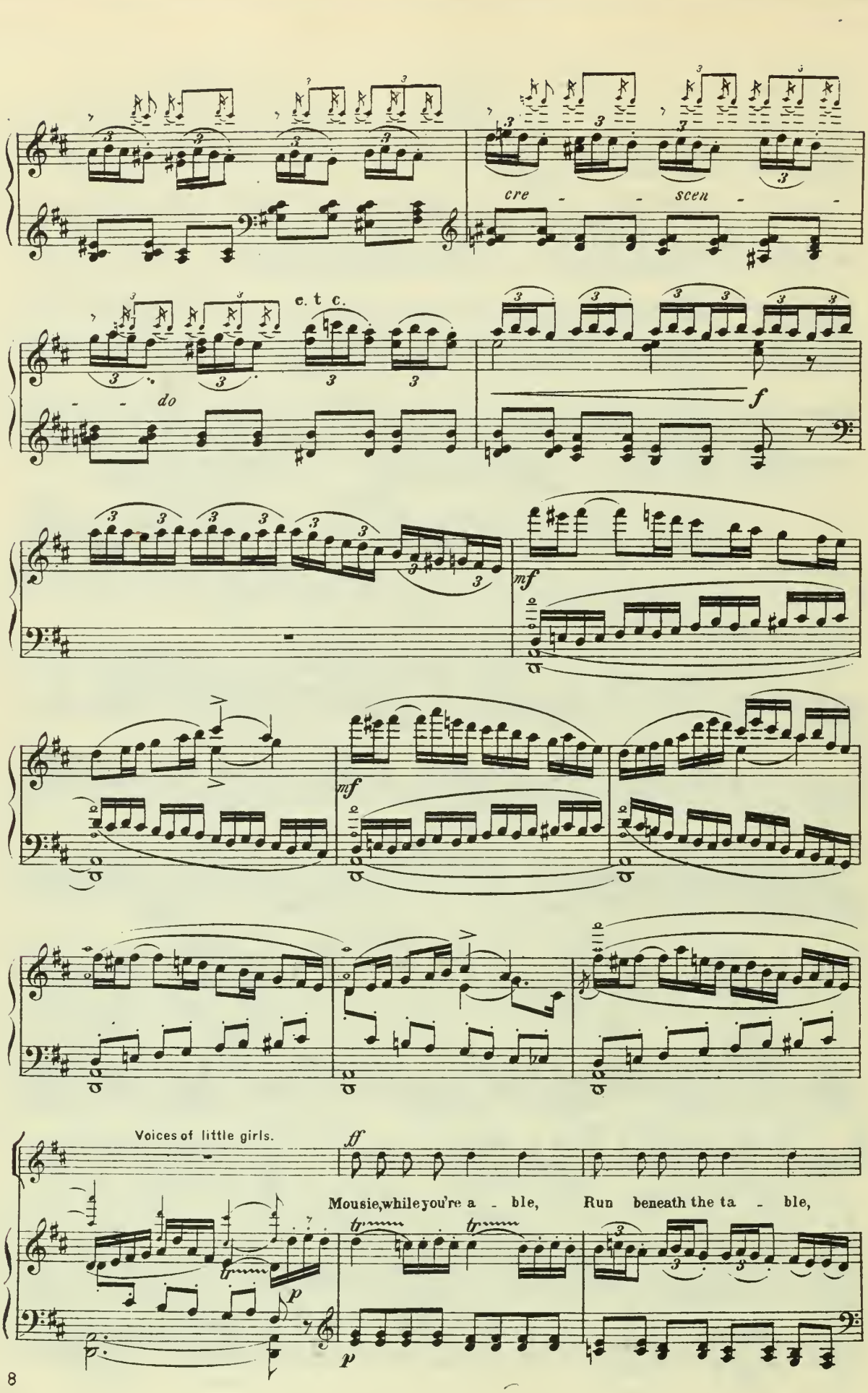
ACT I.

SCENE I.

Spring. A open space in the Summer Garden, St. Petersburg. Seated on the benches are nurses and governesses, chatting together. Some of the children are playing at races; others have skipping-ropes, balls etc.

№ 1. Chorus of Children, Nurses etc.




cre - - scen - -
e. t c.
- - do
f
mf
mf
Voices of little girls.
ff
Mousie, while you're a - ble, Run beneath the ta - ble,
p
p

(Sounds of laughter, exclamations, and running footsteps.)

Who'll catch me!

tr *tr*

cre - - scen - - do

mf

CHORUS.

Alti. NURSE-MAIDS.

f

Gai - ly laugh and play, Child - ren, while you may! Now's the time for sport,

p

North - ern springs are short, Sun - shine will not stay!

mf

Child - ren, when you're good, Nei - ther cross nor rude, In your games a - gree,

p

play - ing pret - ti - ly, Then we nurs - es too, get some rest from you,

p cre - - scen - - - do

Thank - ful for the chance, While you run and dance. Gai - ly laugh and play,

ff *mf*

Child - ren, while you may, Now's the time for sport, North - ern springs are short!

p

Sop. CHORUS OF GOVERNESSES.

f

Heav'n be prais'd, for now a while our end - less du - ties cease! Here we sit & breathe the balm - y

Child - ren!

mf

air of spring in peace! Dai - ly scoldings, marks and lessons, Cop - y - books and slates—

while you may, Gai - ly laugh and play, Now's the

Rest - ing in this sunny garden, We for - get our fates!

time for sport, North - ern springs are short!

CHORUS OF HEAD NURSES

Sopr.

mf Hush - a - hush - a -

Alti.

bye! Hush - a - hush - a - bye!

mf Hush - a - hush - a - bye! Hush - a - hush - a -

Hush, my ba - by, from the light, Keep those pret - ty

bye! Hush, ba - by,

eyes shut tight.

(Children's drums and trumpets are heard off the stage.)

(Children's drums & trumpets.)

Trumpets.

ff

cre - - scen - do

f

Sop. CHORUS OF NURSES & GOVERNESSES.

mf

Alti.

Here come our gallant soldier boys, they march so straight,

mf

Toy trumpets.

Drums.

ff

p

Now stand a - side there!

so stead - y!

f

Now stand a - side there!

f

Now stand a - side there!

Make way! make way! One, two, right, left, One, two, right, left!

(Enter the boys playing at soldiers, led by their captain.)

più f *p*

CHOR. OF BOYS (marching).

ff

One, two, one, two, right, left, right, left,

Keep in step, boys! All to - gether!

BOY CAPTAIN. Right wheel! One! two! Halt! (The boys come to a stand still.)

BOY CAPTAIN. Attention! Shoulder arms! Present arms! Ground arms! (The boys carry out the orders.)

mf *p* 3

(Tromba)

CHOR. OF BOYS.

f Now 'gainst our country's foe we're marching with our ban - ners, We mean to let them know That

Sostenuto, ma lo stesso tempo.

p

we'll soon teach them man - ners, and win the day or die! Hur - rah! Hurrah! Hur-

ff

cresc. *f*

rah! For hearth and home we fight, To save the land we cher - ish, etc.

Fl. *p*

We'll put the foe to flight, or neath their swords will pe - rish, for we must win or die! Hur-

ff *cresc.* *f*

rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah! Long life to thee, our queen, Our

f *p* *p*

mo_ther, wise and glor_ious, Our em_press most serene, Till we return vic_tor_ious, To

tr

ff

greet our land a_gain! Hur_rah! Hur_rah! Hur_rah!

tr

f

BOY CAPTAIN. „Ready, my lads?"

BOY SOLDIERS. At your orders, Captain!

BOY CAPTAIN. Attention! Present arms! Shoulder arms! Trail arms! Right wheel! March!

Toy drums.

ff

Toy trumpets.

ff

sfp *sf* *fp* *sf* *mf*

(Exit boys with drums & trumpets)

mf

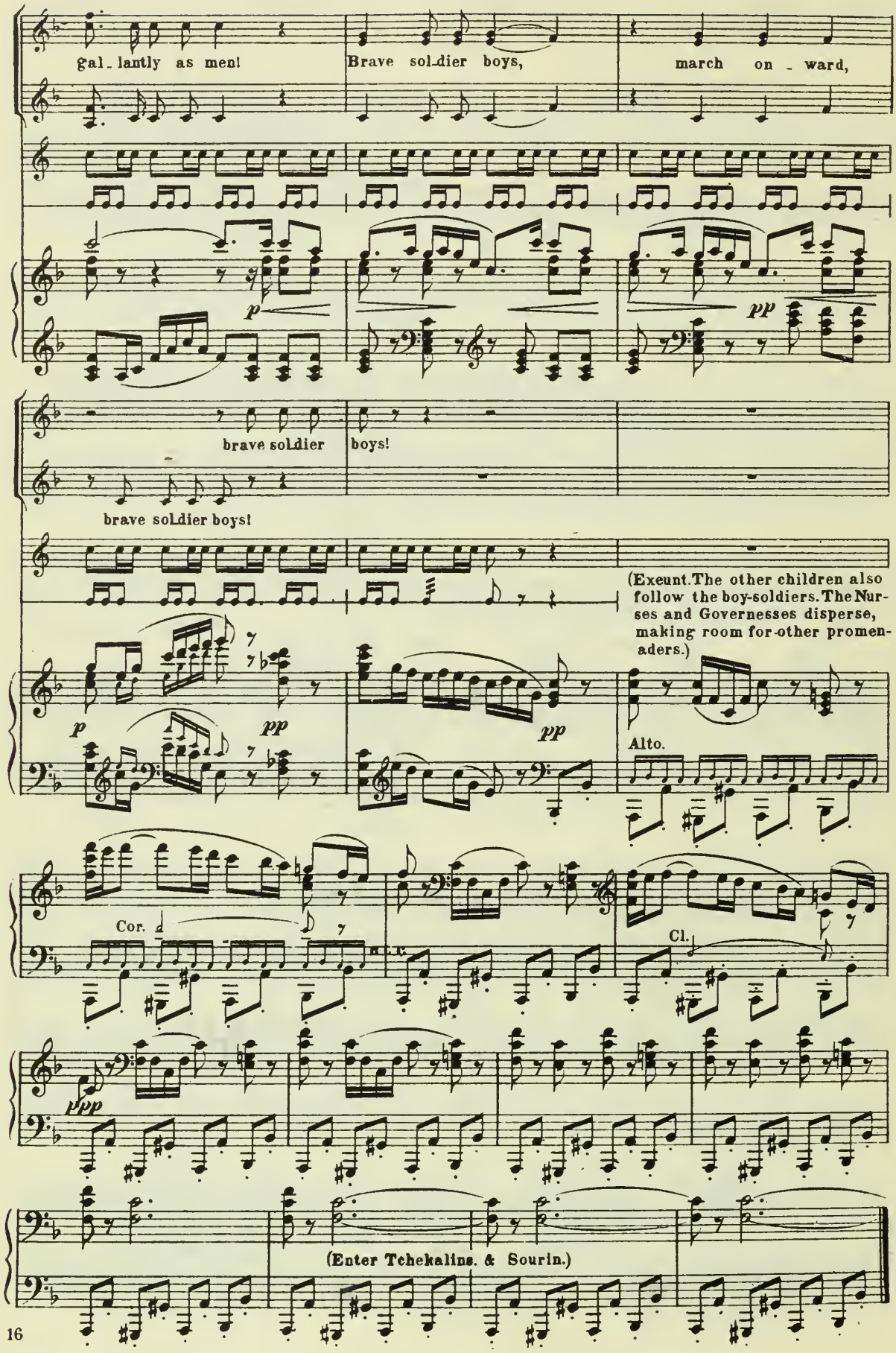
Come prima.

Sop. CHORUS OF NURSES AND GOVERNESSES.

Alti. See, how our brave & youthful sol_diers can march as straight and

Come prima.

po_co a po_co dim.


gal_lantly as men!
Brave sol_dier boys,
march on _ ward,
p
pp
brave sol_dier
boys!
brave sol_dier boys!
(Exeunt. The other children also follow the boy-soldiers. The Nurses and Governesses disperse, making room for other promenaders.)
p
pp
pp
Alto.
Cor.
Cl.
ppp
(Enter Tchekalins. & Sourin.)

№ 2. Scene. Arioso: Herman.

Moderato.
Recit.

TCHEKALINSKY. What luck had you last night at cards?

Recit.

SOURIN. Of course, I lost no end of mon - ey!

Moderato.

PIANO.

TCHEK. I have no luck. You kept it up, no doubt, till day - light?

SOUR. Yes, before t'was over,

TCHEK: How bored I was! Dev - il take it, I was quite clear'd out!

SOUR. Was Herman there? Yes! He

in tempo

sat as us - ual there, the whole night long; till dawn, One might suppose they nail'd him to the boards, and

TCHEK. drank, but ne - ver spoke a word. Was that all?

SOUR. He watch'd how oth - er people played.

TCHEK. Ah,

T. SOUR.

what a cur_ious man he is! As though he had an e_vil con_science, op_press'd by

p

S. TCHEK. SOUR. Andte (♩=72)

man_y past mis_deeds. I've heard it said, he has no money. True, he is poor.

Andante.

mf *p espr.*

(Enter Herman, dreamy and melancholy, together with Count Tomsky.)

(Exit Sourin and Tchek.)

S.

See, there he comes! He looks like some lost soul, so ghastly.

Ob. *più f* *p* Ob.

HERMAN.

Why, no_thing, all is well...

TOMSKY.

Come, tell me, Her_man, what's the matter? What ails you?

p

H. No - thing at all.

T. But you have alt - er'd, Her - man, now, you seem un - happy.

p

T. You were a care - ful, steady lad, but chee - ry too, and full of

p

T. spir - its; but now you're gloom - y, tac - it - turn, – and I can scarce be -

mf

T. lieve mine ears; 'tis said your passion's all for cards; that all the night you sit and play, till sun - rise

p

Andante. (♩ = 72)

HERMAN.

T. finds you at the tables. True! Now no long - er can I

Andante.

p

H. tread life's beaten path - ways as in the past. I know not what has come to me.

p più f

H. Con - scious of ru - in, and resent - ing my weakness, yet I lack the power to check my down - fall.

p

TOMSKY.

H. I am in love, in love! What! you in love? With

mf

HERMAN. dolce

T. whom? I have not learnt her name or sta - tion. Nor sought to

p p

H.

più f

make her mine. She needs no mort_al ap_pel_lation who is di_

p *p* *p*

(with ardour) Più mosso.

H.

vine... With what bright thing may I com_

string. Più mosso.

p *p*

H.

pare her? This earth no im_age yields, since

H.

Par_a_dise holds no_thing rar_er in all th'El_ys_sian

p *poco cresc.*

H

f *riten.* *a tempo sempre agitato*

fields! Yet hate_ful thoughts pur_sue me: what if an_

rit. *mf* *a tempo sempre agitato*

H.

o - - ther owns her heart, while I scarce dare to kiss her

p

p

riten.

Tempo I. (Andante.)

H.

foot - prints, and torn with pain, must stand a - part... I curse myself, but love en -

Tempo I. (Andante.)

riten.

mf *dim.*

p

Riten. molto.

string.

H.

f

ff

thralls me; I strive in vain in pas - sion's grasp, and long the more her form to clasp,

Riten. molto.

string.

più f

f

f

Tempo I.

a piàcere

H.

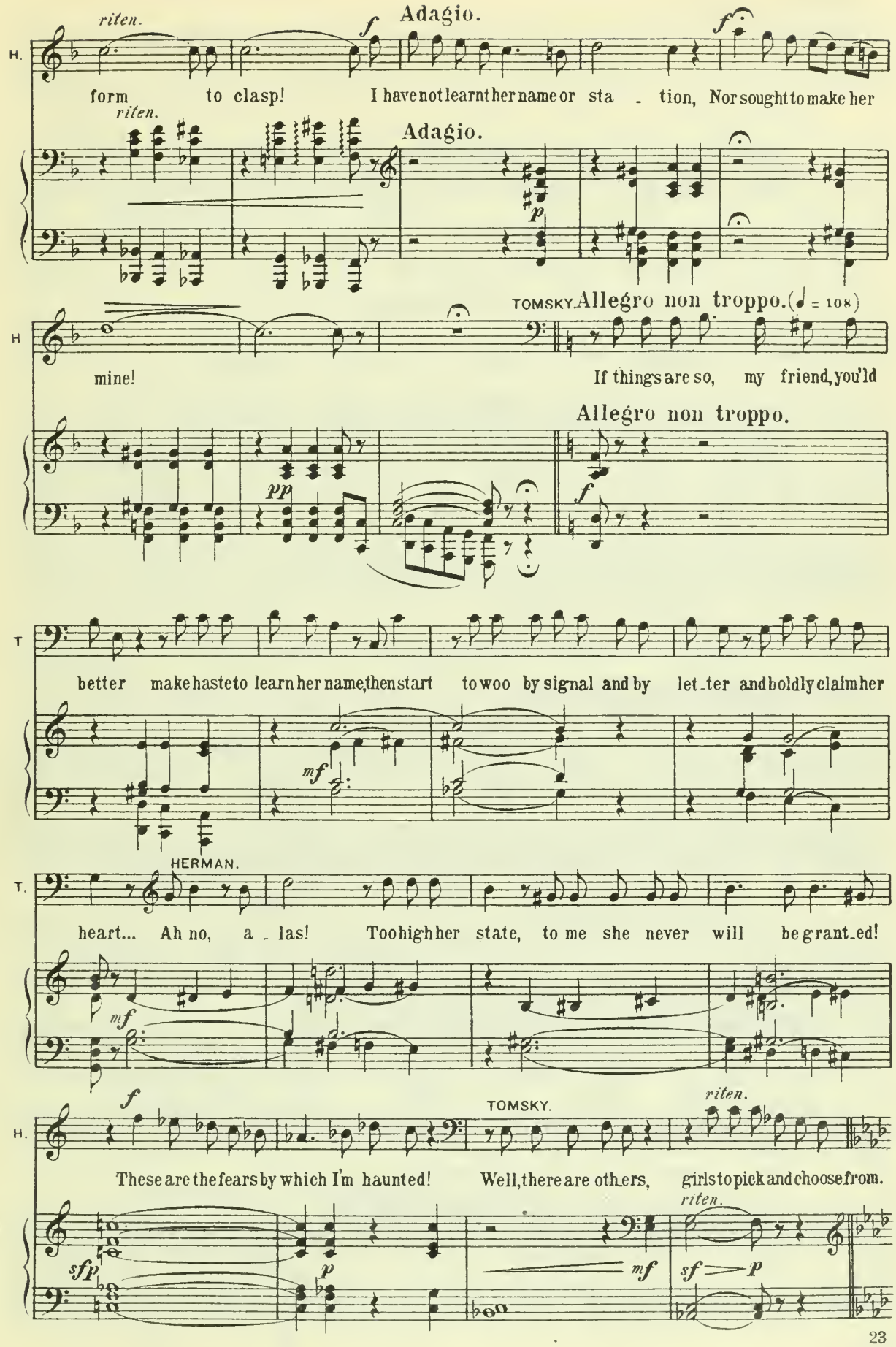
and long the more her form to clasp; I strive in vain in passion's grasp, and long the more her

Tempo I.

colla parte

mf

p


riten.
Adagio.
H.
form to clasp! I have not learn the name or sta - tion, Nor sought to make her
riten.
Adagio.
TOMSKY.
Allegro non troppo. (♩ = 108)
H
mine!
If things are so, my friend, you'ld
Allegro non troppo.
T
better make haste to learn her name, then start to woo by signal and by let - ter and boldly claim her
HERMAN.
T.
heart... Ah no, a - las! Too high her state, to me she never will be grant - ed!
TOMSKY.
riten.
H.
These are the fears by which I'm haunted! Well, there are oth - ers, girls to pick and choose from.
riten.

HERMAN Rep.

Poco più vivo. (♩ = 116)

f

Ah! you know me lit - tle! My love for her will never

Poco più vivo.

Cl.

mf

H.

cease! Nay, Tom - sky! Vows are not so brit - tle!

H.

Once I knew hap - pi - ness and peace, in days e'er passion had possess'd me, my

Fl.

p

H.

spi - rit was by reas - on led, But since this ard - ent dream ob - sess'd me With

più f

cre -

H.

vis ions strange, my rest has fled, my rest has

ff

- scen - do

f

H.

fled! Like poi - son all my veins it fills! I languish! Mine the

mf *cresc.* *f*

ff (♩=♩) TOMSKY.

H.

love that kills! What's all this, Her-man? I con - fess, I never

ff (♩=♩) *p*

T.

thought, that you of all men could be by passion so dis -

cre - - - *scen* - - *do*

(Exit Herman & Tomsky. The stage is filled with promenaders.)

T.

traught!

poco stringendo

ff

№ 3. Chorus of Promenaders. Scene.

Allegro giusto. (♩ = 126)

GENERAL CHORUS OF PROMENADERS.

Sop.

Alt.

Tenor. Now, thank Heav'n, no more it freez - es, Win - ter's o - ver.

Bass.

Allegro giusto.

PIANO.

past! Bright the skies and warm the breez - es, May is here at

last! Ah! 't is too en - chanting, these are days for out - door

bliss! Pleasure's har-vest, let us reap it, Who can say how long we

keep it, Weath - - er such as this? Who can

ff

say how long we keep it, who can say, Weather such as this?

p

(Young ladies.)

mf

How delight_ful! How enchanting!

(Old ladies.)

mf

Sure_ly life was bright - - er, in the years long past,

(Young beaux.)

mf

Sun - ny skies, sweet breezes, Song of night_in_gale,

(Old beaux.)

mf

Ma_ny years have van - - ish'd since on such a day,

p

f

Ah, we feel that life is sweet!

f

Then the spring was ear_lier, sun_ny days would last. Aye, spring was always earl - y!

f

love_ly girls, whose blush - - es make the ros - es pale.

f

we went forth a - court - - ing in the month of May.

mf

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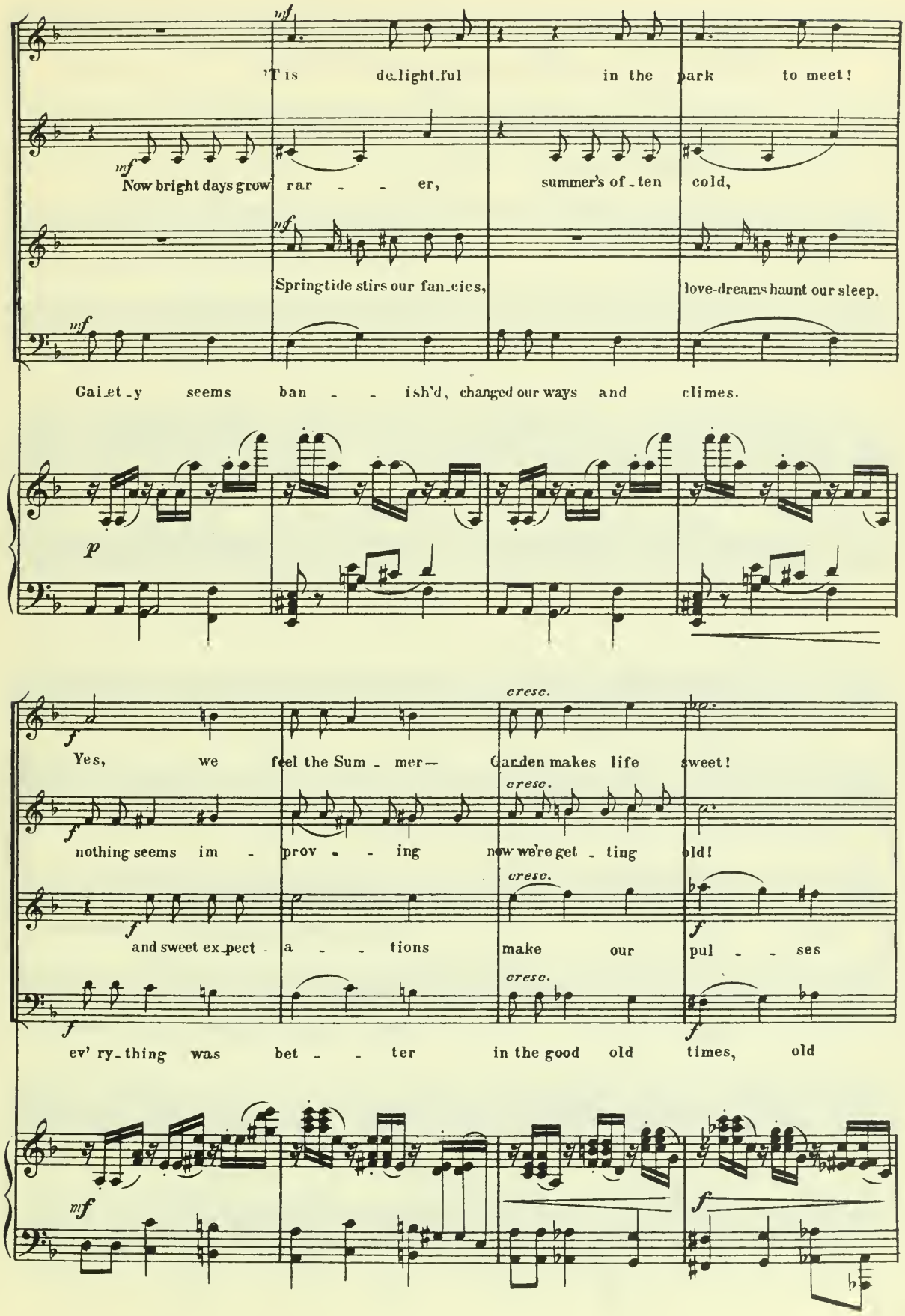

mf
'Tis de_light_ful in the park to meet!
mf
Now bright days grow rar - - er, summer's of_ten cold,
mf
Springtide stirs our fan_cies, love-dreams haunt our sleep.
mf
Gai_et_y seems ban - - ish'd, changed our ways and climes.
p
cresc.
f
Yes, we feel the Sum - mer— Garden makes life sweet!
cresc.
f
nothing seems im - prov - - ing now we're get - ting old!
cresc.
f
and sweet ex_pect - a - - tions make our pul - - ses
cresc.
f
ev' ry_thing was bet - - ter in the good old times, old
mf
f

Yes, we see with sat_is_ fac_tion hosts of suitors, young and gay,

Yes, we're sure that things were brighter, men po_li_ter, balls more gay,

leap! Sun_ny skies, soft breezes, ten_der songs of the

times! Ma_ny, ma_ny years have vanish'd since on such a

Timp.

Of_fi_cers and smart civ_il_ians crowd the gar_den paths to_day.

Love was tru_er, skies were blu_er, and less rare a sun_ny day!

night_in_gale, love_ly girls whose blushes make the summer ros_es

per_fect day. We went out a_cour_ting, cour_ting in the hap_py

p Look how man - y well-dress'd peo - ple in the gar - dens take their air - ing!

p Yes, we're sure that life was bright - er, men po - li - ter, balls more splen - did,

p seem quite pale, These are spring-times ra - diant of-f'rings, These the gifts of

p month of May! Gai - e - ty is ban - ished, changed our cust - oms and our

pp *po - co a po - co cre - scen - do*

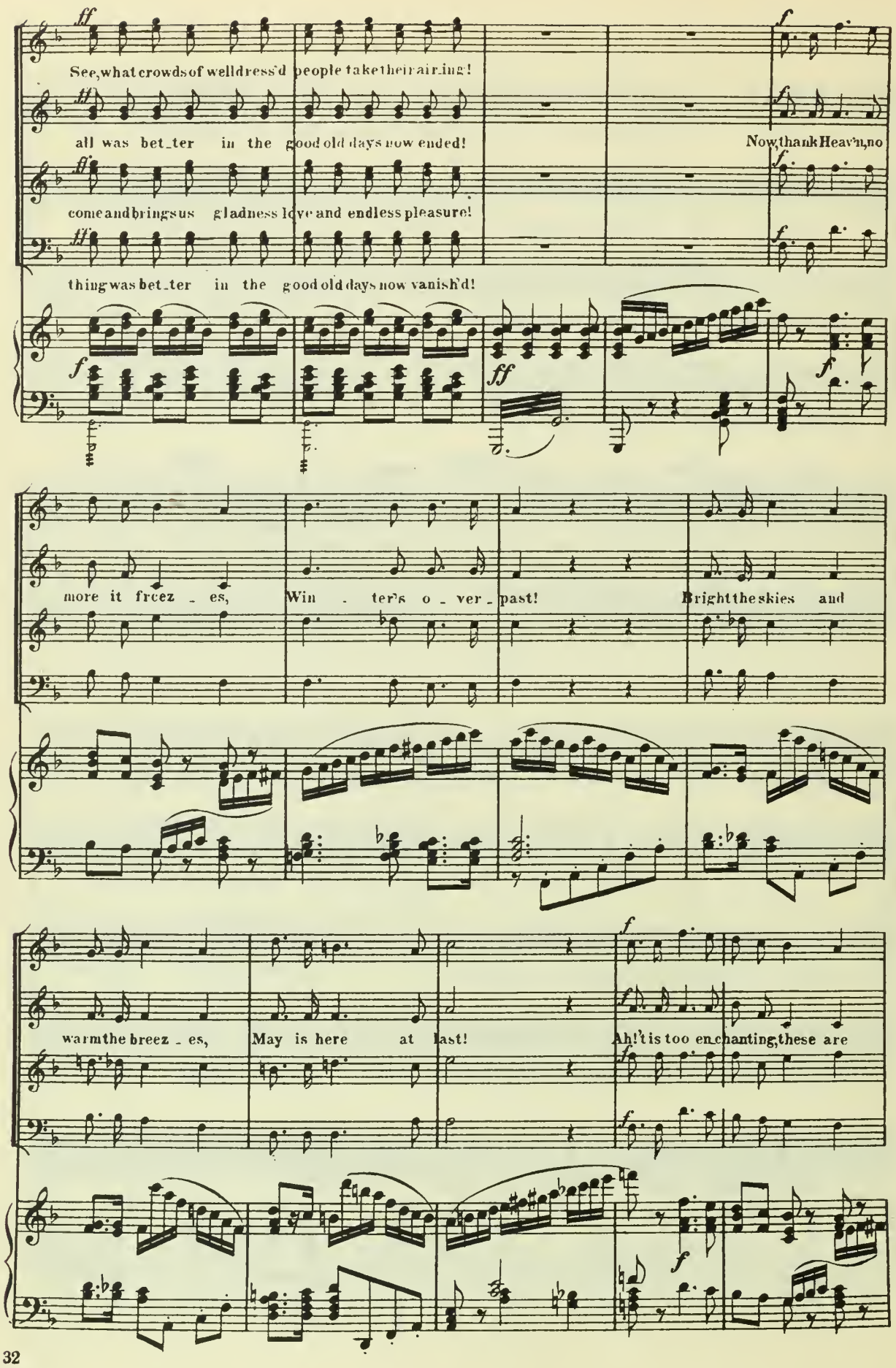
Gallant sold - iers, smart civ - il - ians, *f* What fine clothes and noble bear - ing!

clouds were few - er, skies were blu - er, *f* all was bet - ter, all was bet - ter,

May! Aye, these are spring - tides' radiant *f* of - f'rings, gifts of May. Now spring is

f climes. Yes, ev' ry - thing was bet - ter, sure - ly in old times, Yes ev' ry -

- - - *do* *mf*


See, what crowds of well dress'd people take their air_ing!
all was bet_ter in the good old days now ended!
Now, thank Heav'n, no
come and brings us gladness love and endless pleasure!
thing was bet_ter in the good old days now vanish'd!
more it freez_es, Win_ter's o_ver_past! Bright the skies and
warm the breez_es, May is here at last! Ah! 't is too enchanting, these are

days of out - door bliss! Pleasure's harvest, let us reap it,

Who can say, how long we keep it, Weath - er such as this? Who can

(Enter Herman & Tomsky.)

Poco meno. (♩ = 112)

TOMSKY

And are you

say how long we keep it? Who can say? Weather such as this!

Poco meno.

T.

cer_tain she ig _ nores your love and your ex _ ist _ ence? I'll dare to

p

T

bet she sighs for you, and loves you at a dis _ tance...

Moderato. (♩ = 100)

HERMAN.

con amarezza

Ah, had I not this con_so _ la _ tion to ease my pain,

Moderato.

Cor.

H.

I think my heart with des _ o _ la _ tion would break in twain!

poco riten.

H

Al-though I live thro' an-guish wear-ing, there's still one thought be-

colla parte

a tempo

H

yond all bear-ing: Should fate de-cree she ne'er shall be my bride...

a tempo

cre- *scen-*

H.

TOM.

HERMAN.

Ah, then for me remains one end... What? Su-i-

do

f *p*

animando (Enter Prince Yeletsky. Tchekalinsky and Tomsky approach him.)

TCHEK. (to the Prince)

H

cide! I wish you

espressivo

p

cre- *scen-*

SOURIN.

THE PRINCE. *(riten.)*

H

all good luck. They say you are en-gaged? Yes, gentle-men, it

do

mf

Meno mosso. (♩ = 84)

is so; she's an an - gel, and whisper'd „Yes" this morning; So we're plighted henceforth

Meno mosso.

Più vivo. (♩ = 104)

TCHEK. SOUR.

for ever mo re! Good news, in-deed! Take my con-grat-u - la-tions, all

Più vivo.

TOM. THE PRINCE. riten.

hap - pi - ness! Yel - et-sky, my good wishes! I thank you all, dear friends!

riten.

Andante. (♩ = 76)

HERM.

(with feeling) O day of an-guish, be ác-curst for ev - - er!

O day of bliss and hopes ful-fill'd, be blest for

Andante.

H. *mf*

In which all mi_series un_i_ted combine to ru_in life's endeav_our.

P. *mf* *più f*

ev_er! In which all joys un_i_ted com_bine to crown my

p *p*

H. *più f*

My, dear_est hopes are crush'd & blighted; Some hearts may feast, but mine must fast.

T.P.

life's en_deav_our, Henceforth my years are light_ed with rays direct from

più f

H. *f*

All na_ture frowns on me, such sad_ness floods all my soul and dims mine eyes; My

P. *f*

heaven cast... All na_ture smiles on me; such gladness floods all my

mf *p*

H. poison'd thoughts drive me to madness, my poi - son'd thoughts drive me to madness.

P. heart and blinds mine eyes: There is no room for doubt or sad - ness, Now love has

f *p*

H. yet great - er torments I surmise! O day of grief and an - guish, Ac-

P. op - en'd Par - a - dise! O, day of per - fect bliss, be blest by me while

Poco più. (♩ = 88)

H. curst while life shall last! No, tell us all about her!

TOM.

P life shall last! But, Prince, you have not told her name? (Enter Lisa and the Countess.)

Poco più.

p *mf* *p* *p*

mar -

THE PRINCE. (pointing out Lisa.) HERM.

Here she comes! My love! my love! whom he has

crescendo *f*

-cato in la mano sinistra

H.

chos - en! O heav - en! This un -

f

LISA AND THE COUNTESS. TOM.

H.

does me! 'T is he a - gain! Is this

di- - mi- - nu- - en- - do

T.

your nameless la - dy - love? The beau - - - ty you a -

p

№ 4. Quintetto & Scene.

Andante. (♩ = 60)

LISA. I shud_der! Once a_gain he re_ap pears,

COUNTESS. I shud_der! Wan and sad he re_ap_pears,

HERMAN. I shud_der! Dark & threat_ning she ap_pears a

TOMSKY. dor'd? She, his one de sir'd

THE PRINCE. I shud_der! Wan & strange she now ap_pears,

Andante.

PIANO.

L. This gloom_y man, this most mys_terious stranger! He troubles me with

C. This gloom_y man, this most mys_terious stranger! O, fate_ful ap_par_

H. gain, like some strange har_bing_er of ill, this weird old wom_an. Her looks of condem_

T. mate, The Prin_ce's bride! Ah, cru_el fate!

P. What cause has she to look so pale & so affright_ed? dis_tract_ed and ex_

L. name_less fears, On me his dumb, re_proach_ful glan_ces

C. i_tion! Who is he, on me threat'ning

H. na - - - - tion op_press and fill my heart with

T. I now see ter_ror in his eyes, ter - - - ror in his

P. ci - - - - ted? She seems possess'd by sud_den, name_less

mp *f*

L. turn_ing... Who thus pur_sues me wheresoe'er I go? I

mf *f*

C. glan_ces turn_ing? Who thus pursues me where_so e'er I go?

mf

H. nameless fears! Why does she want to dog my foot_steps, wheresoe'er I go?

mf

T. eyes, That were with pas_sion flam - - ing!

mf

P. fears! O, must our bliss, but new_ly found, so soon by grief be

mf *mf*

L. fear him! Fear his eye with mad - ness

C. *f* What can he want, this unknown man? I

H. *f* I quail be - neath the glance she turns on me,—

T. *f* And what ails her? She looks so pale and

P. *f* blight - - ed? What cloud has come be-tween us

mf

L. burn - ing, His wild un - can - ny look, that haunts me

C. fear his eye with mad - ness burning; His wild un-can-ny look that haunts me

H. She saps my will & strength, Who can she

T. white? strange and white! Ah, my heart misgives me

P. now? I shud-der, what dis - ast - - er then is

L. so! I shud_der! I shud_der, 'neath his

C so! I shud_der! I shud_der, 'neath his

H be? I shud_der! I shud_der, 'neath her

T quite! I shud_der! I shud_der, 'neath her

P. this, that comes be_tween me and my new_found bliss? I shud_der 'neath her

mf *p* *riten.* *dim.*

Allegro non tanto. (♩ = 116)

L. gaze!

C gaze!

H gaze!

(Count Tomsky approaches the Countess. The Prince goes towards Lisa. The Countess stares fixedly at Herman.)

T. gaze! Well, Count_ess!

P. gaze!

Allegro non tanto.

T.

COUNTESS.

My warm con-grat-u - la - tions... O, tell me, quick,

poco cresc.

C.

TOM.

that of - fi - cer, who is he? Yes, which one? That one?

p

T.

COUNTESS.

Her-man, a friend of mine. He looks so pale and strange.

mf

(Tomsky and the Countess pass to the back of the stage.)

C.

Where does he come from?

p marcato

mf

Moderato assai. (♩ = 96)

THE PRINCE (offering his hand to Lisa).

The rad_iant skies, the sunny hours, The spring with all her train of flow'rs

Moderato assai.

dolce *mf* *p*

P.

This crowd of kindly friends who meet to bless, and wish us ev'ry hap_pi_ness in

riten. *mf* *p*

P.

fu_ture... (they pass)

HERMAN (menacingly).

Laugh a_way, my friend, for_get_ful that the tem_pest fol_lows

p

(Distant thunder. Herman sinks down on the bench in gloomy reverie.)

H.

sunny weather; and that our Mak_er turns joy to weeping; sends bolts from the blue!

cresc. *p* *f* *p*

№ 5. Scene and Ballad (Tomsky).

Andante. (♩ = 72)

SOURIN.

A queer old creat_ure this an_cient

Andante.

espr.

mf

PIANO.

TCHEKALINSKY.

TOMSKY.

S.

Count_ess! A scare _ crow!

No won_der she is al_ways called the

T.

Queen of Spades!

There's one thing puzzles me: now she

p

p

p

p

T.

SOURIN.

nev_er plays at cards as formerly.

What? That old thing played?

p

TCHEK.

That weird old mummy gambling half the night! (ha ha ha) Why, sure-ly you must have heard

TOM.

S.

You're jok-ing!

mf *f*

SOUR.

T.

stor-ies a-bout her? No, nev-er, not a word!

TCHEK.

Not a word!

mf

TOM.

riten.

Adagio. (♩ = 60)

Well then I'll tell the tale! The Countess years a-go was known in Paris as belle of all the

riten.

mf *p*

T.

balls; while all the gay and smart young men pursued her. They nicknamed her the Ve - nus of Mos-cow.

p *p* *p*

T.

Count Saint-Germain, so gossip ran, (in those days he was handsome) was head & ears in love and tried in

mf *p*

T.

vain to cap - ti - vate the Countess! For ev' ry ev'ning found her deep in-volved in Fa - ro.

p *cre - scen - do*

T

A las! She much pre-ferr'd the cards to Love.

mf *p*

Allegro con spirito. (♩ = 116)

T.

It chanced at Versail - les „au jeu de la Reine; „The" Mos - covite Ve - nus" had

Allegro con spirito.

p *p*

T.

lost her last *sou,* And near her at ta - ble was Count Saint-Germain,*) Who

riten.

T.

watch'd her ill - for - tune the whole ev' - ning through. She mut - ter'd with fur - ious re -

riten.

 *) Pronounce Germaine

Quasi andante.

T.

gards: How fool - ish, how fool - ish, How

Quasi andante.

mf f p f p

Tempo I.

T.

fool - ish, to ven - ture my mon - ey so fast, For now I be - lieve that my

Tempo I.

pp poco a poco cresc.

a piacere in tempo.

T.

luck's turn'd at last! Three cards, o, three cards, o, three cards!

in tempo.

mf ff

T.

The Count takes the mo - ment, a - wait - ed so long, And

p

T.

when his a - dor'd one has slipped from the room, He fol - lows, and finds her a -

m.d.

T.

part from the throng, Re - gret - ting her los - ses in si - lence and gloom. No

riten.

riten.

T.

long - er his suit he re - tards. „Dear Count - ess, dear Count - ess, dear

Quasi andante.

Quasi andante.

mf *f* *p* *f* *p*

Tempo I.

T.

Count - ess, oh grant me but one „ren - dez - vous," And then, if you wish, I will

Tempo I

pp *cre* - - *scen* - - *do*

T.

name them to you _____ three cards, yes, three cards, yes, three

a piacere

mf

in tempo.

T.

cards!" The Count - ess, in - dig - nant, cries:

in tempo.

ff *mf* *f*

T.

„Sir, do you dare!" The Count stands his ground... E're the sun rose a-

Tromba.

mf

T.

gain the la-dy was back at the tab-les, I'll swear; though emp-ty her

pp poco a poco cresc

T.

pockets for „jeu de la Reine," she'd mast-er'd the names of three cards...

f

Meno mosso.

T.

She raked in the mo-ney, the oth-ers all lost,

Meno mosso.

f

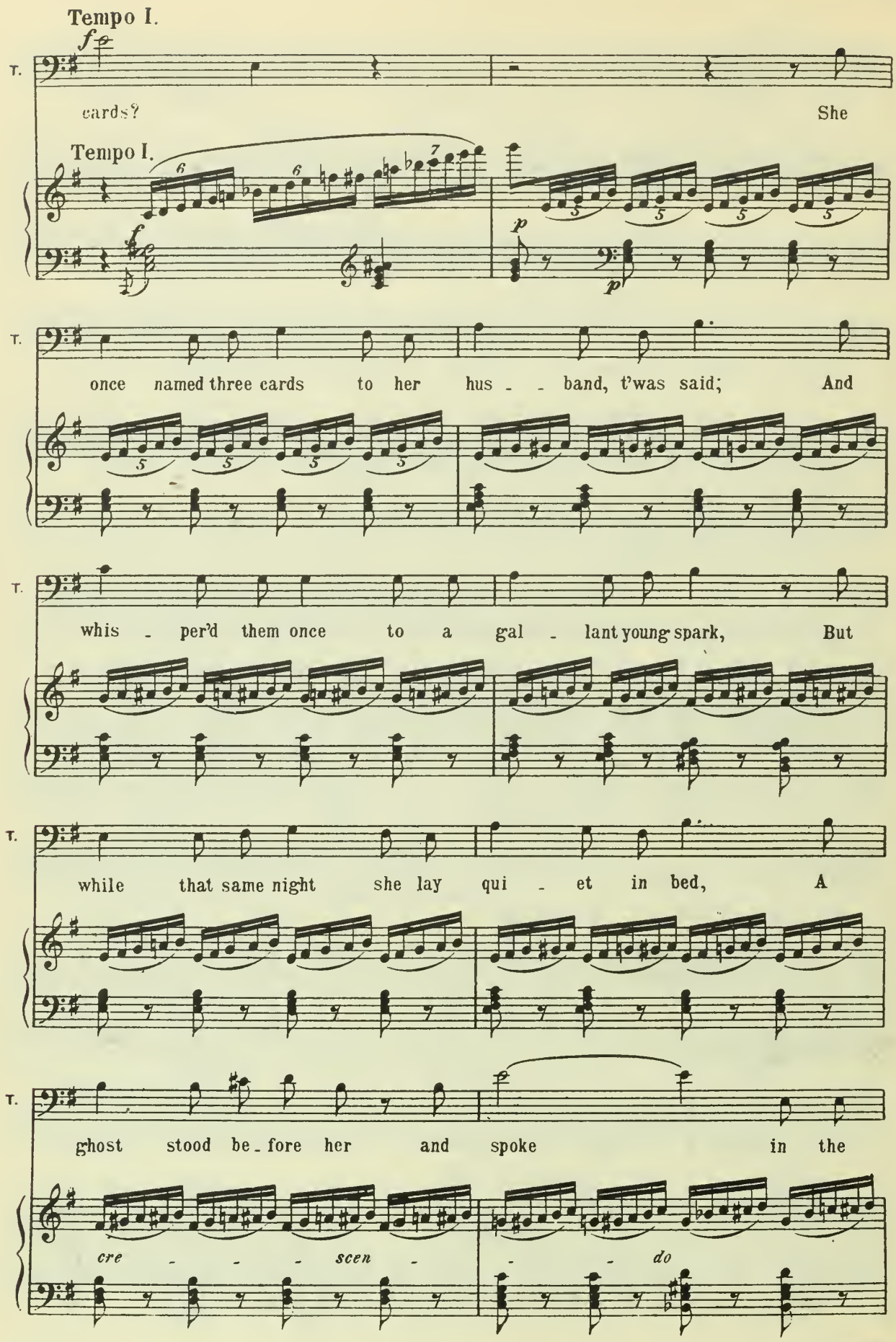
riten. riten. Andante.

T.

She piled up her gains.— Did she think of the cost of three cards, three cards, three

riten. Andante.

p


Tempo I.
T.
cards? She
Tempo I.
once named three cards to her hus - band, t'was said; And
whis - per'd them once to a gal - lant young spark, But
while that same night she lay qui - et in bed, A
ghost stood be - fore her and spoke in the
cre - - - scen - - - do

T.

dark... „Death's warn - - ing no wight dis - re -

mf *p* *cre* - - *scen* -

T.

gards; Thou shalt die when a third man, im - pell'd by despair, shall

f *do* *f* *p* *cre* - - - *scen* - - -

T.

strive from thy bos - om the se - - - cret to tear of three cards,

ff *a* *do* *f*

piacere

T.

of three cards, of three cards! Poco più mosso. Three cards!"

Poco più mosso.

ff

T.

ff

№ 6. Closing scene (storm).

(Distant thunder announ-

SOURIN.

Allegro moderato. (♩ = 112)

TCHEKALINSKY.

Se non è ve_ro, è ben trova _ to. A_mus_ing!

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

p Cl. Fag. p

ces the storm.)

S.

Well, the Countess now can sleep in peace, She'll hardly find a

mf p p

TCHEK.

S.

young and ard_ent lov _ er at her age! But list _ en, Herman! Here's

p p

(They laugh)

T.

a lucky chance for you to play without a pen_ny. Con_sid _ er,

T. and pond - er it! „When a third man, im - pell'd by his

S. „When a third man, im - pell'd by his

pp *marcato*

T. love and des - pair shall strive from thy bos - om the

S. love and des - pair shall strive from thy bos om the

T. se - - - cret to tear of three cards,

S. se - - - cret to tear of three cards,

mf *f*

T. of three cards, of three cards!"

(exeunt Tchekalinsky & Sourin.)

S. of three cards, of three cards!"

(A loud clap of thunder. The storm bursts overhead and the promenaders are seen hurrying in all directions.)

fffff

fff

ff

f di - mi - nu - en - do

CHORUS

Soprani.

Alti.

How quick - ly the storm clouds have

Tenor.

Oh

Bass.

Oh hark! Why,

p

How quick - ly the storm clouds have gath'er'd! Why, who could have thought!

gather'd! Why, who could have thought such rain was com - - ing!

hark!

who could have thought such rain, such rain was com - - ing!

p

the light - ning is flash - ing, thun - der is roll - ing!

the light - ning is flash - ing, thun - der is roll - ing!

cre - - *scen* - - *do*

fff

Make haste to get home!

fff

fff

Make haste to get home!

fff

8

fff

fff

Now run for the gates e're we're drenched!

Now

(All hurry off. The thunder gets louder.) (voices dying away.)

Come

(distant.)

Come, hast - en home!

run for the gates!

(distant.)

Come, hast - en home!

f *mf*

hast - en home! How wet we are! Now, run for the

(distant.)

Come home! (distant.)

Now run for the gates!

Come home!

Now run for the gates!

espr. *p*

gates! Be_fore our frocks are quite spoilt! Make

Make haste!

Be_fore your frocks are quite spoilt! Make haste!

Make haste!

cre - - - scen -

haste!

(A loud clap of thunder.)

do

fff

ff

dim.

HERMAN. (in a reverie)

„Death's warn - ing no wight dis - - re

m.d.

pp

cre - - scen -

H.

gards: Thou shalt

ff

H.

die when a third man, im - pell'd by des - pair, shall

pp m. d. *cresc.*

H.

strive from thy bos - - om the se - cret to tear of three

ff

H.

cards, of three cards, of three cards!" What use to me

Cel.

p *f* *p*

H.

would be this luck - y com - bin - a - tion? Since

espress.

H.

all my hopes are fled? An - other calls her bride!

cre - scen - do

ff Cor.

H.

The storm can - not fright me! My

mf

ff Cor.

H.

in - most soul is riv - en with such des - pair and grief, such

mf

H.

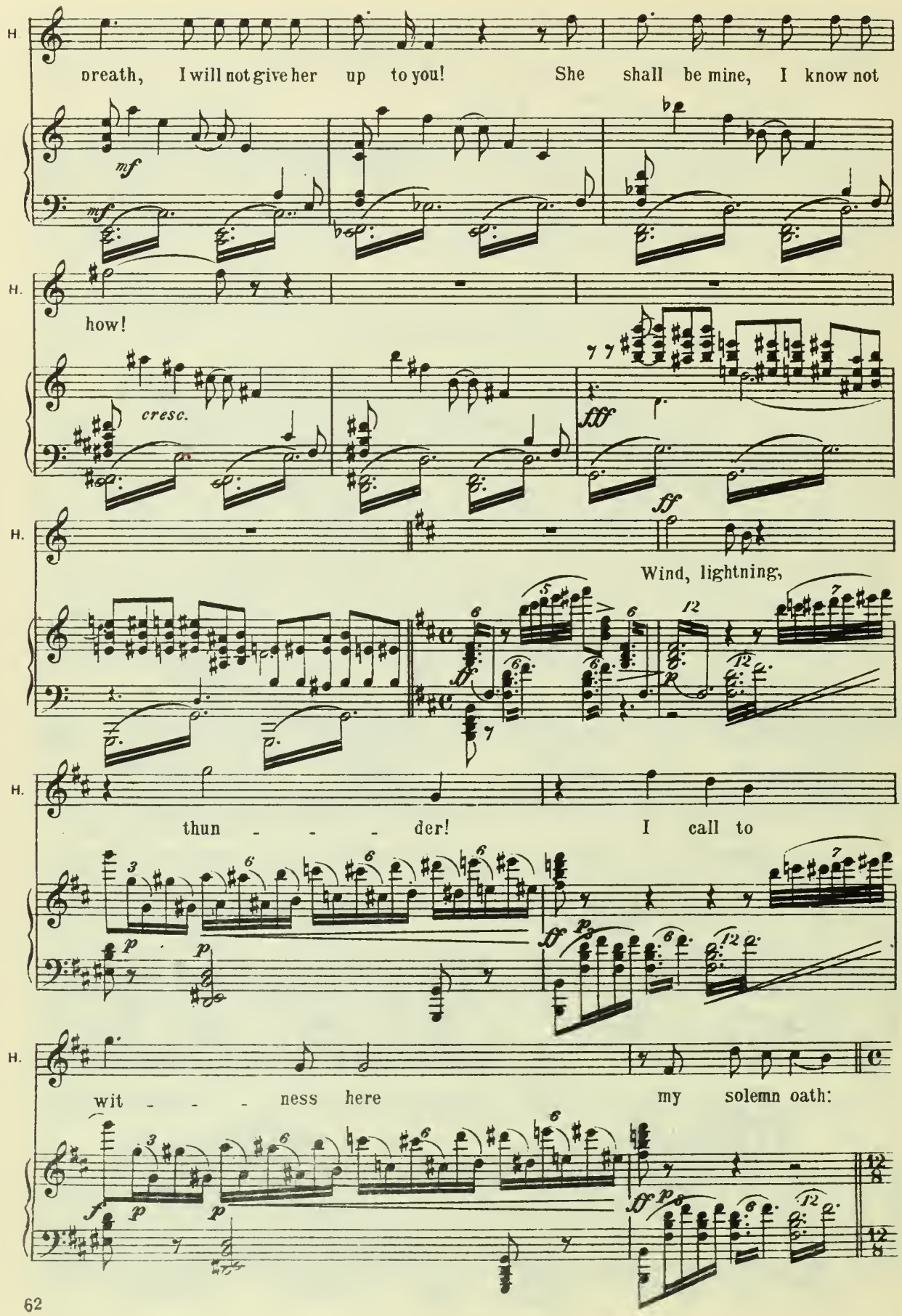
wild re - venge - ful pas - sions, the tempest seems as nought beside them!

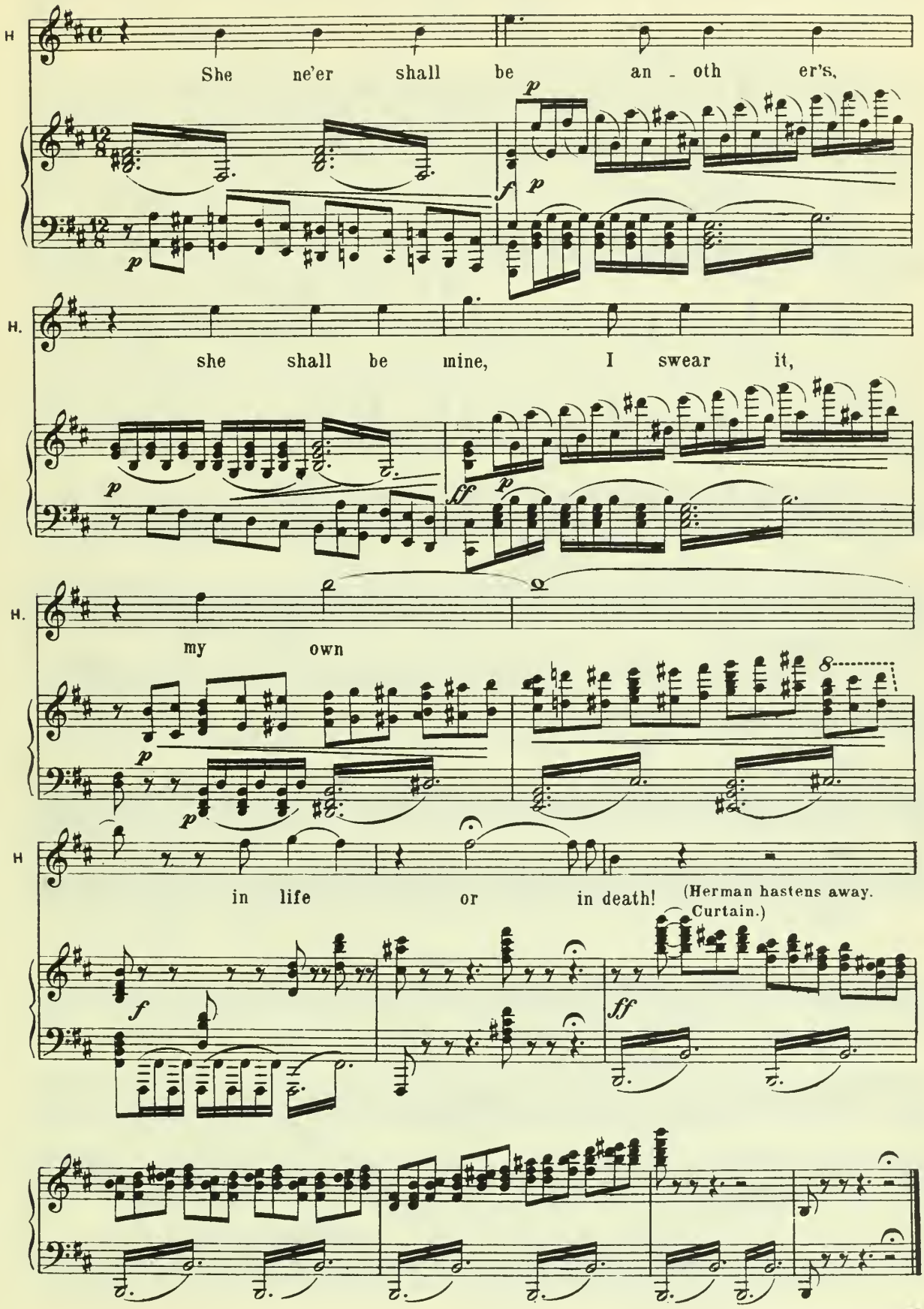
и. т. д.

H.

No, Prince! While I have

ff *mf* *ff*


H.
breath, I will not give her up to you! She shall be mine, I know not
mf
H.
how!
cresc.
fff
ff
H.
Wind, lightning,
H.
thun - - - der! I call to
H.
wit - - - ness here my solemn oath:

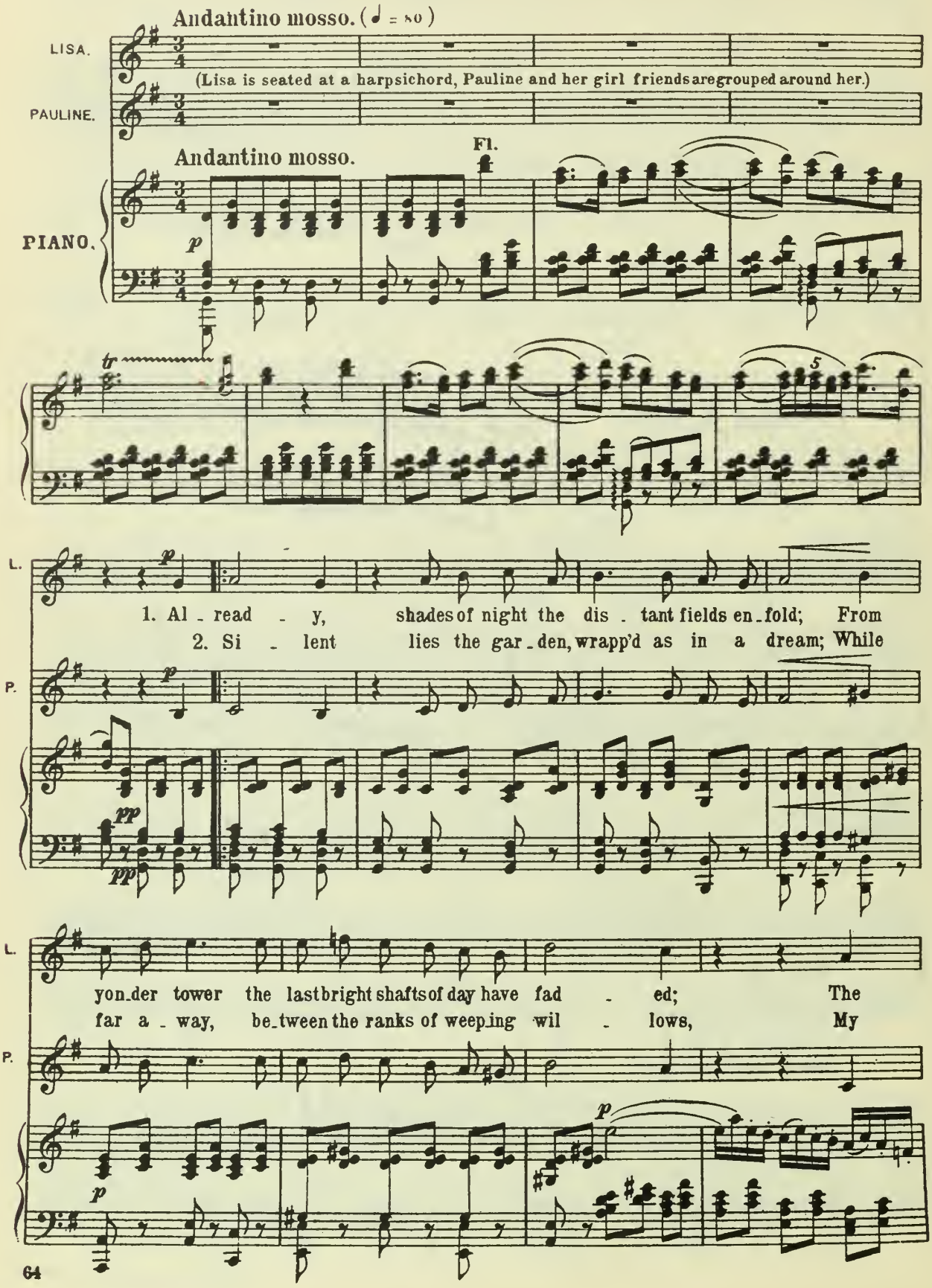


End of First Scene.

SCENE II.

Lisa's room. A door opening on to the balcony which leads into the garden.

№ 7. Duet.



L. run ning brook re - flects one gleam of sun - set gold; Now day de - parts

ear can catch the whis - per'd se - cret of the stream, Sung low by ti -

P.

L. by gloomin - vad - ed, gloomin - vad - - ed.

ny crystal bil - lows, crystal bil - - lows.

P.

LISA. How How sweet to breathe the warm &

PAULINE.

L. per - fume laden breeze, How clear and mu - sic - al the ripple of the

P.

p

L. ri - - ver, How soft - ly moves the wind a -

P.

p

L. mong the slumb'ring trees, the weeping wil - - lows wake and

f

P.

f

mf

L. shiv - er, wake and shiv - - - er.

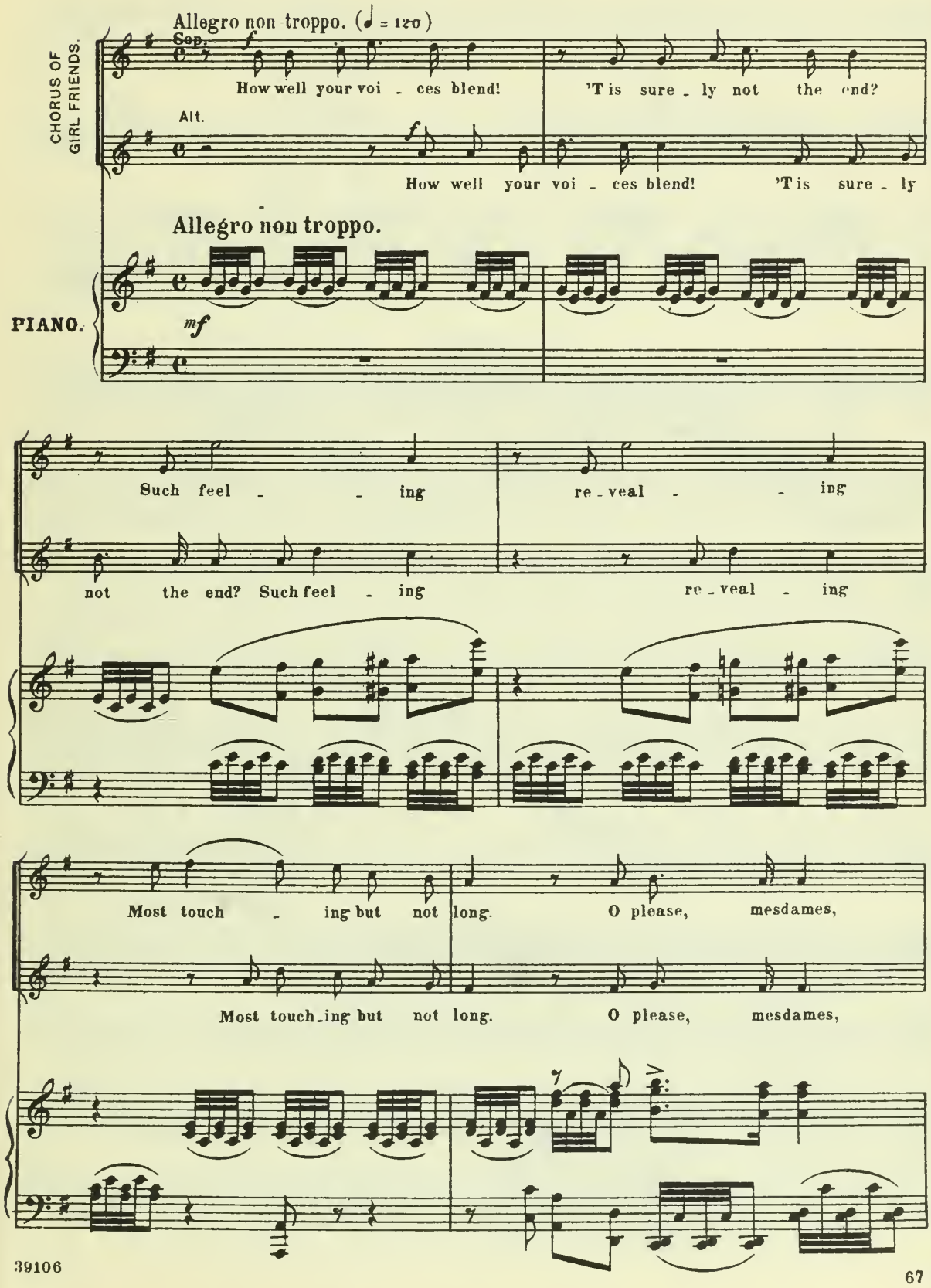
tr *p*

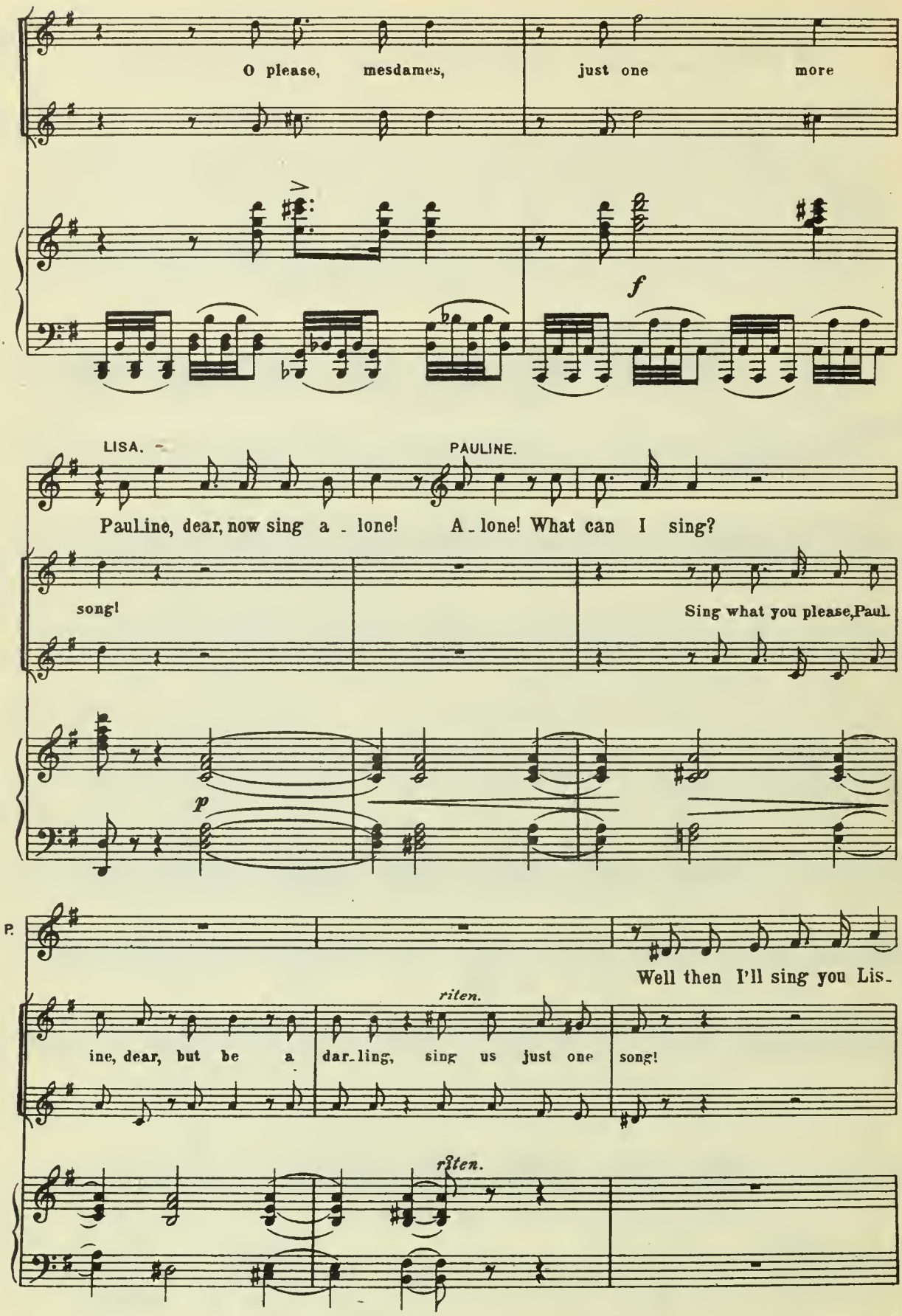
P.

tr *p*

p *p*

№ 8. Scene Pauline's Romance and Russian song with chorus.




O please, mesdames, just one more
f
LISA.
PAULINE.
Pauline, dear, now sing a - lone! A - lone! What can I sing?
song!
Sing what you please, Paul.
p
P.
Well then I'll sing you Lis-
ine, dear, but be a dar-ling, sing us just one song!
riten.
riten.

(Pauline seats herself at the harpsichord.)

P.

a's fav_or_ite song. Let's see now... How it goes...

p

Andante non tanto. (♩ = 76)

P.

Andante non tanto. (Pauline preluding.)

mf 10 13 13 17

P.

Ah! now I know

10 12 11

(with deep sentiment)

P.

Dear friends for whom I sing, dear friends for

p

P. whom I sing, Who know nor care nor sor - row, But still can

più f *dim.*

P. sport in hap - py groves and sun - ny fields. I

p

P. too once dwelt a - mong the peace - ful groves of

P. *f* Ar - ca - die, Have hail'd the dawn of joy ful days up - on this

più f

P self - same earth, And known the bliss of liv - ing, and known the

mf *p*

P

bliss, the bliss of liv - - - - ing. The

p

P.

gold - - en dreams of love, my earl - ier years have

P.

cresc.

bright - end,— A - las! of all those fair and ra - diant vi - sions Now re-

poco cresc.

P.

ff

mains one hope a - lone, one hope re - mains a - lone: Death

mf

P.

calls me, Death calls me, Death calls - - -

dim.

P.

me!

(All are deeply touched by the song.)

Recit.

Now, what could I be think_ing of

to sing this tearful dit_ty? Ah, how thoughtless! A_part from that you

in tempo

have some troub_le, Lis_a. But what in_deed can vex you, on your be_

in tempo

Recit.

(the girls)

tro_thal day! Dear, dear, dear! Now ev_ry bo_dy seems in dole_ful dumps!

P.

Let's tune up something lively, A Russ - ian air, a bri - dal

in tempo

Cl. *in tempo*

P.

folk-song! I'll start it, girls, and you must sing the

ad libitum.

Poco meno. (♩ = 69)

P.

chorus!

CHORUS.

Sop.

Yes, that's right! A Russ - ian song,

Alti.

Yes, that's right!

Poco meno.

Allegro. (♩ = ♪ del precedente)

P.

PAULINE.

Now, my dar - ling, now, Ma - ry,

A mer - ry Russ - ian song!

The girls clap with their hands.

(Lisa takes ho part in the merriment, but stands lost in trought on the balcony.)

Allegro. (♩ = ♪ del precedente)

P.

Come be gay, dance a. d play! Hey, fol_de _ rol de_did_dle, Come be gay, dance and play!

f

etc.

Hey, fol_de _ rol de_did_dle, Come be gay, dance and play!

f

P.

Clap your hands so white, Ma_ry, on your hips, on your hips, Hey, fol_de_rol de_diddle!

Hey, fol_de_rol de_diddle!

mp

mf

P.

Clap your hands on your hips, While each nim_ble foot, Ma_ry, gai_ly trips,

Clap your hands on your hips,

mf

P.

gai_ly trips! Hey, fol_de_rol de_did_dle, with_out slips, gai_ly trips!

Hey, fol_de_rol de_did_dle, with_out slips, gai_ly trips!

f

P.

ff

Should your mo_ther scold, Ma_ry, ne_ver cry, just re_ply! Hey, fol_de_rol de_did_dle:

(Pauline and some of the girls begin dance.)

ff

Hey, fol_de_rol de_did_dle:

ff

mf

P.

I'll be wise, by and by! Should your Dad be cross, Ma_ry, Don't give way, Laugh and say,

I'll be wise, by and by!

mf

P.

Hey, fol - de - rol de - did - dle! „I'll be gay, While I may!" Should your sweet - heart

Hey, fol - de - rol de - did - dle! „I'll be gay, While I may!"

f

P.

frown, Ma - ry, Say „good bye, go your way!" Hey, fol - de -

Hey, fol - de -

f

P.

rol de - did - dle, Say „goodbye, go your way!"

rol de - did - dle, Say „good bye go your way!"

f

№ 9. Scene and Arioso (The Governess.)

Andante quasi adagio. (♩= 66)

1 THE GOVERNESS

Mesdemoiselles! What means this dreadful noise? You make the Countess cross. Dear, oh,

Andante quasi adagio.

Fl.

PIANO.

p

G.

ad libitum

dear! To dance and sing like country wenches! Fie, what shocking style!

Fag.

mf

Allegro moderato. (♩.= 80)

G.

La_dies born to grace high cir_cles must mind the

Allegro moderato.

p

mf

G.

con_venances!

p

G.

Ev_en when a_lone to_gether act as though *en eviden_ce.*

p *mf* *p*

G.

On_ly at some rus_tic wed_ding

mf

G.

You might dance like that, *mes mignonnes!*

p *p*

G.

Here, dear girls, you must re_mem_ber ne_ver to out_

mf *p* *p*

G.

rage *bon_ton!* *) Here, dear girls, you must re_mem_ber

mf

78*) Pronounce *tonne* to rhyme with mignonnes.

G.

never to outrage *bon - ton!*

G.

La - dies born to grace high circles must mind the *con - venances,*

mf *p*

G.

and ev - en when a - lone to - gether act as though

p *mf*

G.

en év - i - dence! act as though

p

G.

en év - i - dence!

p *f*

№ 10. Closing scene.

L'istesso tempo. ♩=♩.

THE GOVERNESS.

'Tis time you all went home. I was sent to bid you put on your

L'istesso tempo. ♩=♩.

PIANO.

mf

mf

(The young ladies disperse.)

PAULINE. (approaching Lisa)

L.

cloaks.

Lis_a, tell me,

p

LISA.

G.

why are you so gloomy?

I? nonsense, dear! what fan_cies!

Now look how calm &

p

PAUL.

P.

fair the world ap_pears at twi_light;

see, af_ter storm what peace. Take

p

Allegro moderato. (♩ = 120)

P. care, lest I should tell the Prince that you were weeping and ve_ry glum up _ on the

Allegro moderato.

p *mf*

P. day of your be _ troth _ al... LISA. No! I im_plore you,

f *mf* *f*

L. say not a word! PAULINE. Then let me see you smile, dear.

mf *dim.* *p* *p* *p*

P. Come, look hap _ py! That's right! And now good_

mf *mf*

(They kiss.) LISA. (Exeunt.)

P. bye! Wait, I will come, Paul_ine...

p *p* *pp*

Andante. (♩ = 66)

(Enter a servant who extinguishes all the lights, leaving only one candle.

C.I.

p *cre*

As she is about to close the door of the balcony, Lisa returns.)

LISA.

scen - do

Stay, do not shut the door, 't is

f

L.

close. No, Mar-y, nights now are warm; warm and so still!

MARY.

Will not my lady soon feel chil-ly?

p

MARY. LISA.

My lad-y does not need me now? No, man-y thanks, now

Cl.

p

pp MARY. LISA.

L.

go to bed. Dear la - dy it grows late... Well, leave me. Good-

cre - scen - do

(Exit Mary. Lisa stands as though lost in thought, and then begins to weep quietly.)

L. night!

p *f* *pp*

(with much sentiment.)

L. O burn_ing tears of girl _ hood, why must ye flow?

L. A _ las, youth's radiant visions, Ah, say, why must ye go?

pp

cresc.

L. A _ las, youth's radiant visions, O say, why must ye go?

f

cre - - - scen - - do

Poco più animato.

L. Thus are my dreams of hap _ pi_ness ful_filled!

Poco più animato.

f *p*

L.

To-day my troth un-to the Prince was plighted, the husband of my

poco cresc.

L.

choice, One whose clev-er-ness, good looks, and noble birth, and riches,

cresc.

L.

might well at-tract a wo-man of greater worth than I. Dis-tinguish'd,

ff

mf

f

L.

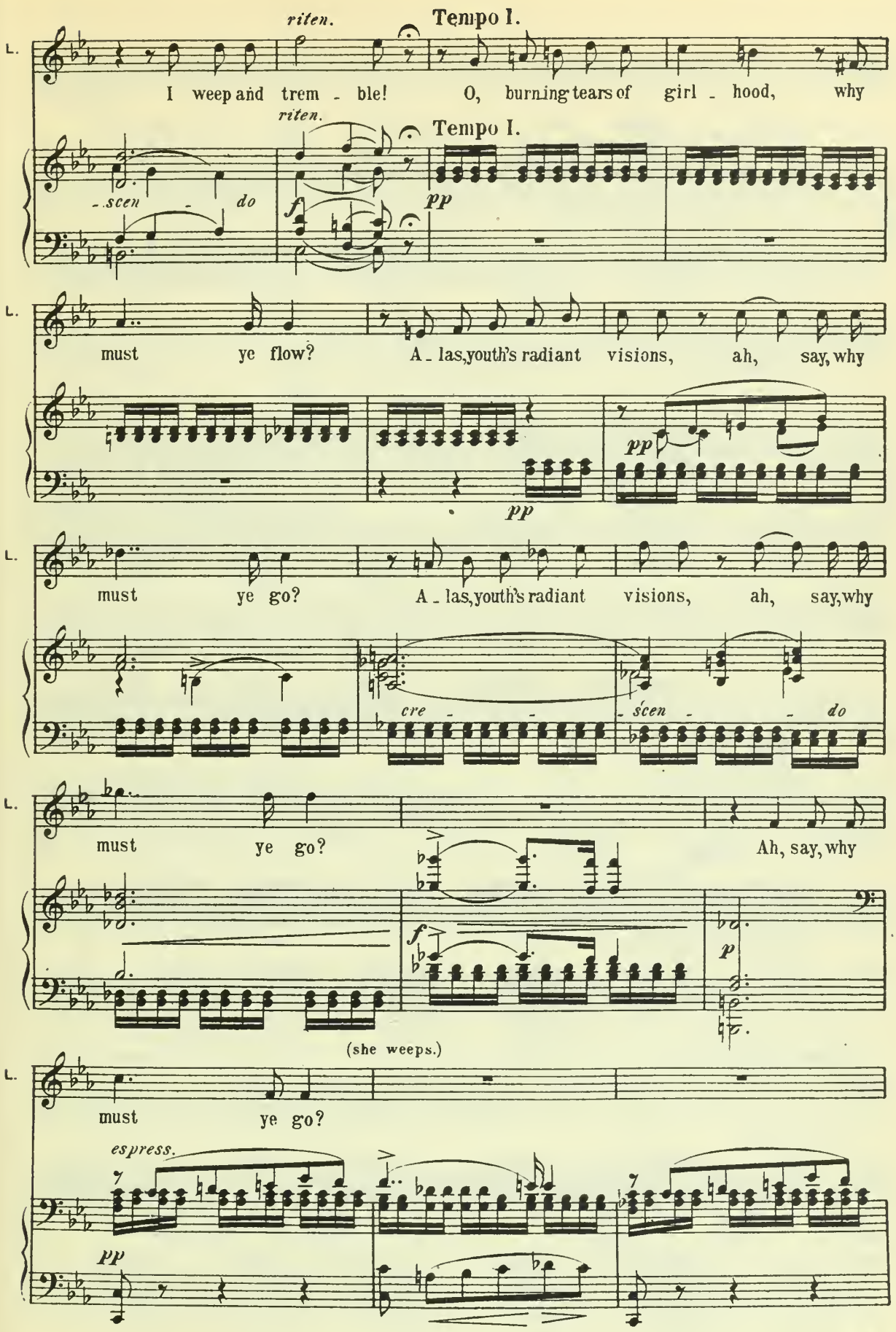
chiv-al-rous, who can com-pare with him? Ah, none!

L.

Then where-fore should I feel this sense of fear and gloom?

p

cre


L.
riten.
Tempo I.
I weep and trem - ble! O, burning tears of girl - hood, why
- scen - do
f
pp
must ye flow? A - las, youth's radiant visions, ah, say, why
must ye go? A - las, youth's radiant visions, ah, say, why
cre - - - scen - - do
must ye go? Ah, say, why
p
(she weeps.)
must ye go?
espress.

L.

I feel so

L.

sad and fear_ful! I strive in vain to cheat my heart! I am a -

f *sfp* *p*

L.

lone, the world is now a - sleep...

un poco accelerando

Poco più. (♩ = 76)

LISA (with passion).

O

Poco più.

p *f* *p*

L.

hear me, Night! To thee I may un -

L.

fold the se - cret sor - - row that chills my

L.

f

youth. 'T is dark and sad as

Arpa.

12

Ob.

p

L.

thou, 't is mourn - - - ful as his

Arpa.

12

p

poco cresc.

L. long - ing glan - - ces from eyes that

Arpa.

ff

mf

L. rob me of my peace and glad - ness... O

ff

Arpa.

L. Queen of Night! As dark, as

Arpa.

etc.

p

L. proud as thou! A fal - len an gel, to

me he seems, his eyes with

L. wild and ard - ent pas - - - sion

Un poco stringendo.

L. burn - - - ing! A wond - rous dream

Un poco stringendo.

mf *pp* *p* *cre* *po* *scen* *do*

L. pos - ess - es me, and all my soul is

co *a* *po*

L. thrall and cap - tive to its spell! O

co *cie* *scen*

L.

ff

Night! O night!

Moderato. (♩ = 108)

(Herman appears at the door of the balcony. Lisa, dumb with terror, starts back. They stand si-

Moderato.

ff *dim.* *poco* *a* *poco*

lently gazing at each other. Lisa makes a movement as though to escape.)

riten molto

p

Andantino. (♩ = 84)

ad libitum

What brings you here, O rash and foolish man? Why

HERMAN.

Wait, but one moment, I must speak with you!

Andantino.

colla parte

f *p* *f* *mf*

L.

HERMAN. (Lisa tries to go away.)

seek me here? To say farewell!

mf *mf* *f*

Meno mosso. (♩ = 66) *riten.* Adagio. (♩ = 56)

H.

O, do not leave me thus! One mo_ment! Then I myself will go my way and leave you evermore in

Meno mosso. *riten.* Adagio.

p *mf*

H.

riten.

peace... O spare one moment! 'tis so litt_le! A dy_ing man you see be_fore you.

mfp *mfp* *riten.* *p* *p*

Moderato con moto. (♩ = 100)

LISA.

Now say, what brings you here? Then leave me!

Moderato con moto.

mf

HERMAN. LISA. HERMAN.

No! I'll call for help! Call then.

mf *f* *sfp*

(draws out a pistol.) *ad libitum*

and rouse the household I care not how I die, in pub_lic, or a_lone!

cresc. *colla parte*

in tempo (Lisa remains silent with bended head.)

in tempo

f *mf*

dim.

Andante.

HERMAN.

But if your heart still holds a spark of hum an feel_ing, or of

Andante.

p

Moderato agitato. (♩ = 104)

H. pit - - - y, (passionately.) you will not go,

Moderato agitato.

p molto espres.

pp

H. but hear my words! LISA. Good an - - gels,

cre - - scen - - do poco

L. help me! HERMAN I come to you in this my life's last

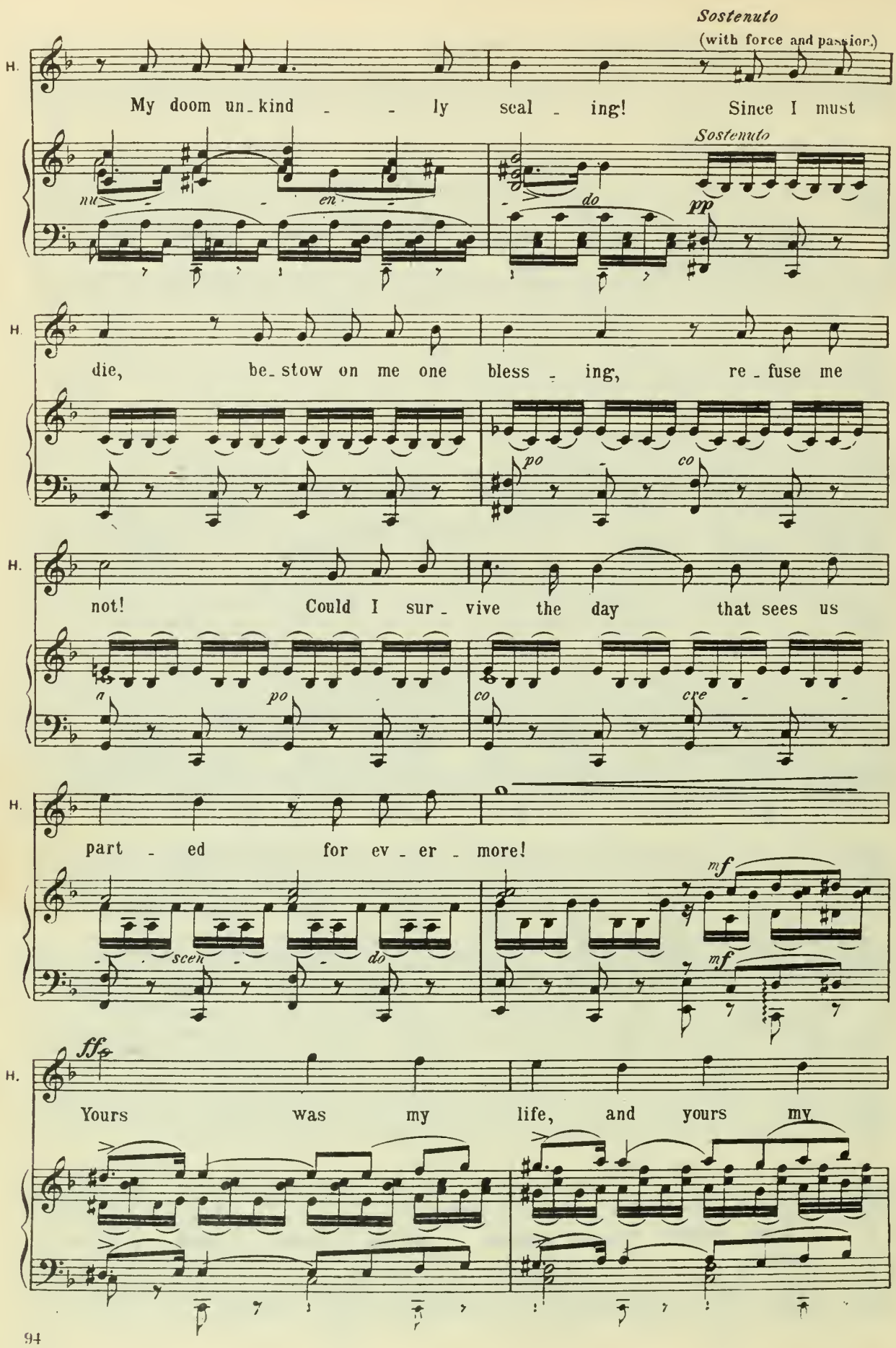
a poco

H. hour! To - day I learn'd that you had made your

mf

H. choice and plight - ed troth, al - as, for aye!

di mi


Sostenuto
(with force and passion.)
H.
My doom un_kind _ _ ly seal _ ing! Since I must
nu en do
Sostenuto
pp
die, be_stow on me one bless _ ing, re _ fuse me
po co
not! Could I sur _ vive the day that sees us
a po co cre
part _ ed for ev _ er _ more!
scen do
mf
ff
Yours was my life, and yours my

H.

wor - - ship, you were the

H.

one and on - ly dream that

mf

H.

filled my heart! The end has

H.

come, yet e'er I bid this

di - - mi -

H.

world fare_well for ev - er, be_stow one

nu - - *en* - - *do*

p

H.

pas - sing hour up_on my sor - row, Ah, let me

p *cre* - - -

H.

stay near you while night is still, and with your

scen - - - - *do*

H.

beau - - - ty lull my an - - guish!

mf

H.

Then death may come and bring me peace!

p

p

(Lisa stands gazing sadly at Herman.)

H.

Stay there! How

p

p

LISA. (with faltering voice.)

H.

beau_ti_ful you are! O leave me! O leave me!

p

p

pp

pp

HERMAN.

H.

Thou art my queen! my goddess, my an . gel!

riten.

sf

Andante. (♩ = 66)
(Herman kneels before her.)

HERMAN.

p

For-give me, bright ce-lestial vi-sion, that I have spoilt

Andante.

pp *pp*

H.

mf

animando

thy peace of mind, for-give, yet do not turn a-way in fear and

animando

p *p*

H.

riten.

Tempo I.

an-ger, but to my grief be kind! O pit-y me,

riten.

Tempo I.

pp

pp

H.

f

my life is ov-er, my dy-ing pray'r to thee I make, Look down, my love, look

H.

string.

down in pit-y, I per-ish for thy sake! Ah, if my soul is rack'd with anguish

p *p*

colla parte

Tempo I.

H. 'tis all for love of thee. My heart is we_ary, show com_passion. O

Tempo I.

mf *dim.* *p*

(Lisa weeps.)

H. shed one tear for me! Thou weepest! Thou?

piangendo *sfp* *p* *p*

H. How may I read this sadness? For_give _ ness? Yes, and

mf *dim*

(He takes her hand which she does not withdraw.)

H. pit _ y? God's an_gels bless thee, sweet!

stringendo *p* *cre* - - *scen* - - *do*

sempre - stringendo

H. *cre* - - *scen* - - *do*

Andante mosso. (♩ = 76)

HERM.

ff Thou art my queen, my god - dess, my an -

Andante mosso.

ff *m.d.* *m.g.*

(embraces her)

H.

gel!

Allegro vivo. (♩ = 152)

(Sound of steps and a knock at the door.)

Allegro vivo.

m.d. *m.g.* *stringendo* *p* *sf*

LISA (in agitation).

THE COUNT. (at the door). The Count - ess! Heav'n help us! I am un

Li - sa, op - en quick!

sf *p*

(The knocking grows louder. Lisa hides Herman behind a curtain.)

(Lisa goes to the door and

L.

done! The window! too late now! in here!

sffp *sf* *p*

opens it. Enter the Countess in night attire, surrounded by maids with candles.)

ffp *p*

COUNTESS.

What, not a_sleep? Not yet un_dress'd? What means this noise?

p

LISA (dumbfounded).

O grand-mamma, I could not get to sleep to night, I feel so rest_less...

Poco meno. (♩ = 138)

COUNTESS (signs to her to shut the balcony door).

This door wide op_en still? Come, what's the mat_ter, child, what silly fancies!

Poco meno.

sfp *sfp* *sfp* *sfp* *sfp*

C.

what non_sense! 't is enough, now quick, to bed!

sfp *sfp* *sfp* *sf* *p* *sf* *p*

sfp *sfp* *sfp* *sfp* *sfp* *sfp* *sfp* *sfp* *sfp*

(taps with her walking stick.)

C. You hear me?

LISA. Yes, grand-mamma, I'll

p marcato *p* *p*

COUNTESS.

L. go! Not sleep - y!... That's a pret - ty

C stor - y! Fine hours to keep! Not sleep - y!

sfp *sfp* *sfp* *sfp* *sfp*

ad libitum LISA. *ad libitum* *ritenuto* COUNT. (leaving the room).

C To bed at once! For-give me, I am go-ing! I

sfp *sf* *sfp* *sfp* *ritenuto* *p*

Allegro moderato. (♩ = 120)

C. heard a sud-den noise; It start-led me from slumber! Good-night, child!

pp *pp*

(Exit.)

C

Let's hear no more of all these sil - ly tricks!

mf

mf

HERMAN.

When a third man impell'd by des - pair from thy bo - som the sec - ret shall

pp marcato *cre* - - *scen* - - *do*

H.

tear of three cards, three cards, three

mf

H.

cards! I feel a deathlike chill that

f *pp* *pp*

H.

runs through all my veins! O hid - eous spec - tre, Death, begone, come not again!

riten.

mf

mf

ff

ff *in tempo*

(Lisa locks the door after the Countess and, approaching the balcony, opens it and makes a sign to order him out. Herman emmerges.)

HERMAN. *riten.* Moderato assai. (♩ = 84)

O Li_sa, pit_y me! Just now it seem'd to me that

Moderato assai. *lar - - ga - mente*

H. death was my best friend, my one and last sal_va _ tion, a wel_come re_fuge!

scen - - do

H. Now all is changed! I fear his com_ing, I dread his pres - - ence!

cre - - scen - - do

H. Now, you have giv'n me hope and cour - age, Now, I would

cresc. cre

H. live and die for you a_lone! O poor, un_hap_py man!

LISA.

scen - do

L. Tell me, what can I do for you, how can I help you now? De_

HERMAN.

H. cide my fate at once! Ah, would you ru_in all my years! Nay,

LISA.

cre

L. leave me, I im - plore you, I com - mand you!

scen - do

Allegro giusto. (♩ = 120)

HERMAN.

A - las! To hear from you my cru-el doom and sen - tence! O heaven!

LISA.

Allegro giusto.

f *p* *p* *cre* - - - *scen* - - -

L. Am I yield - ing?... If you love me, go!

HERMAN.

First

-do *f* *p* *p* *p*

H. speak that word: „die!"

LISA.

God, have mer - cy! Fare-

HERM.

cre - - - *scen* - - *do* *po* - - *co* *a*

(Herman makes a movement to depart.)

H. well!

stringendo

po - - *co* *f* *cre* - - *scen* - - -

HERM. (seizes her in his arms and kisses her; she lets her head sink on his shoulder).

LISA. *a tempo*

No, re - main! Be - lov - ed mine, my

a tempo

do

ff — *pp*

LISA.

fff

I am

H.

fff

queen, my an - - - gel! My love, my

f

Andante. (♩ = 60)

L.

yours!

H.

(Curtain.)

own!

Andante.

fff

m.d.

fff

m.g.

m.d. *m.g.*

m.d. *m.g.*

m.d.

m.g.

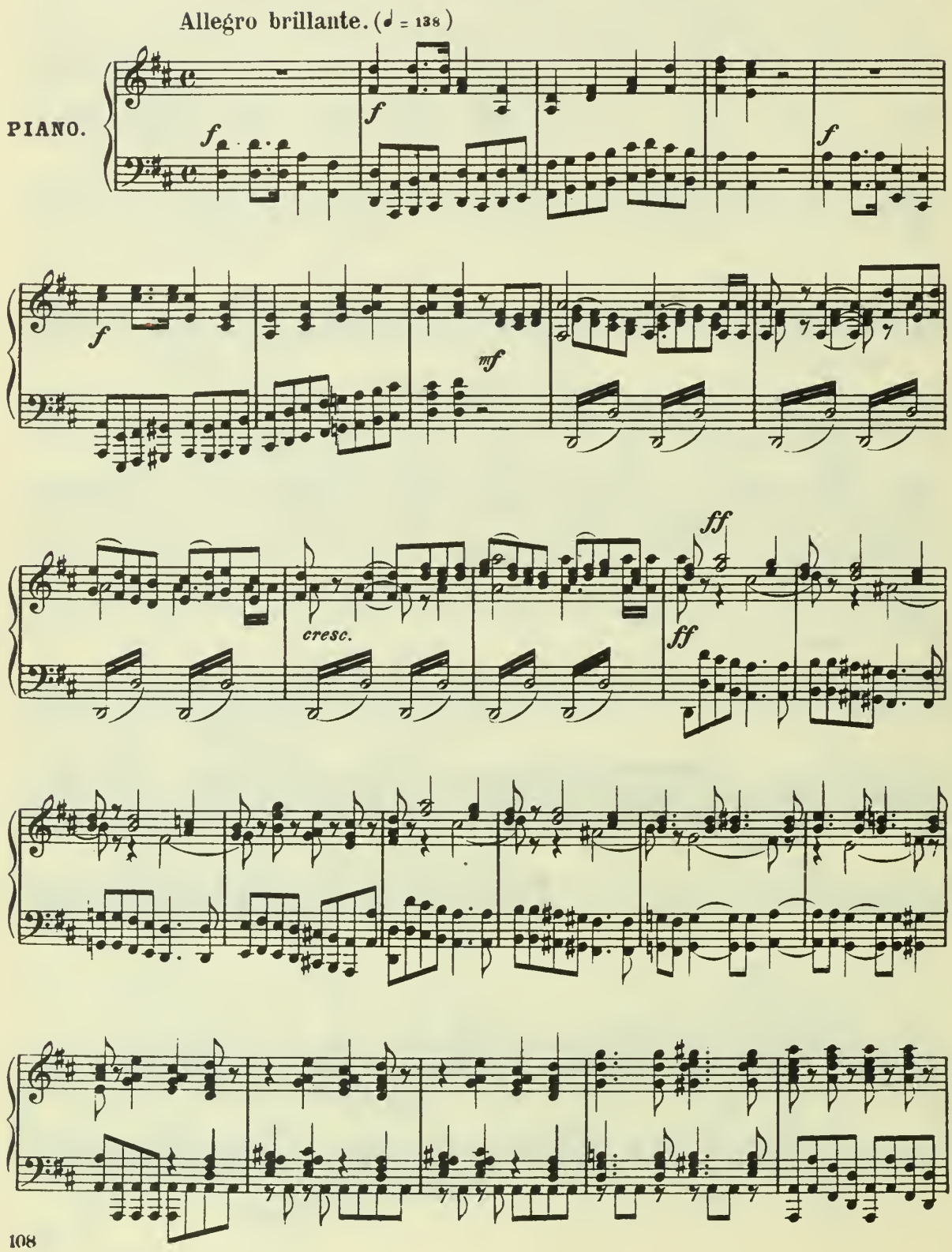
fff

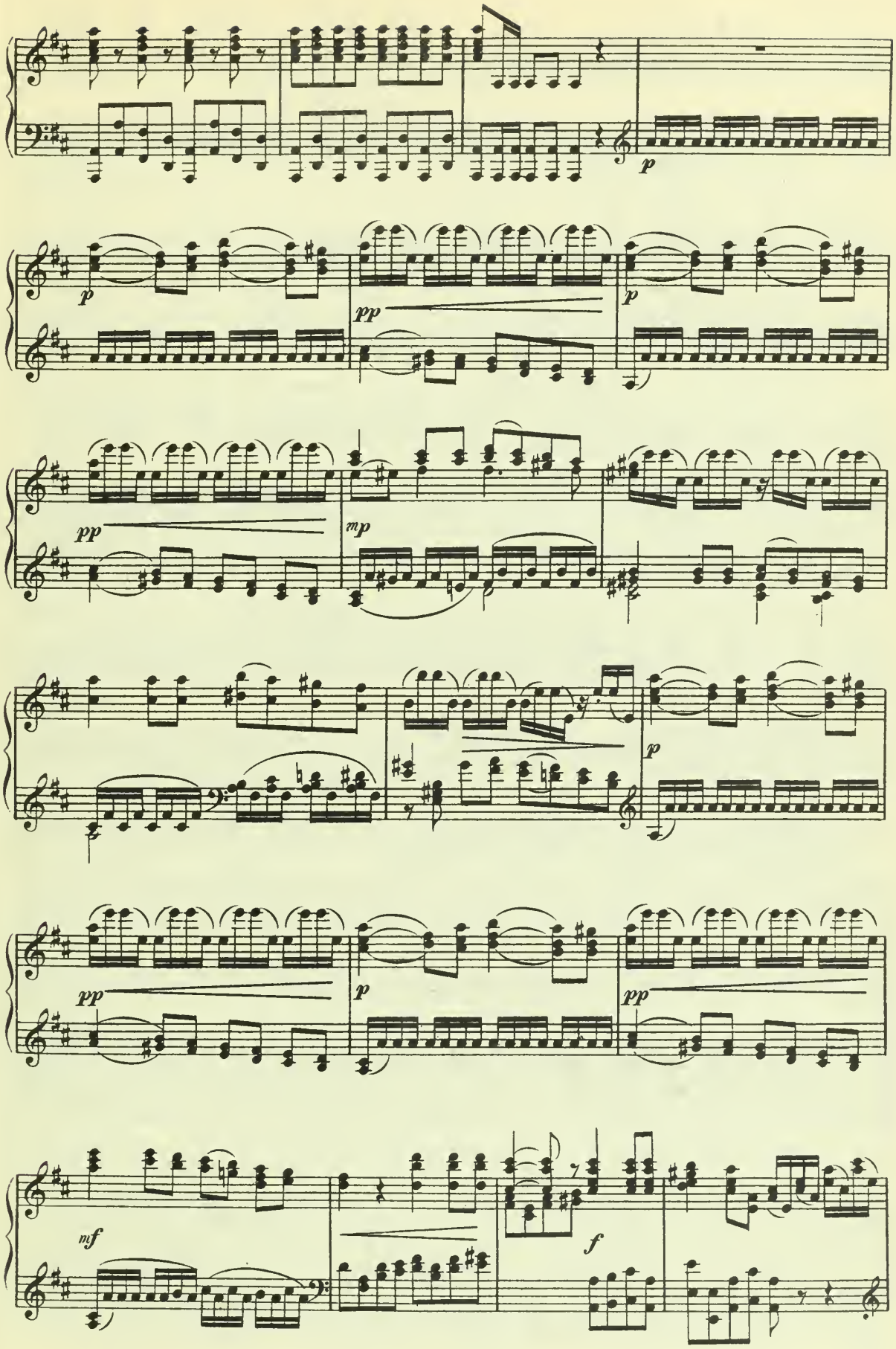
End of Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE III.

№ 11. Entr'acte and Chorus.




p
p
pp
p
pp
mp
p
pp
p
pp
mf
f

(Curtain.)

(A large reception room. A masked ball at the house of a rich dignitary. Theatrical boxes down the sides of the room between the columns. A quadrille in which young people in various costumes take part. *Contredanses.* A choir of singers, on a platform.)

CHOIR OF SINGERS.

Sopr.

Hap - py and bent on en - joy-ment,

Alti.

Ten.

Bas.

Hap - py, and bent on en - joy - ment, Friends, we have met here this eve-ning!

Friends, we have met here this eve-ning!

Hap - py and bent on en - joy - ment, friends, we have met here this eve-ning!

mf

mf Put a-side troub-le and sad - ness, and join in the danc-es and

mf

mf

mf

games!

f

Drive a -

games! and join in the danc-es and games! Drive a -

f

ff

Drive a

f

ff

Now join the games and

cresc.

ff

ff

way, drive a - way, all your care, and be

way, drive a - way, all your care, and be

way, drive a - way, all your care, and be

danc_es, join the danc - es, Drive a_way all care, Come, drive a - way all

gay! Drive a - way, drive a - way all your

gay! Drive a - way, drive a - way quick - ly

gay! Drive a - way, drive a - way all your

care, now join the games and join the danc_es, drive a - way all your care,

care and be gay! With fro - lic, and danc - ing, be hap - py,

all your care and be gay! With fro - lic, and danc - ing, be hap - py,

care and be gay! With fro - lic, and danc - ing, be

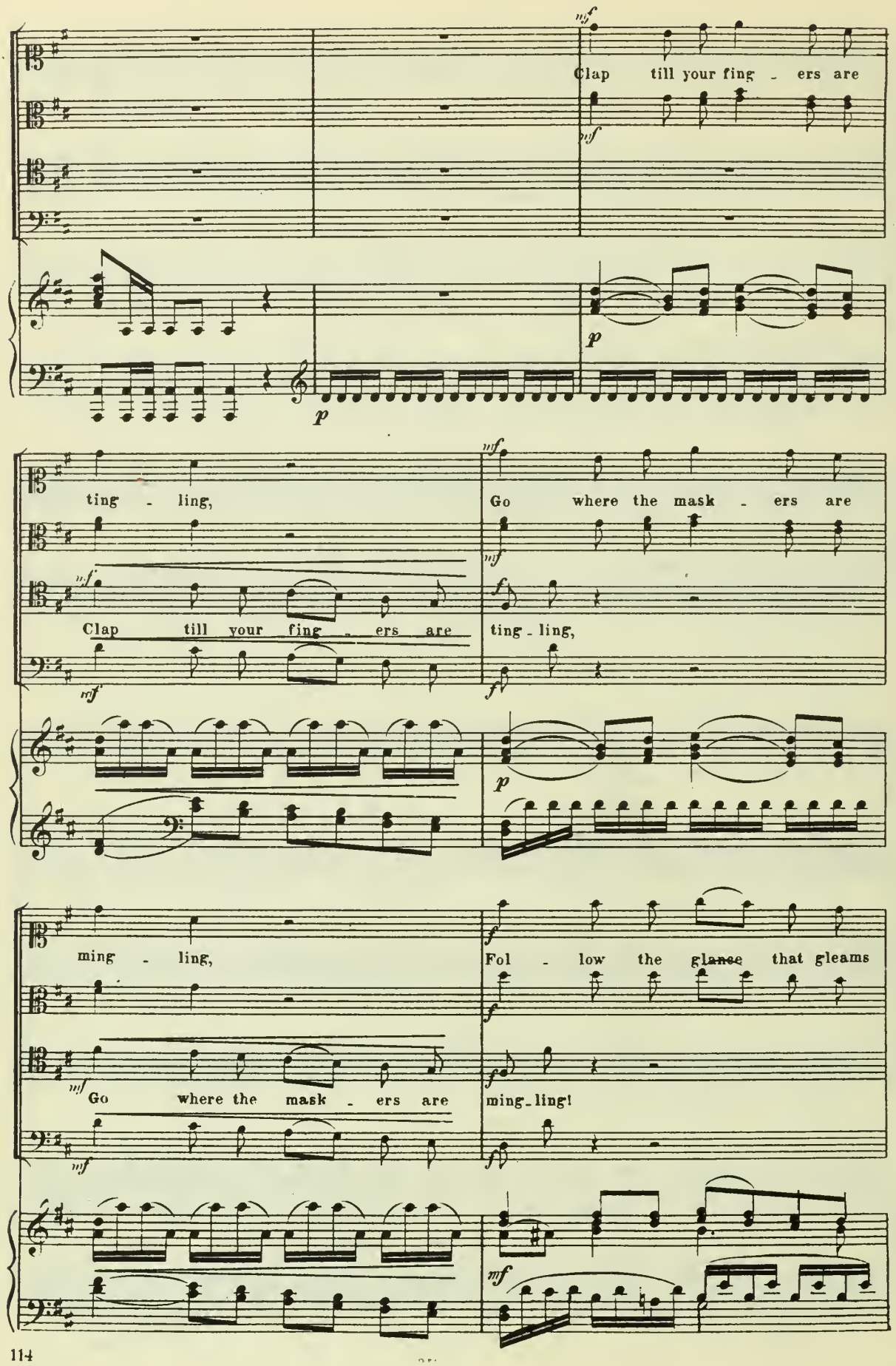
your care, and be gay! With fro - lic, and danc - ing, be

friends, to - - day!

friends, to - - day!

hap - py, friends, to - day!

hap - py, friends, to - day!


mf
Clap till your fing - ers are
p
ting - ling,
Go where the mask - ers are
Clap till your fing - ers are
ting - ling,
ming - ling,
Fol - low the glance that gleams
Go where the mask - ers are
ming - ling!

bright - est, Mix where the laugh - ter rings

Fol - low the glance that gleams bright - est

light - est! Choose out the maids that look

Mix where the laugh - ter rings light - est!

sweet - est, Join in the dance that is

Choose out the maids that look sweet - est,

fleet - est, Foot it in man - y a

Join in the dance that is fleet - est

meas-ure, Drive a - way care, Wel - come pleas - ure!

Foot it in man - y a meas - ure now wel - come to pleas - ure!

Foot it in man - y a measure, Drive a - way care, Wel - come

Foot it in man - y a meas - ure, Now wel - come to

ff

pleas - ure! Our host and his wife bid each guest, Take

part in the sport he likes best, Be

wel - come! Our host bids each guest Take

part in the sport he likes best, Most wel - come, Most

wel - come each guest, Most wel - come, most wel - come each

guest!

(Enter the Master of the Ceremonies.)

№ 12. Scene and Aria: The Prince.

Lo stesso tempo.

THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.

Our nob_le host in_vites you all to come this way;

Lo stesso tempo.

PIANO.

Moderato. (♩ = 100.)

M.C.

He has pre_pared a pi_ro_tech_ni_cal dis_play. Moderato.

TCHEKALINSKY.

Our Herman does not seem quite hap_py; I'll wag_er he has fall'n in

(All the guests flock to the terrace in the garden.)

SOURIN.

T.

love, Some_times he's nice, and sometimes snap_py. No,

S

'tis not love that makes him glum. What think you fills his

cresc. *mf* *p*

S

mind? Guess? The se - cret of those three

TCHEK. TOMSKY.

S

cards! What! The fool! I scarce - ly can be - lieve this stor - y, he

cresc. *mf* — *p*

SOURIN. TOMSKY.

T.

is no fool! Can it be true? He told me so him - self. In jest!

TCHEK. (to Sourin.) (Exeunt.)

We'll see! Lets play on him some trick!

TOMSKY.

Yet tru - ly, he's so made, that what he longs for, must be

cresc. *mf* *p*

(Exit.)

T.

his at once! Poor fel - lew, poor Her - man!

cresc. *mf* *p*

(The room is empty. Enter attendants who prepare the stage for the Interlude.)

Quasi andante. (♩ = 88)

THE PRINCE.

Quasi andante. (Enter the Prince and Lisa.)

You are so si_lent, dearest

espress.

Poco più animato.

P.

LISA.

Lis_a, what trou_ble weighs up_on your heart? Con_fide in me! Not

Poco più animato.

(Strives to go.)

L.

THE PRINCE.

now, dear Prince, to_morrow... Ex_cuse me! One mo_ment,

cre_ - - scen_ - - do

Andante. (♩ = 72)

P.

riten.

Stay a lit_tle lon_ger! Ah, Lis_a, let me tell you

Andante.

riten.

a tempo

P.

con grandezza

all! I love you,

a tempo

Andantino mosso. (♩ = 80)

P.

dear, be_yond all reck'ning, I think of you by day and night, For

Andantino mosso.

p

P.

you my life I'd lay down glad_ly, For you a_gainst the world I'd

mp

P.

p

fight, Yet hear me, child, your heart shall keep its free_dom, Your

p

P.

f

life to mine I ne'er will chain, I could re_nounce you, for your

poco cresc.

mf

P.

own sake, and tram_ _ _ple down my jea_lous pain. For

decresc.

Un poco più animato.

P.

you, for you, all things were eas - - y. Not on - - ly as my wife I'd

Un poco più animato.

p

p

P

love you, Of your least wish I'd be the

p

P.

slave,— I long to be your friend and

mf

P.

guard - - ian, Tend - - - er to

P.

cher_ish and to save! I think my

riten.

riten.

Tempo I.

P

eyes for love of you were blind_ed, but now at last, the

Tempo I.

p *cresc.*

P.

f

truth is clear, To you I seem a kind_ly stran_ger, You

più f

P.

affettuoso

would not have me draw too near! O, let me break these cru_el

p

P.

cresc. *ff*

bar_riers, I feel for you with all my heart, But

cresc. *mf*

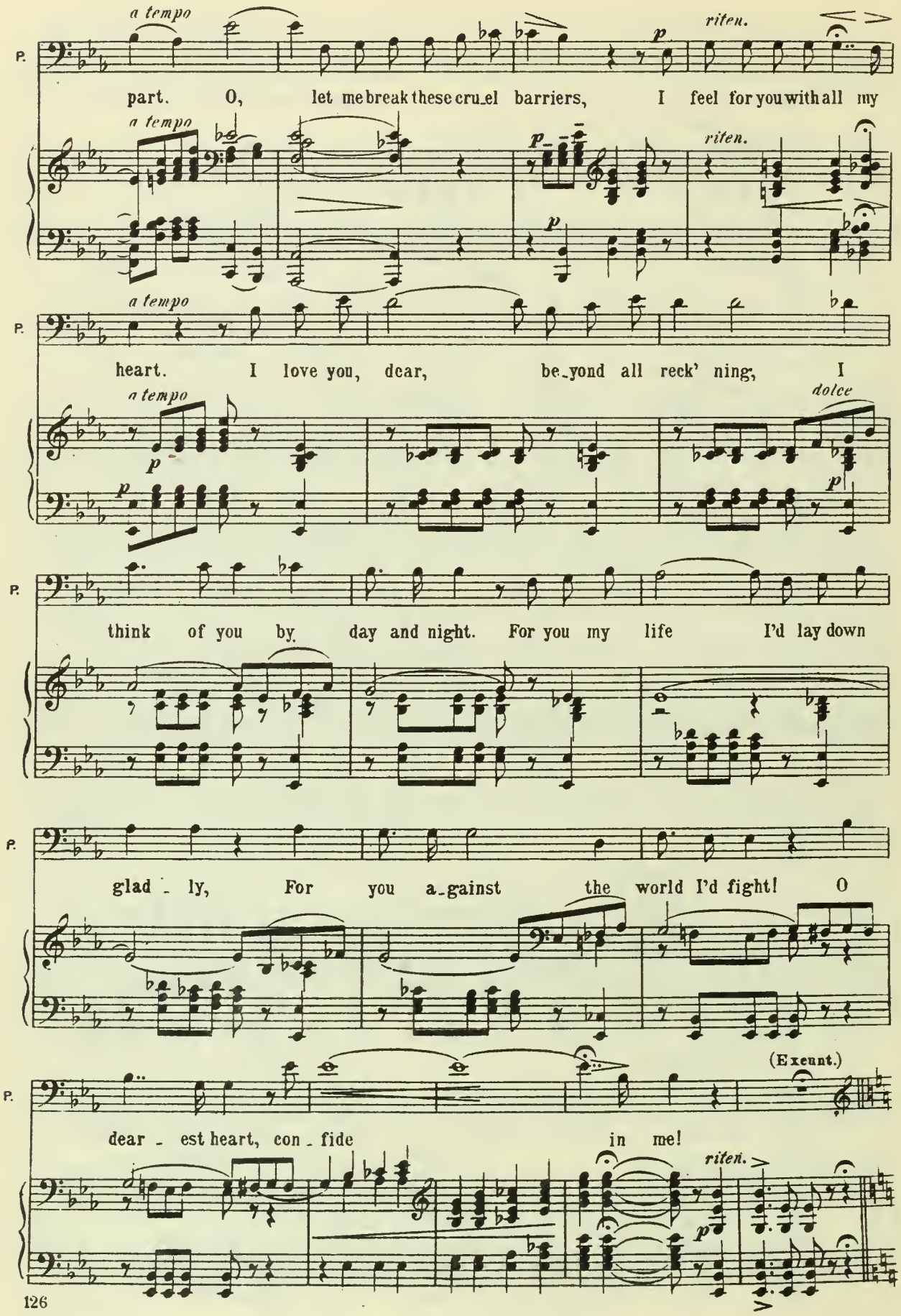
Poco più mosso.

P.

riten.

yet no com_fort can I give you, while thus you grieve and weep a_

Poco più mosso.


a tempo
p
riten.
part. O, let me break these cru_el barriers, I feel for you with all my
a tempo
p
riten.
a tempo
heart. I love you, dear, be_yond all reck' ning, I
a tempo
p
dolce
think of you by day and night. For you my life I'd lay down
glad - ly, For you a_gainst the world I'd fight! O
(Exeunt.)
dear - est heart, con - fide in me!
riten.
p

№ 13. Scene.

(Enter Herman in costume, but without a mask, carrying in his hand a letter.)

Moderato assai. (♩ = 88)

HERMAN.

PIANO.

Moderato assai.

p

HERMAN (reads). After the performance wait for me in the room. I must speak with you...

H.

sfp *p*

H.

(sits down.)

The sight of her will give me courage to cast aside this thought.

sfp *dolce* *p*

H.

a piacere

Three

cre - - scen - - do

sf *sfp*

H.

cards!

f

Could I but know them, what wealth were mine!

p

ad libitum

H.

and then with her I might take flight, far from the world...

colla parte

p

(A few guests return to the room; among them Tchekalinsky and

H.

Damn_a - tion! but the thought drives me to mad - ness!

f *p* *p* *f*

Sourin. They perceive Herman, approach him stealthily, and finally whisper behind him.)

H.

H.

p *p*

TCHEKALINSKY. *p*

Are you then that third man,

SOURIN. *p*

Are you then that third man, im_pell'd by des_

pp

marcato *po - co u po - - co*

pp

T. cresc. riten.

im-pell'd by des-pair, Who longs in her se - cret to share? „Three cards, three cards, three.

S. cresc. riten.

pair, Who longs in her se - cret to share? „Three cards, three cards, three

cresc. mf riten.

T. cards?"... (They conceal themselves.)

S. cards?"... a tempo (Herman gets up from his seat with a bewildered air,

sf p p cresc.

as though he did not understand what had happened. He looks around, but Tchek. and Sourin are now lost in the crowd.)

f

TCHEK. ff „Three cards, three cards, three cards!" (Laughter.)

SOURIN. ff „Three cards, three cards, three cards!"

A FEW VOICES FROM THE CHORUS. Ten. (Laughter.)

Bass. ff „Three cards, three cards, three cards!"

f mf

(They mingle with the guests who are gradually returning to the room.)

dolce

HERMAN.

What was it? A joke? Or some il lusion? No!

H.

If it were true? (Buries his head in his hands.) O,

Meno mosso, adagio. (♩ = 60)

Meno mosso, adagio.

(remains lost in thought.)

H.

fol - ly, my reas - on totters!

MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.

f Our

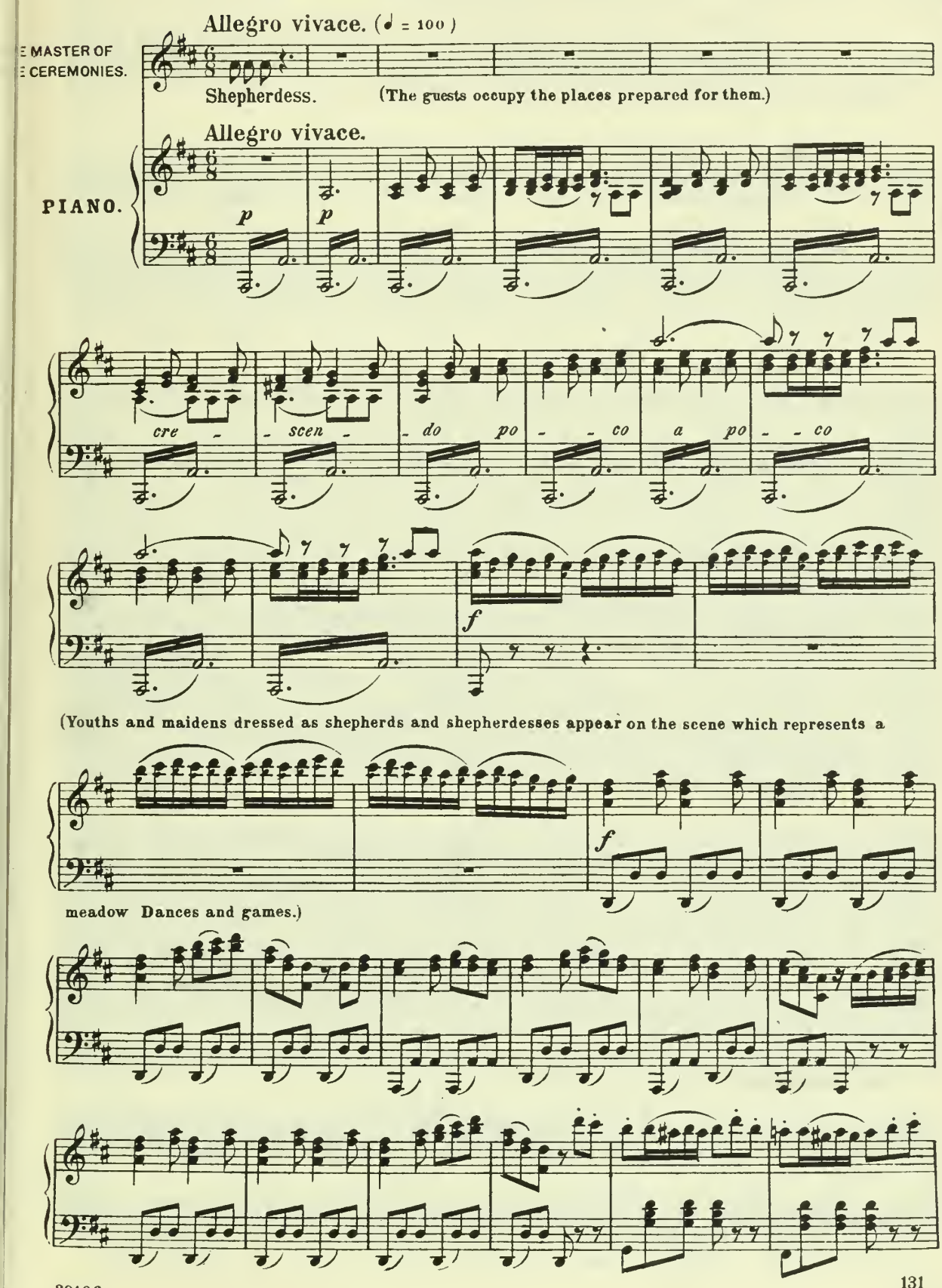
ad libitum

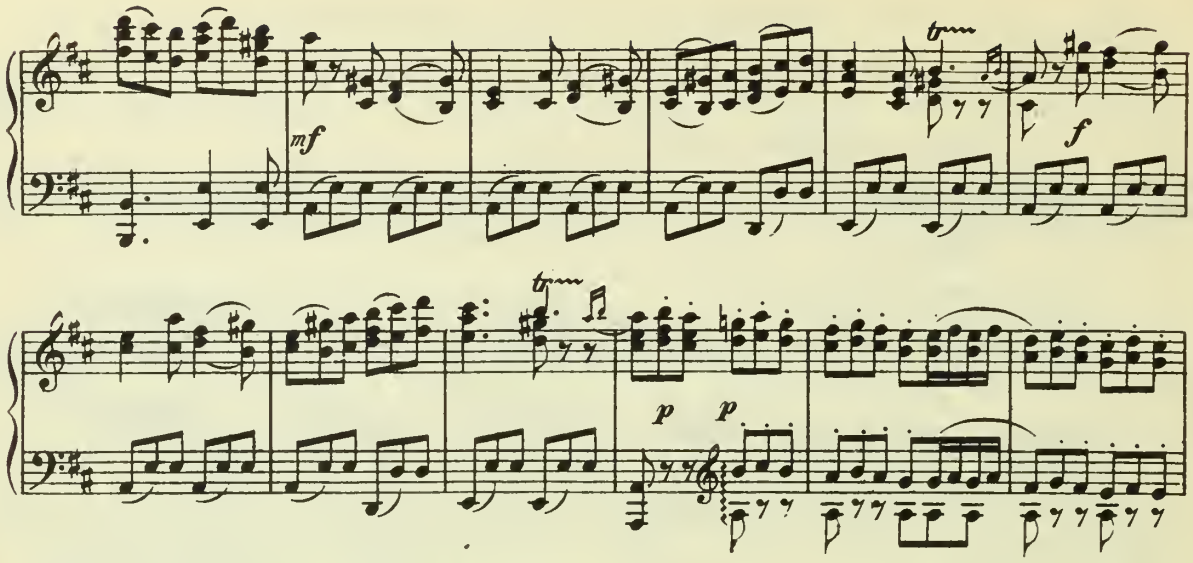
host now prays you all to take your seats, to see a pret - ty past - or - al called „The faith - ful

p colla parte

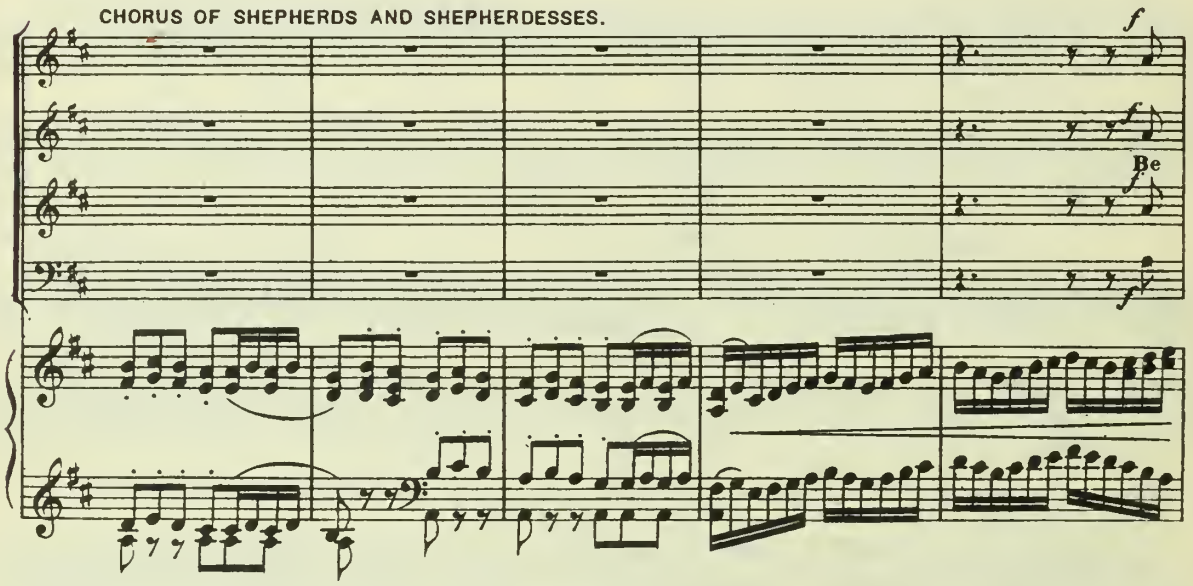
№ 14. Interlude „The faithful Shepherdess."

a) Chorus of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.



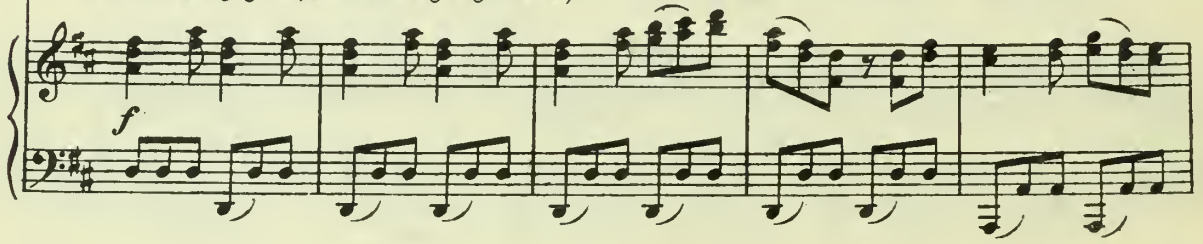


CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.



side this peace_ful stream_let, Be_neath these shad_y trees, We shep_herds oft as

(During the singing of this chorus a Round is danced. Chloë alone does not join in the dance, but sits apart, looking glum, and twining a garland.)



sem - ble and glad - ly take our ease. Some - times we nimb - ly

foot it, And sing a round - e - lay, Or rest - ing, twinebright

gar lands From blos - som of the may!

We dance and gai - ly

mf

and sing a round - e - lay,

foot it, Or rest - - ing, twine bright

f

from blossoms of the may!

gar - lands Be - side this peace - ful

f Cor.

Be - neath these shad - y trees,

We shep - herds oft as -

stream - let,

f

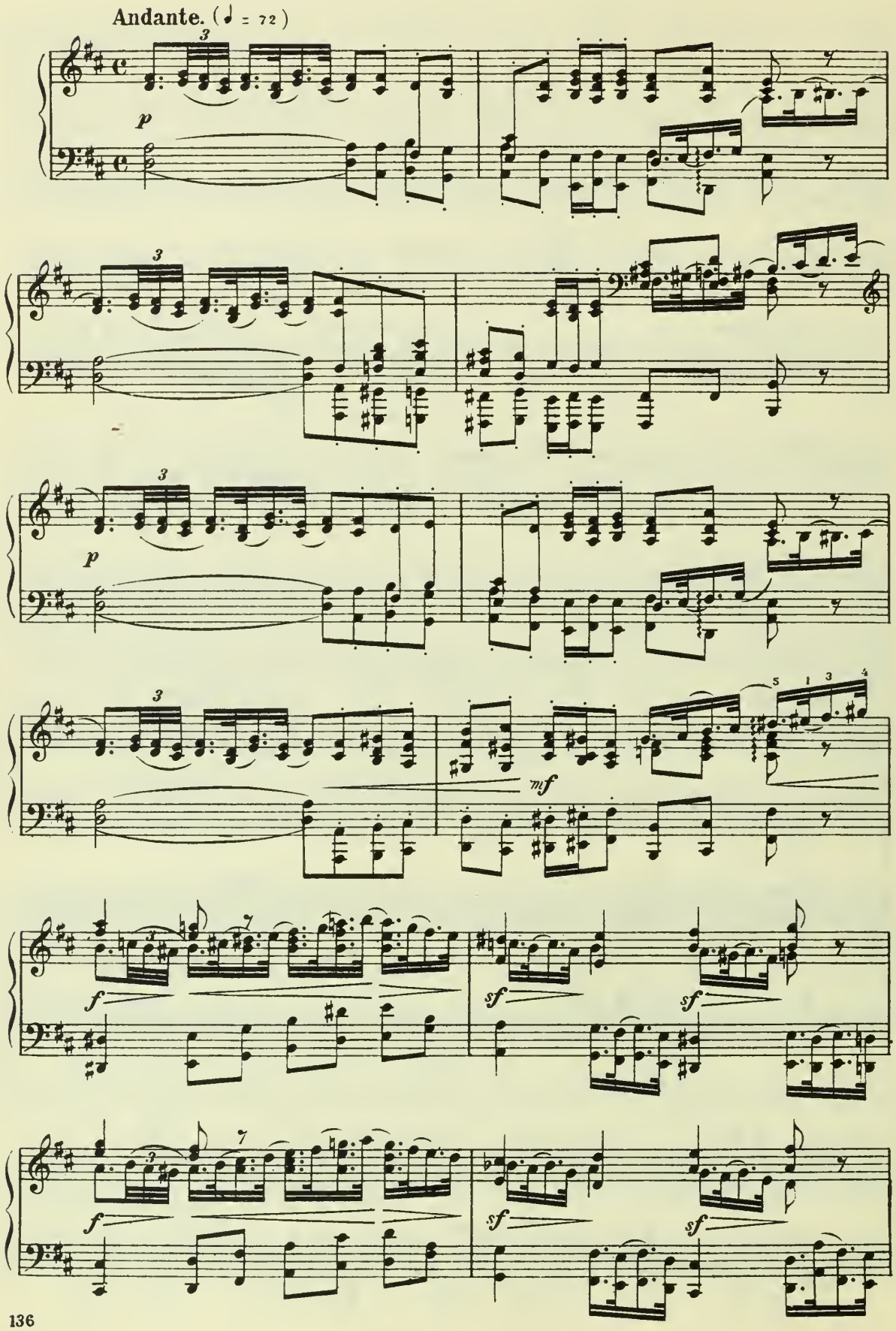
sem - ble, And glad - - ly take our ease, We

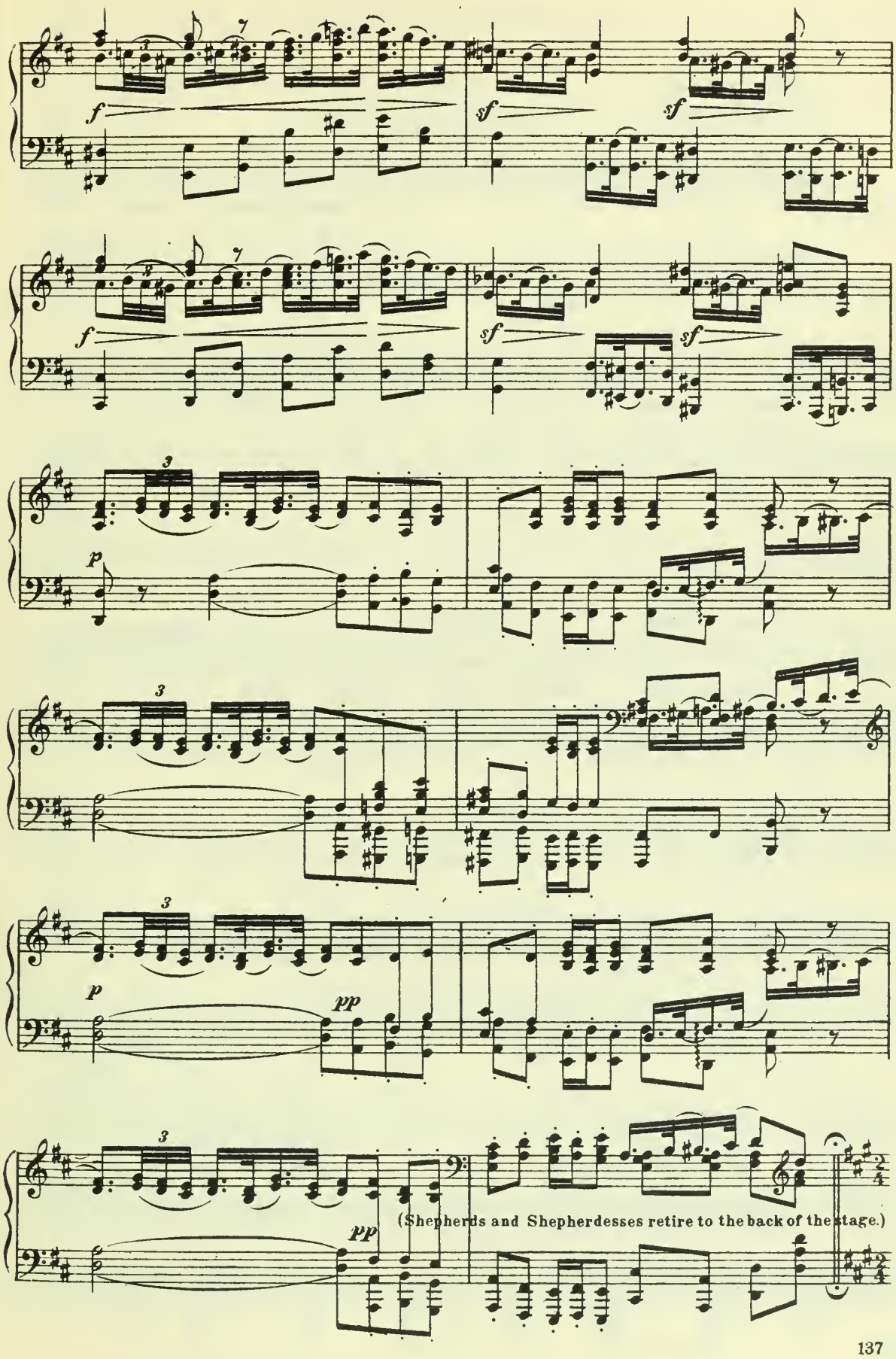
f

shep_herds oft as - sem_ble and glad - - ly take our ease!

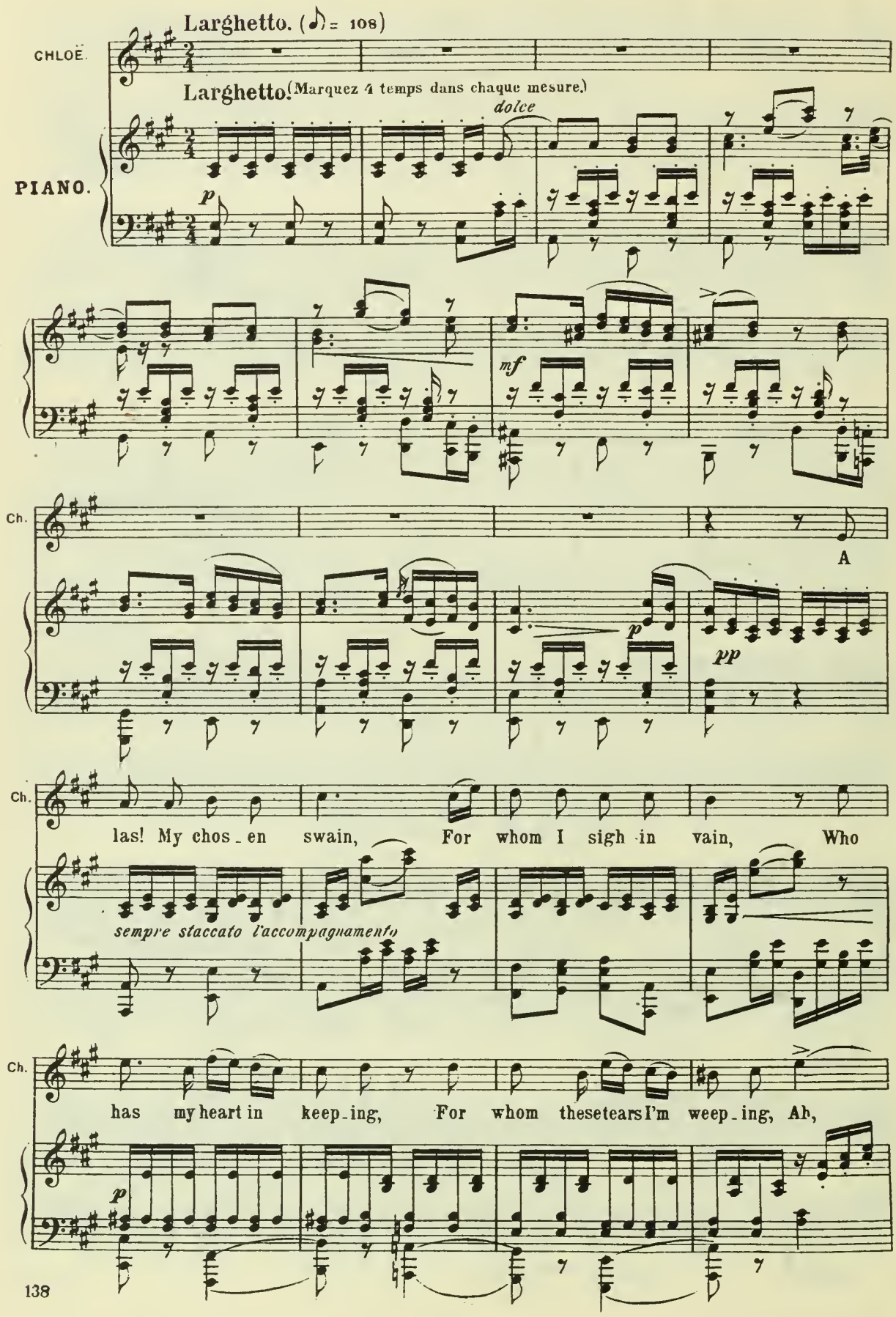
f

b) Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.




f
sf
sf
f
sf
sf
p
p
pp
pp
(Shepherds and Shepherdesses retire to the back of the stage.)

c) Duet of Chloë and Daphnis.



Ch. comes no more to dance, Ah, comes no

sfp *pp* *p* *sfp*

DAPHNIS. (Pauline) (Enter Daphnis)

Ch. more to dance! 'Tis I, but filled with an-guish, O'er-

pp *p*

D. come by bashful-ness! No long-er will I languish, My

p *p*

D. pas-sion I'll con-fess, No long-er will I lan-guish,

mf

D. My passion I'll con-fess. No more I'll lan-guish,

mf *mf* *p*

CHLOË.

Ah, leave me not a

D. my passion I'll con - fess! I've loved you many a day,

p *p* *pp*

Ch. gain, My dear - est Shep - herd - swain, With -

D. day, With - out you life was grey, You

Ch. out you I was wear - y, With - out you life is

D. knew not how I yearn'd, love, Your smiles from me you

p

Ch. drear - y, Ah, why I can - - not say! Ah,

D. turn'd, love! Why did you look a - way? Why

sfp *pp*

Ch. why I can - - not say! I know not, I know not why 't is

D. did you look a - way? I know not, I know not why 't was

sfp *pp* *pp*

Ch. so, I know not, I know not why 't is so!

riten.

D. so, I know not, I know not why 't was so!

riten.

mf *mf*

f

ff

d) Finale.

Tempo di minuetto. (♩ = 72)

p più f

(Enter the attendants of Plutus, bearing costly gifts. Dance.)

mf

p più f

mf f Fl.

p p p p

(Enter Plutus.)

mf f

PLUTUS (Tomsky).

Fair Shep.herd.ess, I pray you, Which hus.band shall it

p *più f*

P. be? This shep - herd youth or me, who wins your

mf

P. love? How say you? My heart and I a -

DAPHNIS.

p

D. gree, There's but one love for me, This

più f

D. maid for whom I yearn, for whom my heart doth

mf

Lo stesso tempo. (♩=♩)

D. burn. I have but one po

PLUTUS. My cof - fers are not emp - ty, I've

Lo stesso tempo. (♩=♩)

p

D. ses - sion: True love is all I've got, is all I've

P. prec - ious stones in plent - y, And piles of gleam - ing

D. got, Sweet Chlo - - ë make con -

P. gold! No gem, but you shall wear it, I'll

D. fes - sion: Wilt share my hum - ble cot, my hum - ble cot? Fresh

P. give you wealth un - told. My king - dom you shall share it, One

f

D. flow'rs and rib - ands bright Our sim - ple tastes de light, We

P. half shall be your own, I of - fer you a throne!

f *pp*

D. need no cost - ly treasures, Nor seek lux - ur - ious pleasures, My

P. My cof - fers are not emp - ty, I've prec - ious stones in

pp *cresc.*

D. gift shall be a crown of blossoms freshly blown. We

P. plen_ty and piles, and piles, of gleaming gold!

mf *p* *pp*

D. need no cost_ly treasures, Nor seek lux_ur_ious pleasures, My

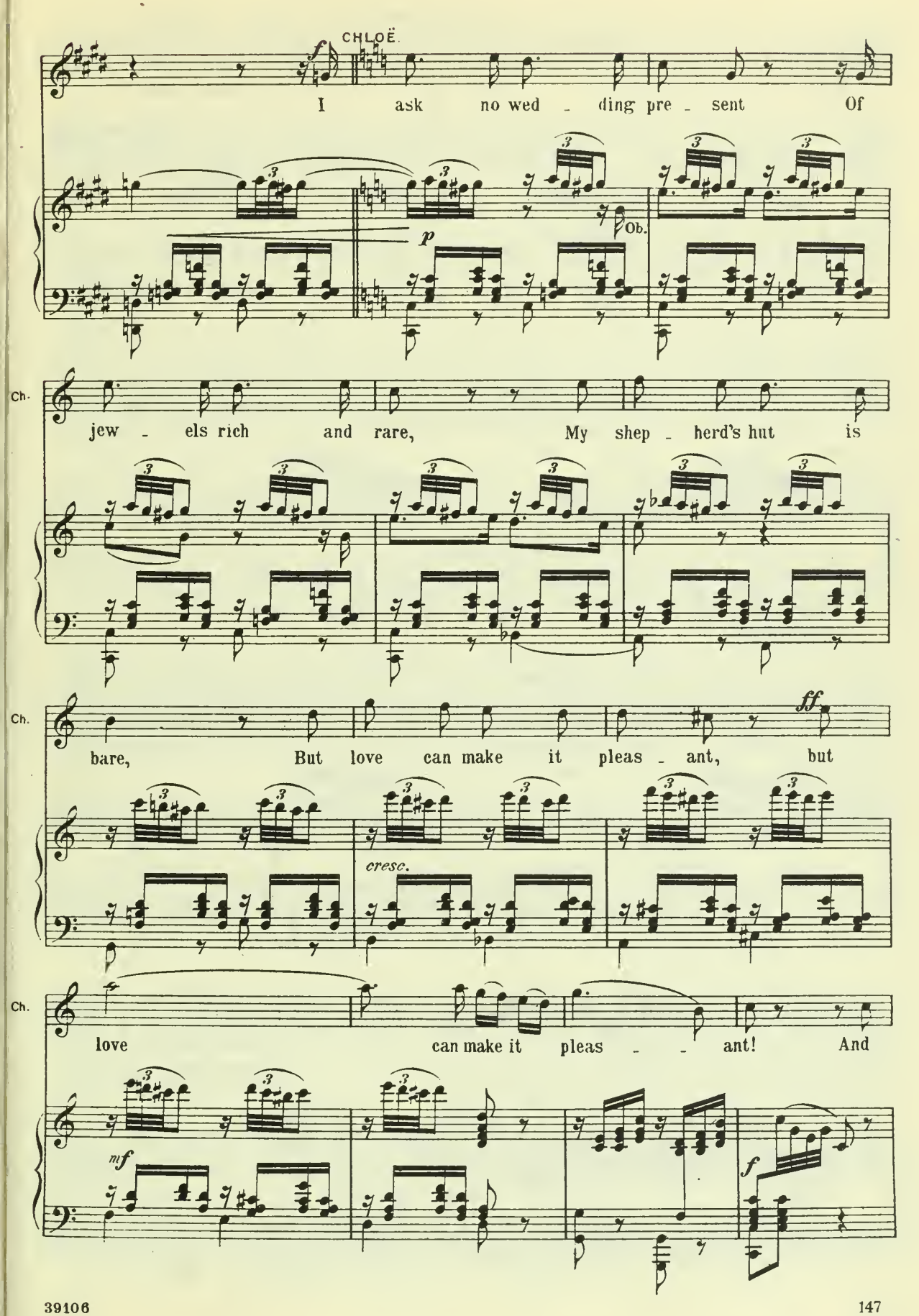
P. No gem, but you shall wear it, I'll give you wealth un_

pp *cresc.*

D. gift shall be a crown of blossoms fresh_ly blown!

P. told, I'll give you, I'll give you wealth un_ told!

mf *p* *pp*


CHLOË.
I ask no wed - ding pre - sent Of
Ob.
Ch.
jew - els rich and rare, My shep - herd's hut is
Ch.
bare, But love can make it pleas - ant, but
cresc.
Ch.
love can make it pleas - - ant! And

(Turns to Daphnis.)

Ch. so, Sir, fare you well! With you I fain would dwell!

f

Ch. Go now, and gather pos - ies and with a crown of

p *f* *p*

Ch. ro - ses, My con-stan-cy re - pay, My con-stan-cy re -

f *p* *f* *p*

ad libit.

Ch. pay, We'll plight our troth to

f

Larghetto. (Come prima.) CHLOE.

day! DAPHNIS Be - hold a hap - py lov - er, My

Larghetto. (Come prima.) Be - hold a hap - py lov - er, My

Ch. doubts and fears are ov - er, Now swift - ly let time

D doubts and fears are ov - er, Now swift - ly let time

Ch. run, Till you and I are one, till you

D.. run, Till you and I are one, till you

Ch. and I are one, till you and I are

D. and I are one, till you and I are

Un pochettino più vivo. (♩ = 116)

Ch. one, are one!

D. one, are one!

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

Un pochettino più vivo.

f

His doubts and fears are ov - - er And swift the hours will

Un pochettino più vivo.

p *f*

run, Un - til this hap - py lov - er And his true maid are

one, and his true maid are

one, and his true maid are

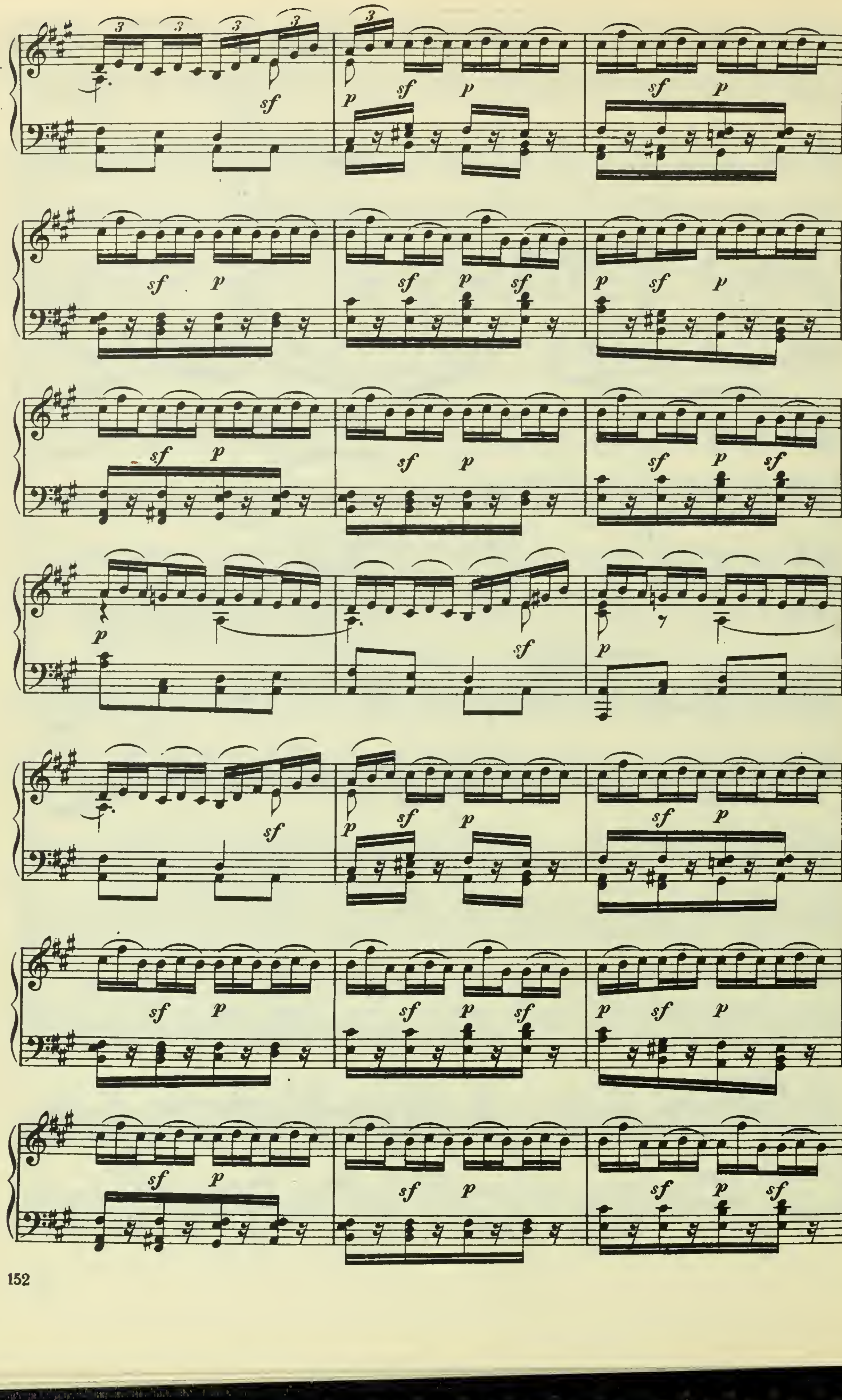
Più vivo. (♩ = 100)

(Enter Amor and Hymen who crown the happy pair.)

one!

Più vivo.

p *sf* *p* *p*



Poco più. (♩ = 112)

f

p *f*

ff

ff

3 3 3 3

Allegro vivo.

Tempo del 1mo Coro.

(Chloë and Daphnis dance hand in hand. The Shepherds and Shepherdesses follow their example and dance a Round.)

ff

The sun on them is shin - ing, And Zeph - yr soft - ly

blows. Once more a - mong the shep - herds, Our Daph - nis glad - ly

goes! His doubts and fears are ov - er, His woo - ing bold - ly

done, O, hap - py shepherd lov - er Who such a bride has

won! And Zeph - yr soft - ly

won! The sun on them is shin - ing

mf *tr*

blows! Our Daph - nis glad - ly

Once more a - mong the shep - herds,

f *tr*

goes! His woo - ing bold - ly

His doubts and fears are ov - er

Cor.

done,

O, hap - py shep - herd lov - er, Who such a bride has

won! O hap - py shep - herd lov - er, who such

a bride has won! who such a bride has won, who

such a bride has won! (They walk off the stage in couples.)

ff

End of Interlude

№ 15. Closing scene.

Allegro moderato. (♩ = 120)

PIANO.

(At the end of the Interlude some of the guests rise, some remain in their seats, talking with animation. Herman comes to the front of the stage.)

HERMAN (lost in thought).

„A third man im - pell'd by his love!"

(He turns and sees the Countess before him. Both shudder, and remain gazing at each other)

H

Well? Am I not in love? Yes, madly! Ha!

poco a poco cre - scen - do

SOURIN (masked).

Be - hold, there stands your destin'd

p

(He laughs and glides away).

HERMAN.

S. love!

A-gain... the voice....

pp *pp*

H. Fear grips me! The selfsame voice, Whose is it? Devil's, or

po - co a po - co cre - - scen -

H. man's? And why should he thus fol - - - low me a

do

ad libit.

H. bout? Damn-a-tion! O, how I suf-fer, wretched fool!

ff *ff* *mf*

Andante. (♩= 72) (Enter Lisa, masked.)

LISA.

Now list - en, Herman!

Andante.

pp

HERMAN.

You, you at last! How glad I am that you are

p

H. here! I love you! I love you! Not

LISA.

più f

L. now! Not here! 'T was not for this I came to seek you!... Take this!

dim.

pp

L. It is the garden key... You know the entrance.. A ladder's there...

pp

HERMAN.

L. by that you'll reach to grand - mam - ma's own room... What! Her own

LISA.

H. room? She'll not be there her-self... but near her por - trait you'll

più f *pp*

L. find a door... it leads to me! For I am

L. yours and yours a - lone, be - lov - ed... yours a - lone!

f *pp*

L. Our fate we must de - cide... to - mor - row... my dear - est,

HERMAN.

L. my lov - er! No! Not to - mor - row! No!

LISA (alarmed). HERMAN

to - night I will be there... But, Her - man— Come I

f *p* *p*

LISA.

H. must! Well, if you wish it! I am your humb - le

(Hides herself.) HERMAN.

L. slave! Good bye...It is not I, but fate it - self that wills it, I

mf *p* *cre* - - *scen* - - *do*

(Goes away in haste.)

H. am to learn the se - - cret!

f *ff*

Allegro. (♩ = ♩32)

MASTER. (Enter the Master of the Ceremonies, excited and breathless.)

Her gracious Ma_jest_y has just an_nouncedthat she is coming...

Allegro.

pp *pp*

(Much excitement among the chorus. M. of C. divides the crowd so that a way is made for the Empress down the centre)

CHORUS OF GUESTS.

The Empress! the Empress!

The Empress! the Empress!

Hergracious Ma_jest_y will grace the party... Ourhost indeed is

The Empress, the Empress! Will grace the party... Ourhost indeed is

Our host indeed is for_tu_nate to have this honour, And

Our host in_deed is for_tu_nate to have this hon_our, And

for_tu_nate to have this hon_our! What a joy for us our Empress here to

for_tu_nate!.. to have this hon_our! Ah, what a joy for

mf

what a hap_pi_ness for us! This crowns a brilliant en_ter_

greet! No, he's in

us! She brings the French am_bas_sa_dor! This

p

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (to singers).

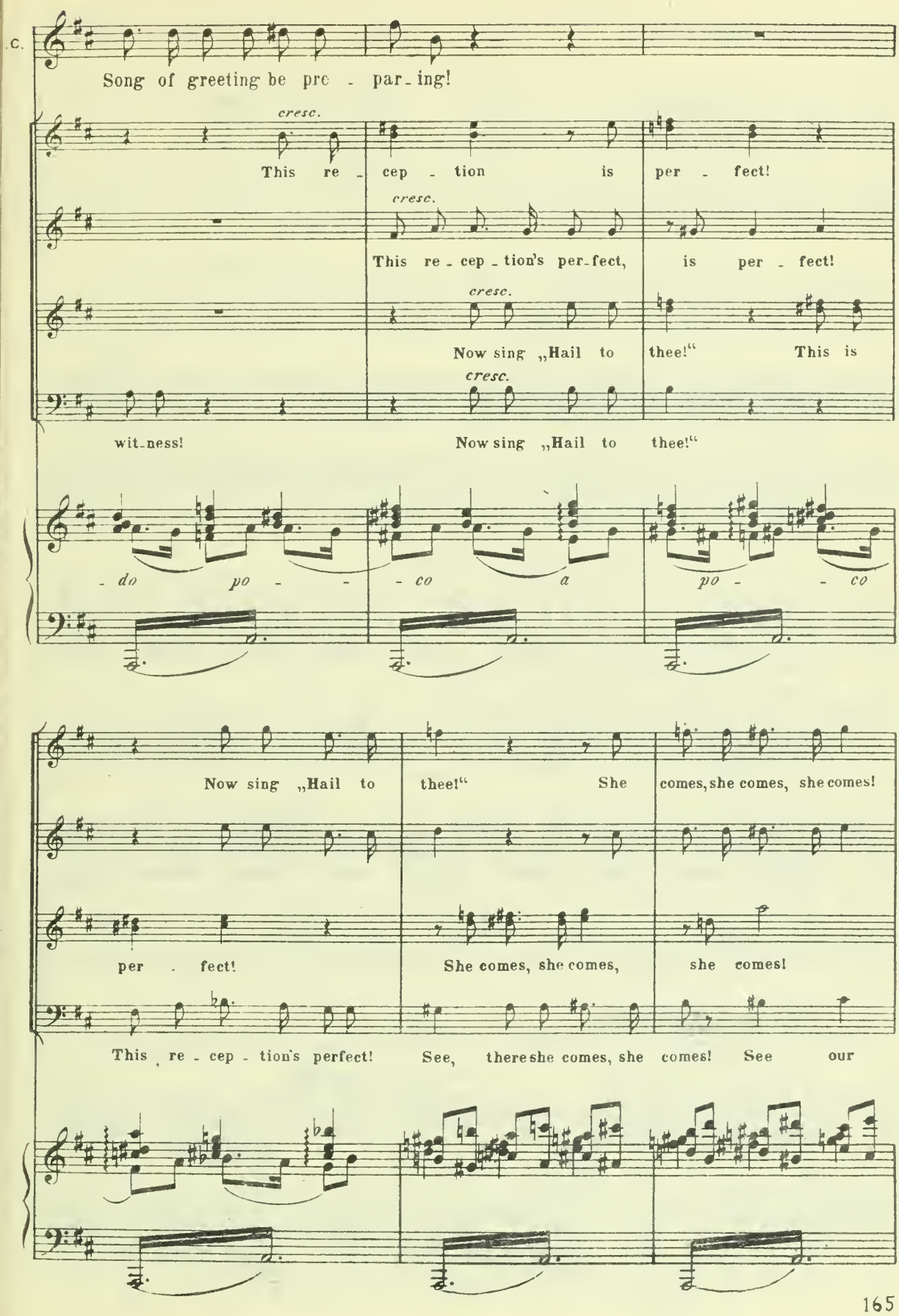
The

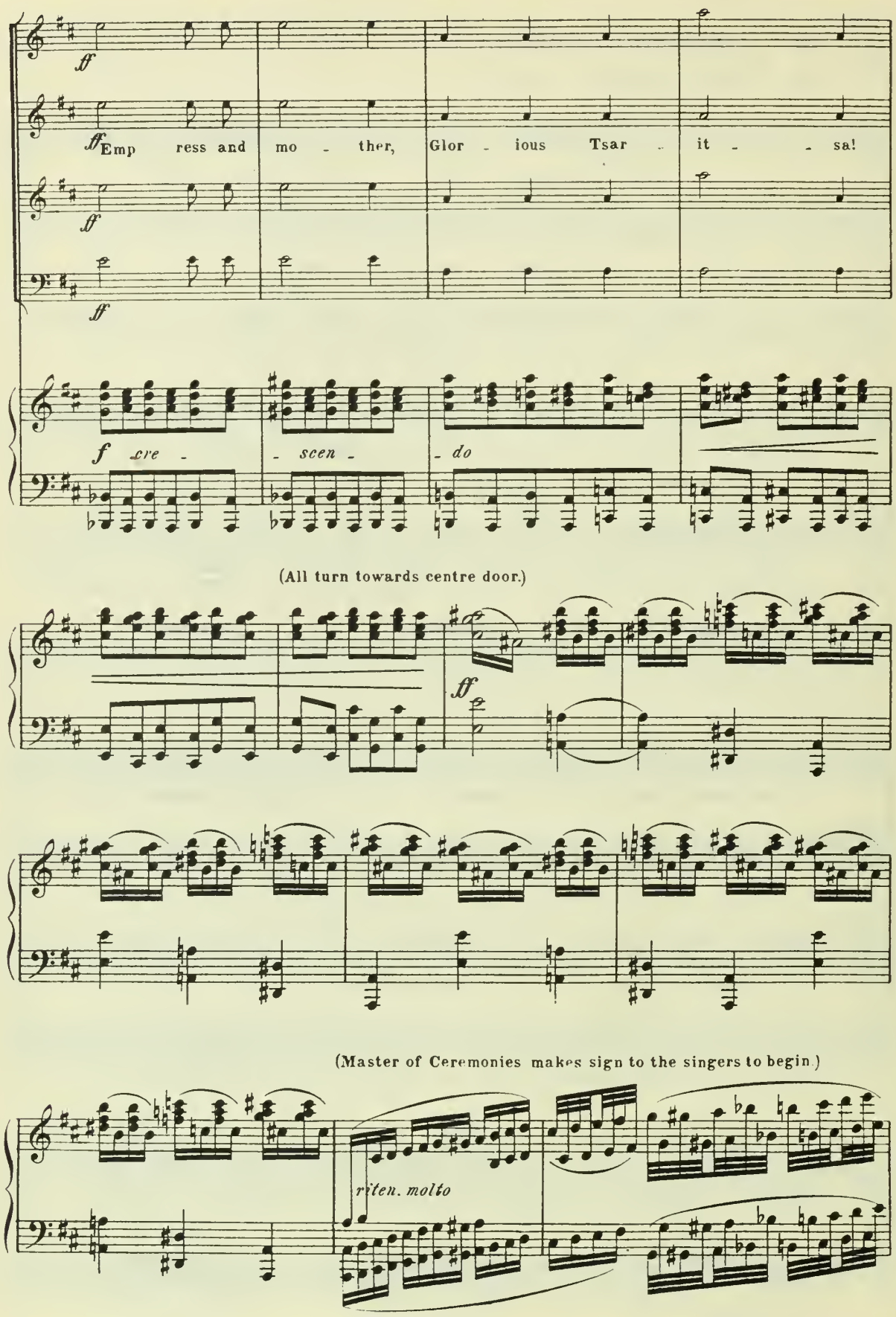
tain_ment! What great de_light, what loy_al feeling!

Par_is! Prince Fred' rick! He adds still greater lus_tre!

adds more brilliance than be_fore! A rout so splendid we rare_ly

*cre_scen_*


Song of greeting be pre - par-ing!
cresc.
This re - cep - tion is per - fect!
cresc.
This re - cep - tion's per-fect, is per - fect!
cresc.
Now sing „Hail to thee!" This is
cresc.
wit-ness! Now sing „Hail to thee!"
- do po - - co a po - - co
Now sing „Hail to thee!" She comes, she comes, she comes!
per - fect! She comes, she comes, she comes!
This re - cep - tion's perfect! See, there she comes, she comes! See our


ff
ff Emp ress and mo - ther, Glor - ious Tsar - it - - sa!
ff
ff
f cre - - scen - - do
(All turn towards centre door.)
ff
(Master of Ceremonies makes sign to the singers to begin.)
riten. molto

Andante assai maestoso. (♩ = 72)

fff

Hail to thee, Ye-ka-te-ri-na! Mo-ther of our Rus-sian

Andante assai maestoso.

fff

land! Hail to thee, Ye-ka-te-ri-na!

Mo-ther of our Rus-sian land! Mo-ther of our Rus-sian

(The gentlemen make their lowest court bow.)

fff

land! Mo_ther of our Rus_sian land! All hail!

fff

(The ladies make a profound curtsey.) (Enter pages, two and two.)

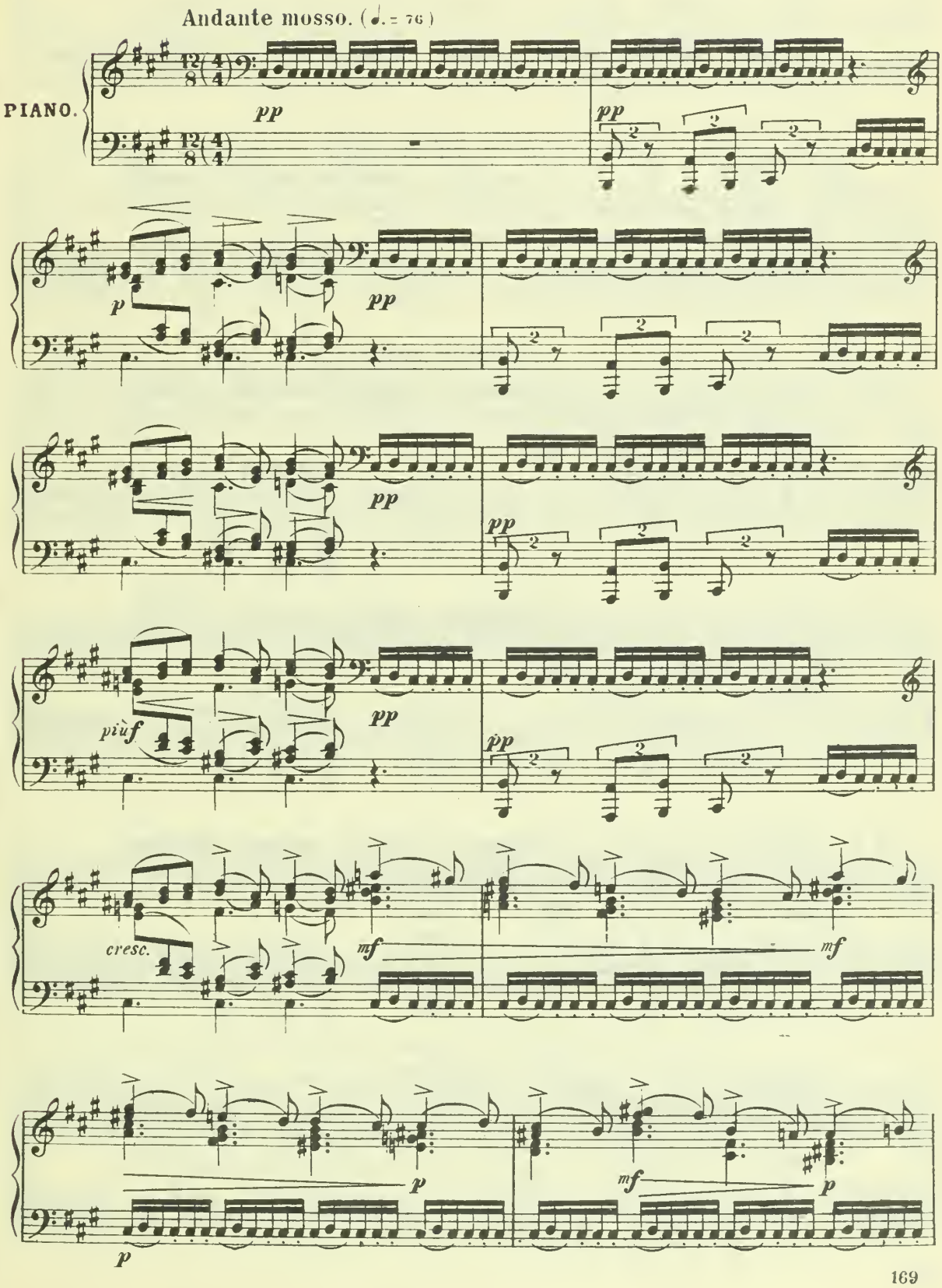
All hail! All hail! All hail! (Curtain.)

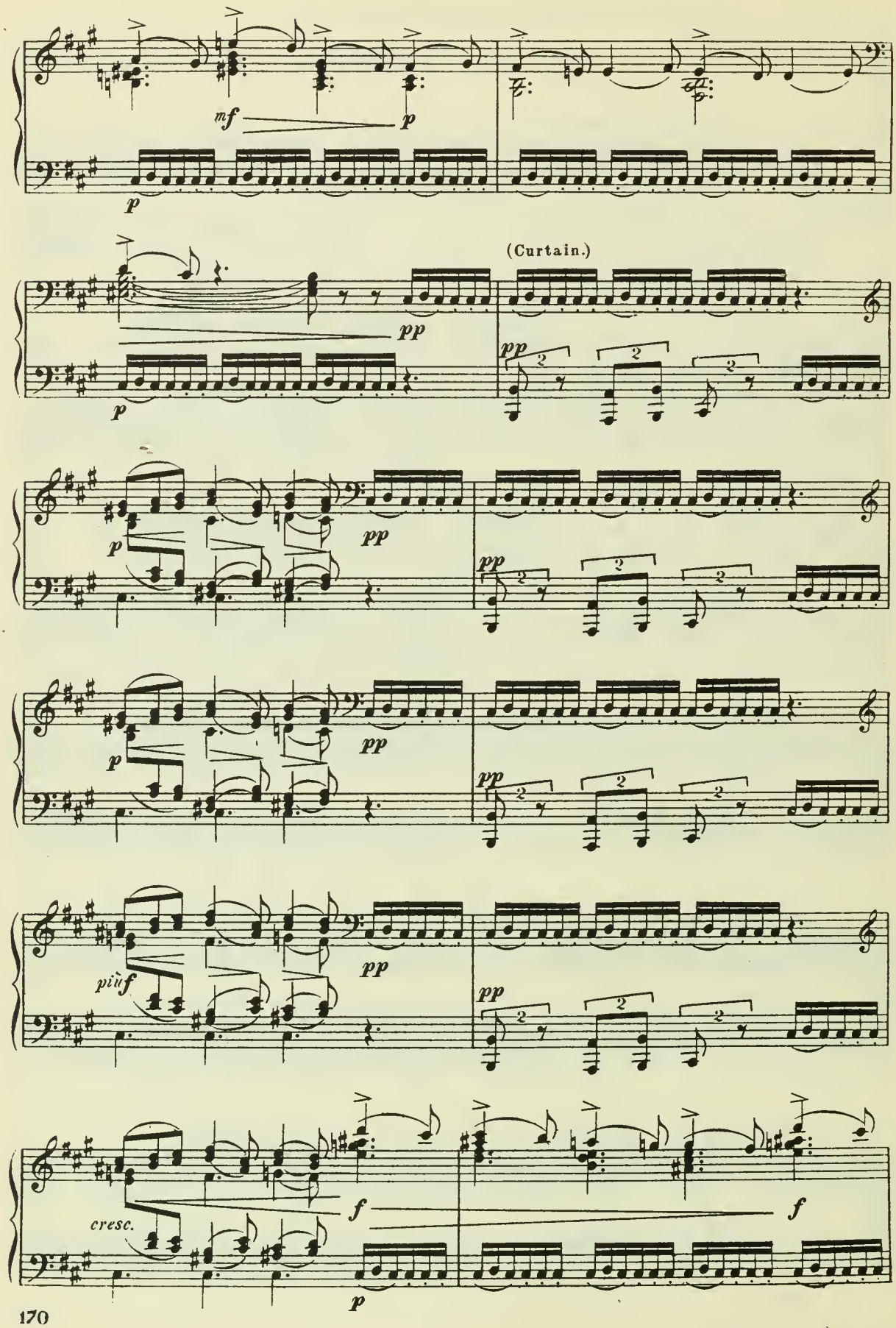
End of Third Scene.

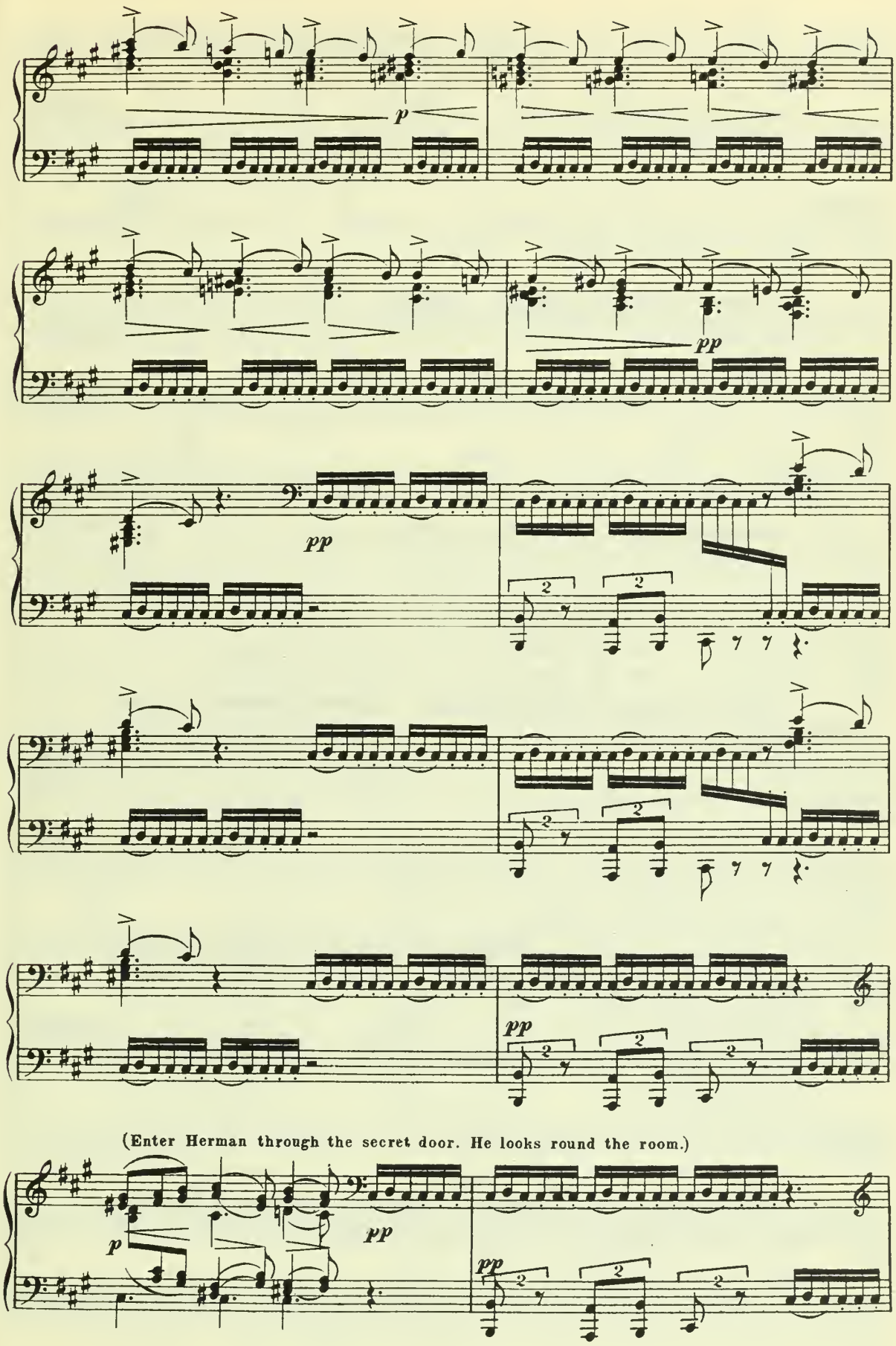
SCENE IV.

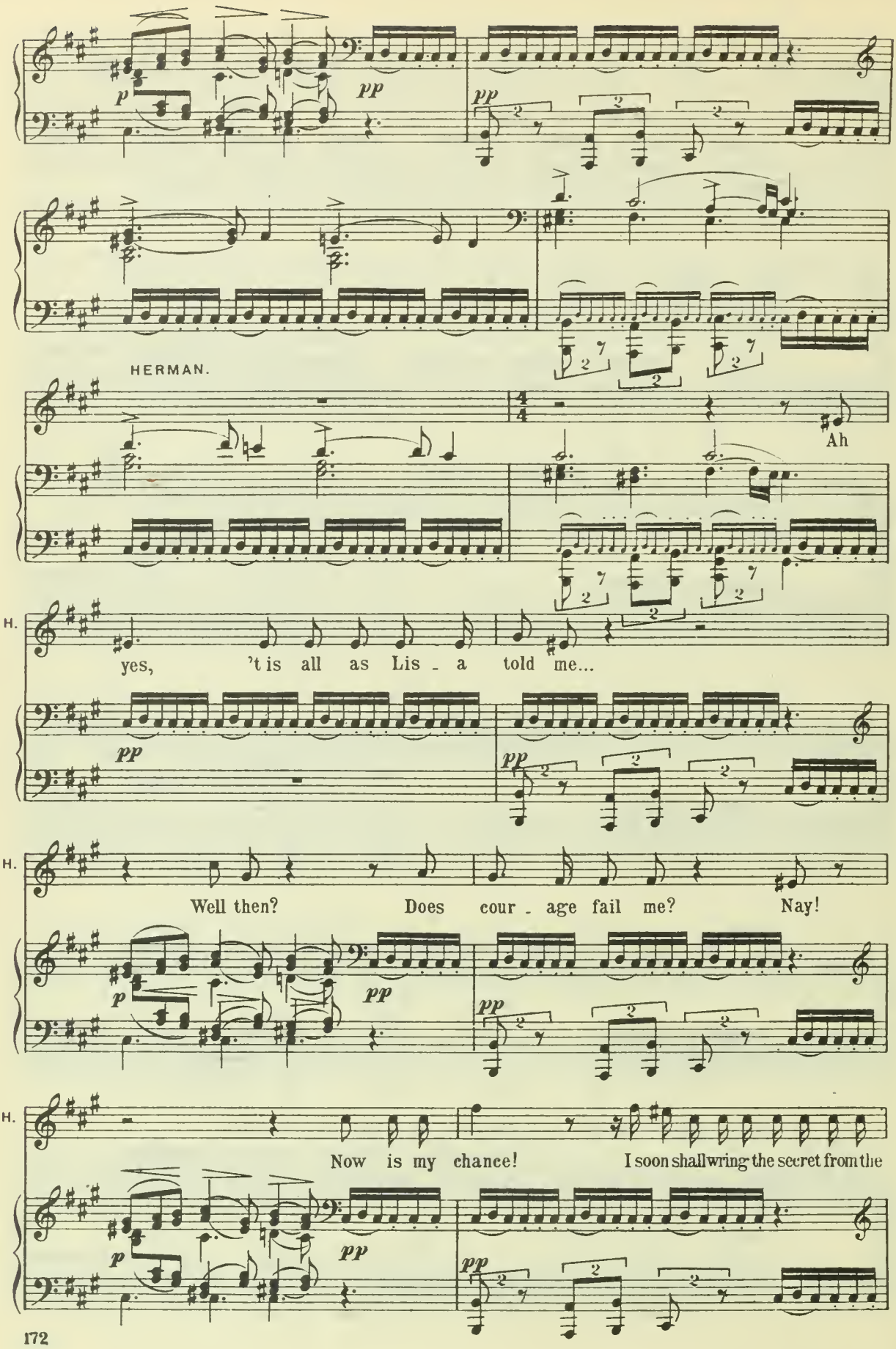
The Countess's bedroom, lit with lamps.

№ 16. Scene and Chorus.




mf
p
p
(Curtain.)
pp
p
pp
p
pp
pp
pp
p
pp
pp
pp
più f
pp
pp
cresc.
f
f
p


p
pp
pp
pp
pp
(Enter Herman through the secret door. He looks round the room.)
p
pp
pp


HERMAN.
Ah
H.
yes, 't is all as Lis - a told me...
H.
Well then? Does cour - age fail me? Nay!
H.
Now is my chance! I soon shall wring the secret from the

H.

Countess! (He appears lost in thought.)

pp

HERMAN.

Suppose there is no se - cret? And all should prove to be the

p

H.

fan - cy of my fev' rish brain? (He goes to the door of Lisa's room. Then he stands before the portrait of the Countess.)

p

(Midnight strikes.)

p

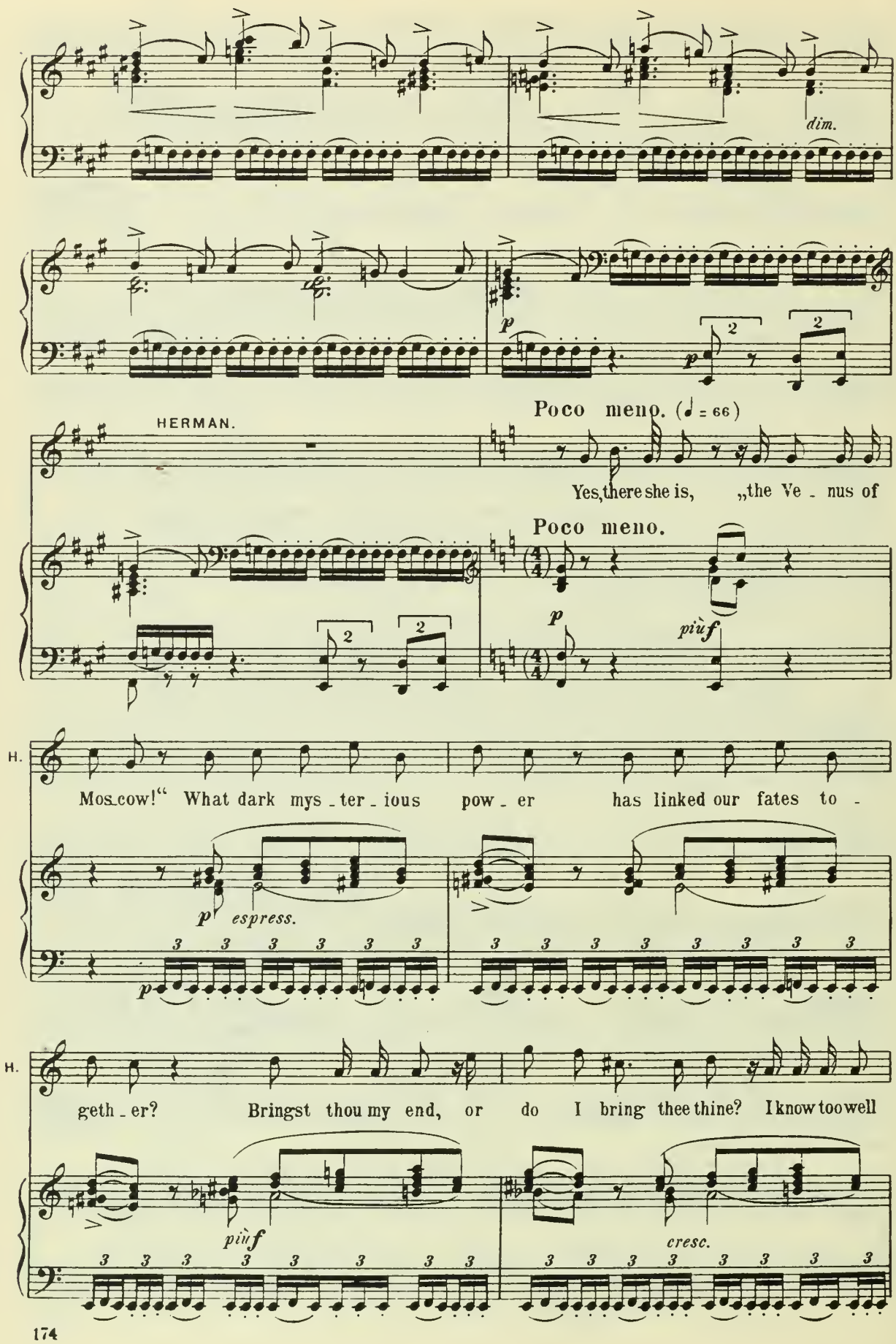
più f

f

mf

f

mf


dim.
p
HERMAN.
Poco meno. (♩ = 66)
Yes, there she is, „the Ve - nus of
Poco meno.
piùf
H.
Mos_cow!" What dark mys - ter - ious pow - er has linked our fates to -
p espress.
H.
geth - er? Bringst thou my end, or do I bring thee thine? I know too well
piùf
cresc.

H.

that one of us deals death and ru - in to the oth - er!

f *f*

più f

di - mi - nu - en - do

HERMAN.

I gaze up - on thy face and I should hate it...

p

H.

but yet I can - not turn a - way mine eyes!

mp *p*

ad libit.

H.

'T were well if I could flee, but power

mf *cresc.* *ff*

Moderato. (♩ = 100)

H. fails me... Her pierc - ing glance, where' er I turn it,

Moderato.

p

H. fol - lows and trou - bles me... A strange, un - can - ny

f

Tempo I. (♩ = 76)

H. be ing! Well! It was fate or -

Tempo I.

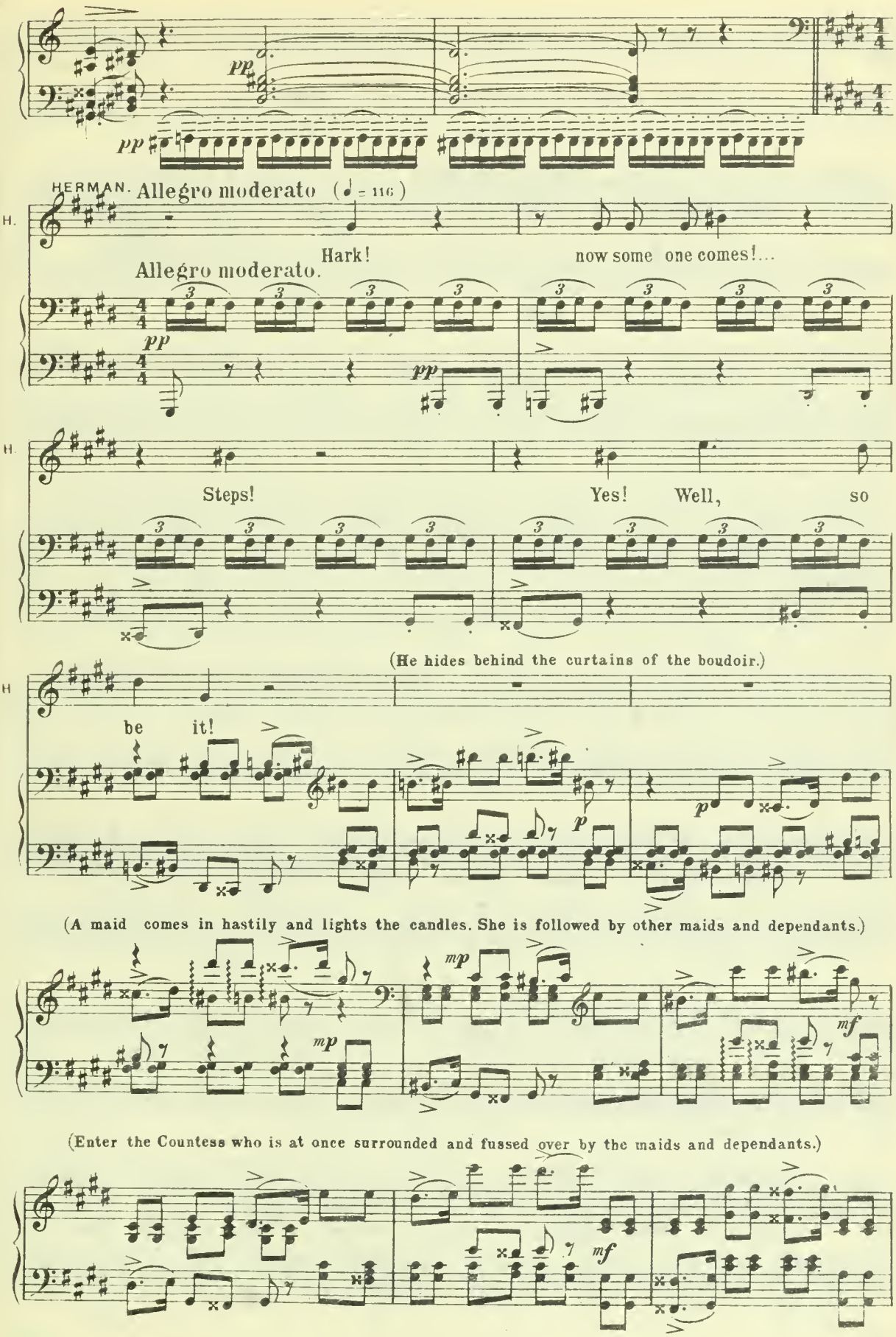
p

H. dain'd our meet - ing... 't was de - creed!

più f

di - mi - nu - èn - do

mf


HERMAN. Allegro moderato (♩= 116)
H.
Hark! now some one comes!...
Allegro moderato.
H.
Steps! Yes! Well, so
(He hides behind the curtains of the boudoir.)
H
be it!
(A maid comes in hastily and lights the candles. She is followed by other maids and dependants.)
(Enter the Countess who is at once surrounded and fussed over by the maids and dependants.)

Sop.

Alt.

CHORUS OF MAIDS AND DEPENDANTS.

mf

Yes, our

gra - cious ben - e - fact - ress al - ways is in such re - quest, Ah, we

p

fear she is tir'd, read - y now to seek her rest!

Is she

più f

Is she quite worn out?

Yes, we're cer - tain

quite worn out? But we're cer - tain, that few

p

that few la - dies at the ball, Al-though p'rhaps

la - dies at the ball, Though p'rhaps young - er than our Count - ess could com-

young - er than our Count - ess, could com - pare with her at all! Yes, our

(off the stage)

pare _____ with her at all, her at all! Yes, our

(They escort the Countess to the boudoir.)

cresc. *staccato* *mf* *p*

gra - cious ben - e - fact - ress al - ways is in such re - quest, Ah, we

p

(Enter Lisa and her maid, Mary.)

fear that she's tir'd, read - y now to seek her rest!

pp

LISA.

No, Mar - y, you need not come!

MARY.

What can be wrong with you, you look pale, Miss!

cre - - scen - do

LISA.

No, I am well...

MARY (guessing the truth).

Ah, Heav'ns a - bove!

mf p

M.

can that be it?

LISA.

Yes! He will

cre - scen -

come... be sil - ent, per - haps he now is there and a-

do

L. waits me... Do not be_tray us, Mar_y! Be my

espress. *mf*

L. friend. 'Twas his de_

MARY. Ah! should mis_for_tune come to you!

f *p*

L. sire, and since I choose him to be my lord and mas_ter I

mf *mf*

L. must o_bey his least com_mand_ment He is my fate, my des_ti_

ad libit.

mf *f*

Tempo I.

(Exeunt.)

L. ny!

(The maids and dependants bring the Countess back to her room. She is in night attire and wears a night cap. They prepare her bed.)

CHOR. Sop. Ben - e -

Tempo I.

Sop. fac - tress a - dored, you will soon feel re - stored, You are

Alt. Ben - e - fac - tress a - dored, you will soon feel re -

wear - y no doubt, By en - gage - ments quite worn out! Ben - e -

stored, You are wear - y no doubt, and quite worn out!

fac - tress a - dored, you will soon feel re - stored! Now re -

Ben - e - fac - tress a - dored, you will soon feel re - stored

tire and rest till morn, then wake re_freshed, Like

Rest till morn _ ing, then a _wake re_freshed, like

pp *poco* *cresc.*

flow'rs by dawn made bright! Now re_

flow'rs by dawn made bright!

mf

tire and rest till morn, then wake re_freshed like

Rest till morn _ ing, then a _wake re_freshed, like

pp *poco* *cresc.*

flow'rs by dawn made bright! Gra_ cious

flow'rs by dawn made bright!

mf

pp

ben - e - fac - tress, now re - tire to rest, now good -

Gra - cious ben - e - fac - tress, now re - tire to rest,

pp *pp* *pp* *pp*

night, now good - night, now good...

now good - night, now good - night, now good...

COUNTESS.

Stop this rub - bish, for it bores me! I am

sf *p* *mf* *mf* *mf*

C.

wear - - y, tired out!

p

(The Maids settle her on a couch and prop her up with cushions.)

C. I will not go to bed just yet!

mf *p* *cresc.*

COUNTESS. *ad libit.*

Ah! How stale the world has

f

Andantino con moto. (♩ = 84)

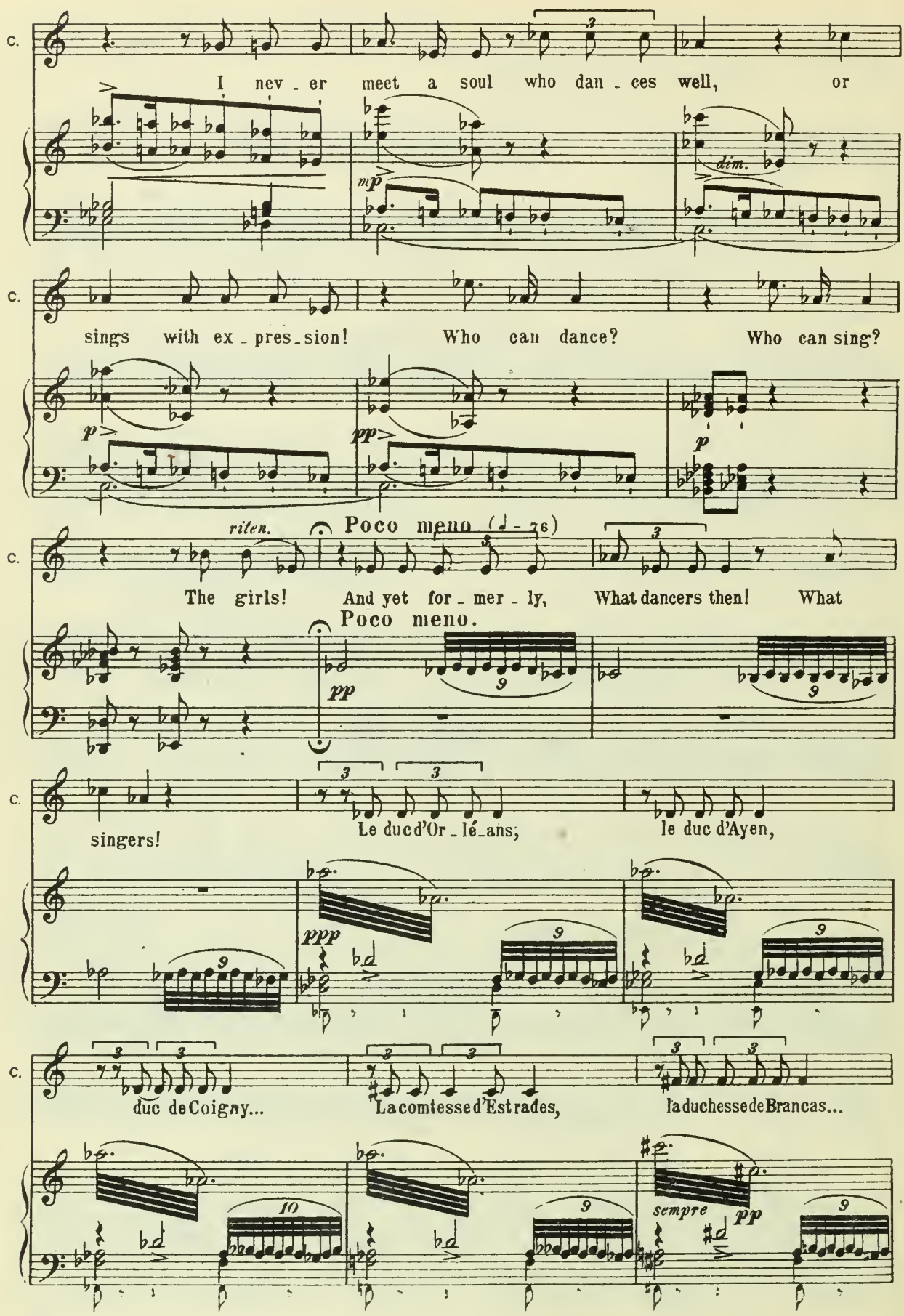
C. grown! Yes, now-a-days I think so-ci-et-y has lost its

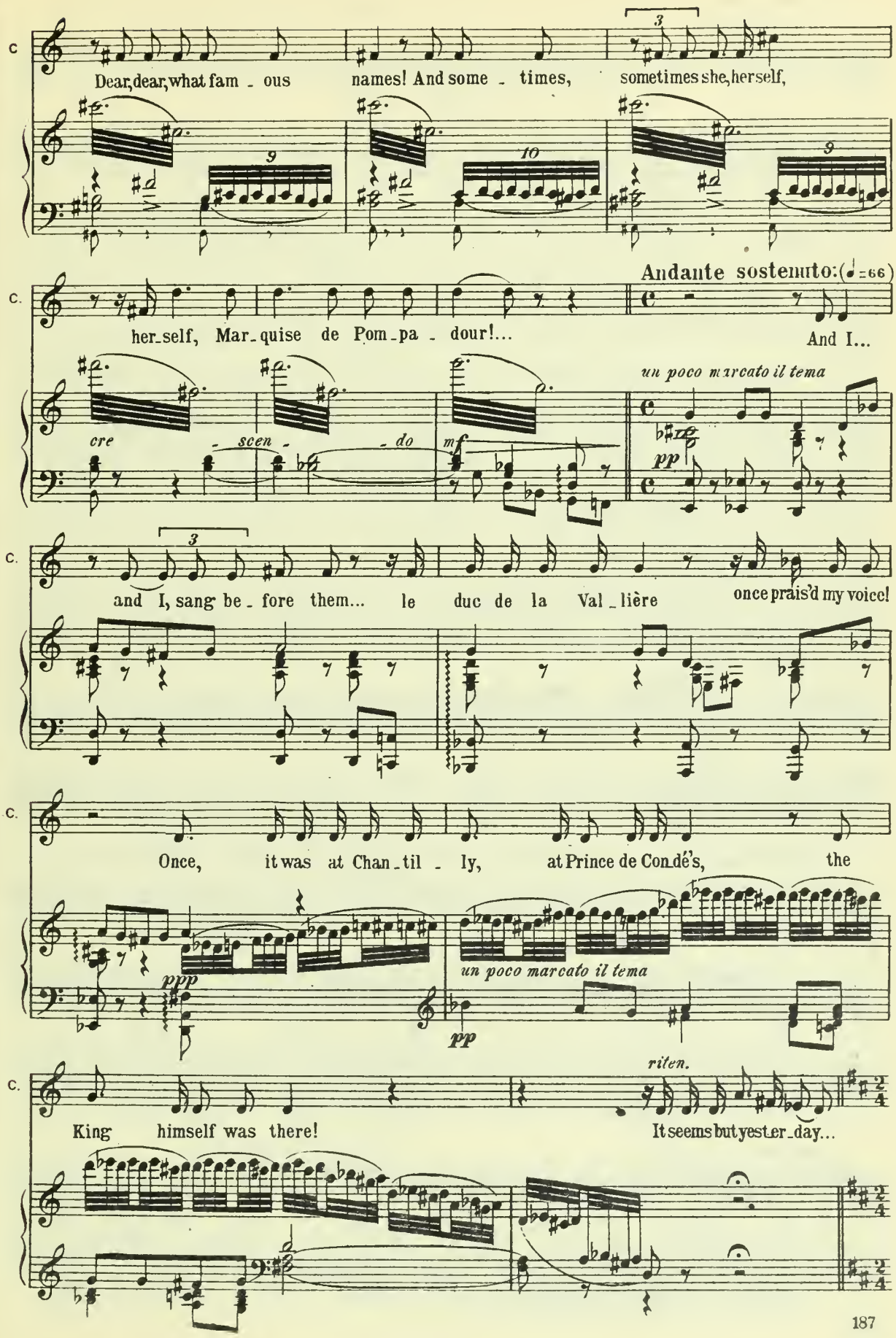
Andantino con moto.

pp

C. brilliance. Such shocking man-ners! Such bad style!

pp


C.
I nev - er meet a soul who dan - ces well, or
mp
dim.
C.
sings with ex - pres - sion! Who can dance? Who can sing?
p
pp
p
riten.
Poco meno (♩ - 76)
C.
The girls! And yet for - mer - ly, What dancers then! What
Poco meno.
pp
C.
singers! Le duc d'Or - lé - ans; le duc d'Ayen,
ppp
C.
duc de Coigny... La comtesse d'Estrades, la duchesse de Brancas...
sempre
pp


Dear, dear, what fam - ous names! And some - times, sometimes she, herself,
her-self, Mar-quise de Pom-pa - dour!...
Andante sostenuto: (♩=66)
And I...
un poco marcato il tema
cre - scen - do
and I, sang be - fore them... le duc de la Val - lière
once prais'd my voice!
Once, it was at Chan-til - ly, at Prince de Condé's, the
un poco marcato il tema
riten.
King himself was there!
It seems but yester-day...

(OBSERVATION: The following song is borrowed from Grétry's opera „Richard Coeur de Lion.")

Andantino. (♩ = 76)

C. Je crains de lui par - ler la nuit, j'é - cou - te

Andantino.

pp

C. trop tout ce qu'il dit... Il me dit: je vous ai - me, et je sens mal - gré

C. moi, je sens mon coeur qui bat, qui bat, je ne sais pas pour - quoi! Il

1.

pp

Più mosso. (As though waking from a dream and looking around her.) (Maids and dependants

2.

C. quoi! Well, what are you all doing? Go, and leave me!

Più mosso.

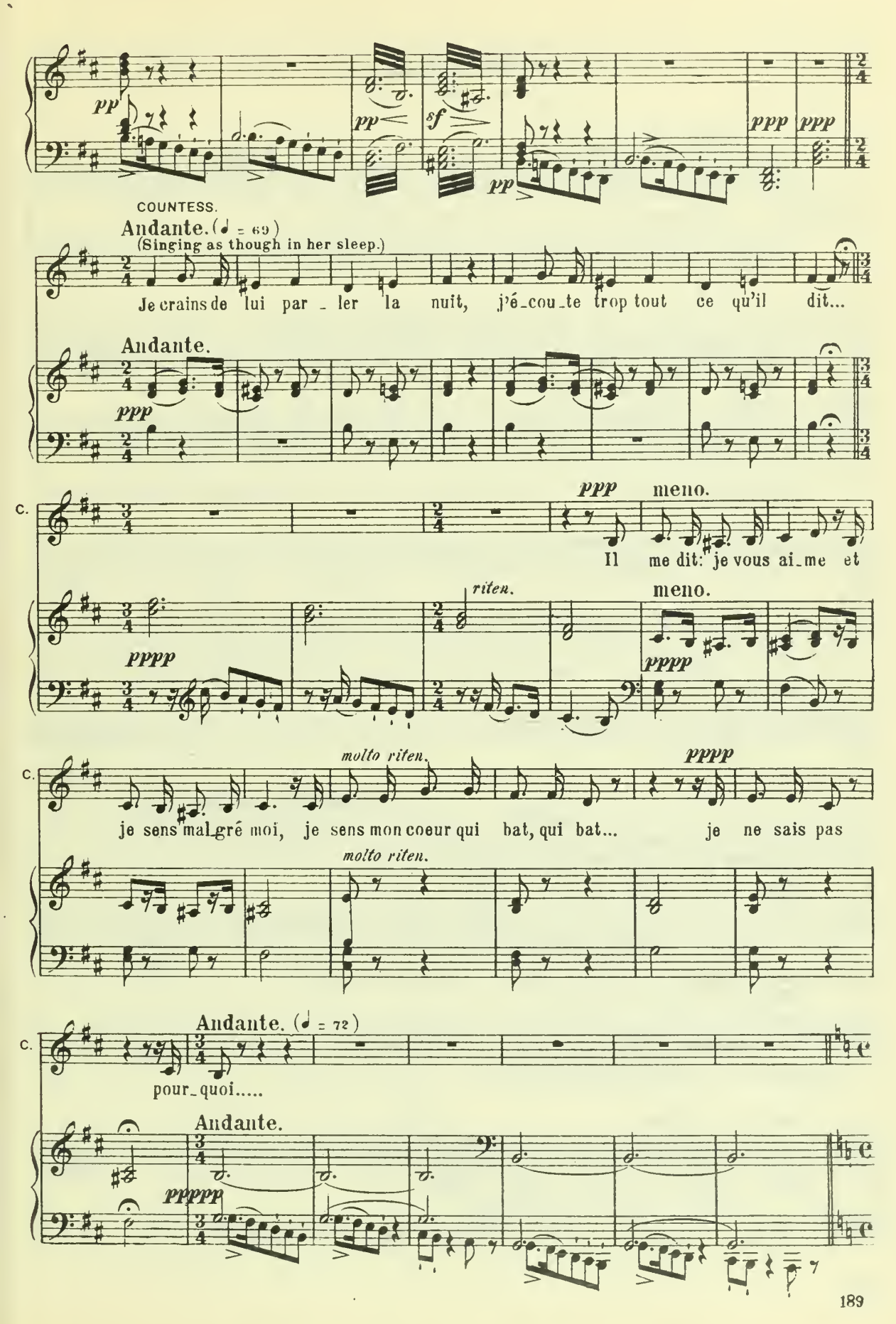
f mf mf p

move away on tiptoe.)

(The Countess dozes off.)

Andantino. (♩ = 84)

pp pp pp sf


pp
pp
sf
pp
ppp
ppp
COUNTESS.
Andante. (♩ = 69)
(Singing as though in her sleep.)
Je crains de lui par - ler la nuit, j'é-cou-te trop tout ce qu'il dit...
Andante.
ppp
C.
ppp
meno.
Il me dit: je vous ai-me et
riten.
meno.
pppp
pppp
C.
molto riten.
pppp
je sens mal-gré moi, je sens mon coeur qui bat, qui bat... je ne sais pas
molto riten.
C.
Andante. (♩ = 72)
pour-quoi.....
Andante.
pppp

№ 17. Closing scene.

Moderato assai. (♩ = 92)

PIANO.

pppp *mp* *pp* *mf* *f*

(Herman enters and stands looking at the Countess. She awakes, and struck with terror, her lips move without uttering a word.)

f *mf* *p* *cre* -

HERMAN.

Countess,

scen - - do - - - *ff*

Andante mosso. (♩ = 76)

H.

do not fear! I implore you be not frightened!

Andante mosso.

p *p*

H.

See, I will not do you harm! I have

p

H.

come here to entreat one fav - our you can grant!

(The Countess continues to stare at Hermann and mumble as before.)

H.

'Tis

pp

ad libitum *in tempo*

H.

your stom ake me rich and hap - py all my life - time! My good

colla parte *in tempo*

p

ad libitum *in tempo*

H.

for - tune will but cost you a few words! You

colla parte *in tempo*

(The Countess raises herself a little)

H.

know those names, three cards... Ah, for whom would you guard the

secret?...

(Herman goes down on his knees.)

Poco meno. (♩ = 69

If you have once known the ar - dour of pas - sionate love,

Poco meno.

cresc.

If you re-member the glow and the leap of young blood in spring,

H. *f*

If you re-call how a child could soft-en your look by its plead - ing,

p

H.

If you still keep a heart, a hu-man heart in your bos - om, Ah,

animando un poco.

H.

now I ad-jure you, by all you cher - ish'd, as

po - co a

ff Tempo I.

H

maid, as wife, as mo - ther, Aye, by all you hold as most sa - cred,

Tempo I.

po - co cre scen - do

H.

O tell me, reveal it, O tell me, tell me your se -

f *mf*

H.

cret! What use can it be, what use can it

riten.

p *più f*

Poco più. (♩ = 84)

be? Or per-chance, 'tis

p

Poco più.

pp

linked to some old sin, to some deed of dark-ness,

Then you stand in per-il of Hell and all its tor-ments?

H

Con_si_der well, your age now, and time is fly_ing fast,

H.

cresc.

Yet I will glad_ly take your sin on me!

mf *f*

H.

f

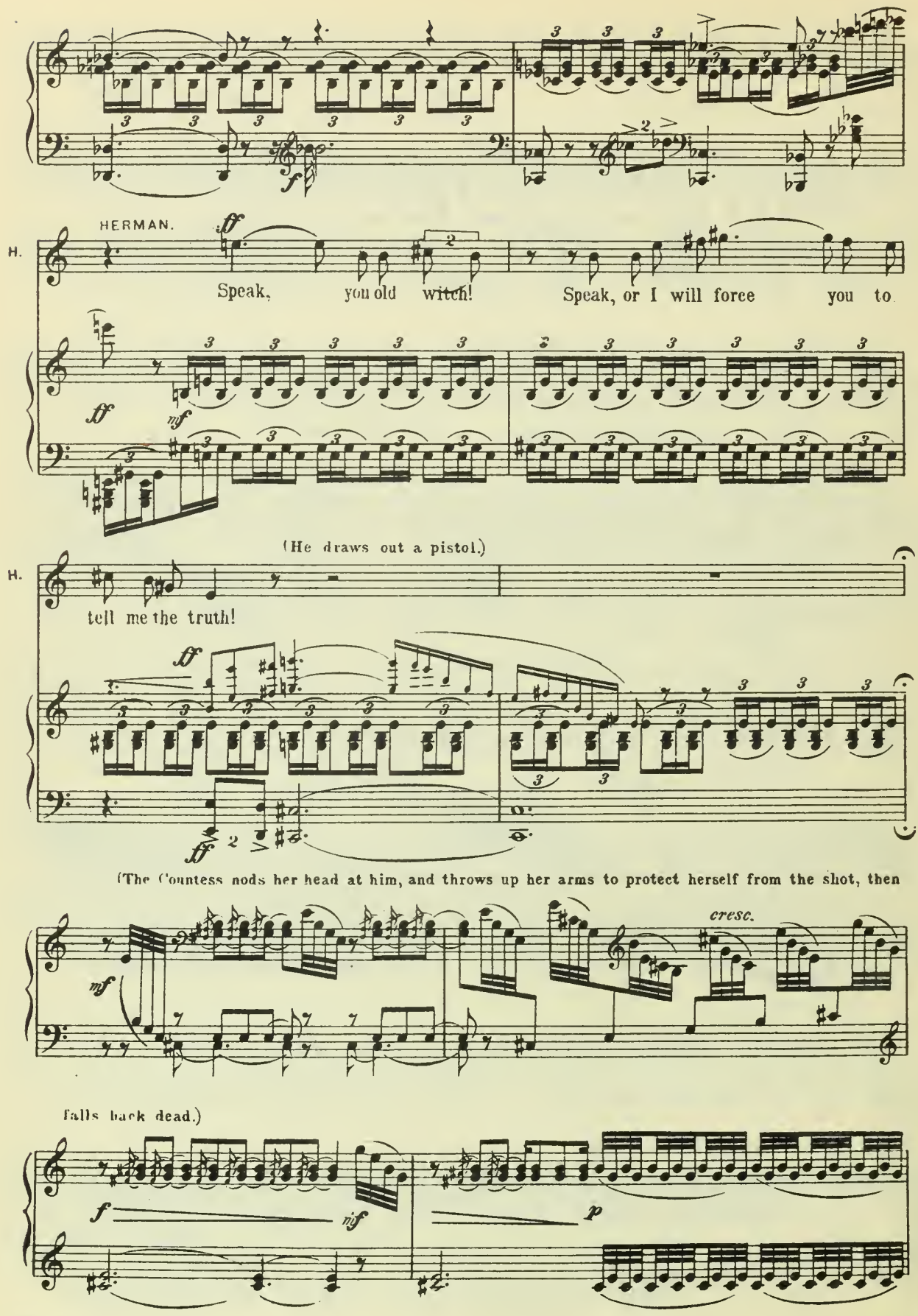
Con_fess to me! re_veal it!

f *p* *f* *p*

(The Countess pulls herself up on the couch and looks menacingly at Herman.)

H.

f *f*


HERMAN.
H.
Speak, you old witch! Speak, or I will force you to
(He draws out a pistol.)
H.
tell me the truth!
(The Countess nods her head at him, and throws up her arms to protect herself from the shot, then
cresc.
falls back dead.)

Più andante. (♩ = 72)

riten.

(Herman bends over her corpse and seizes her by the hand.)

pp

HERMAN.

H. Come, have done with this pretence! Now name them to me quick_ly, three cards?..

pp

H. Yes or no? O, she is

riten.

pp *pp* *ppp*

fff *pp*

Celli
C. B.

Moderato assai. (♩ = 92)

H. dead! Too late! The se_cret with her

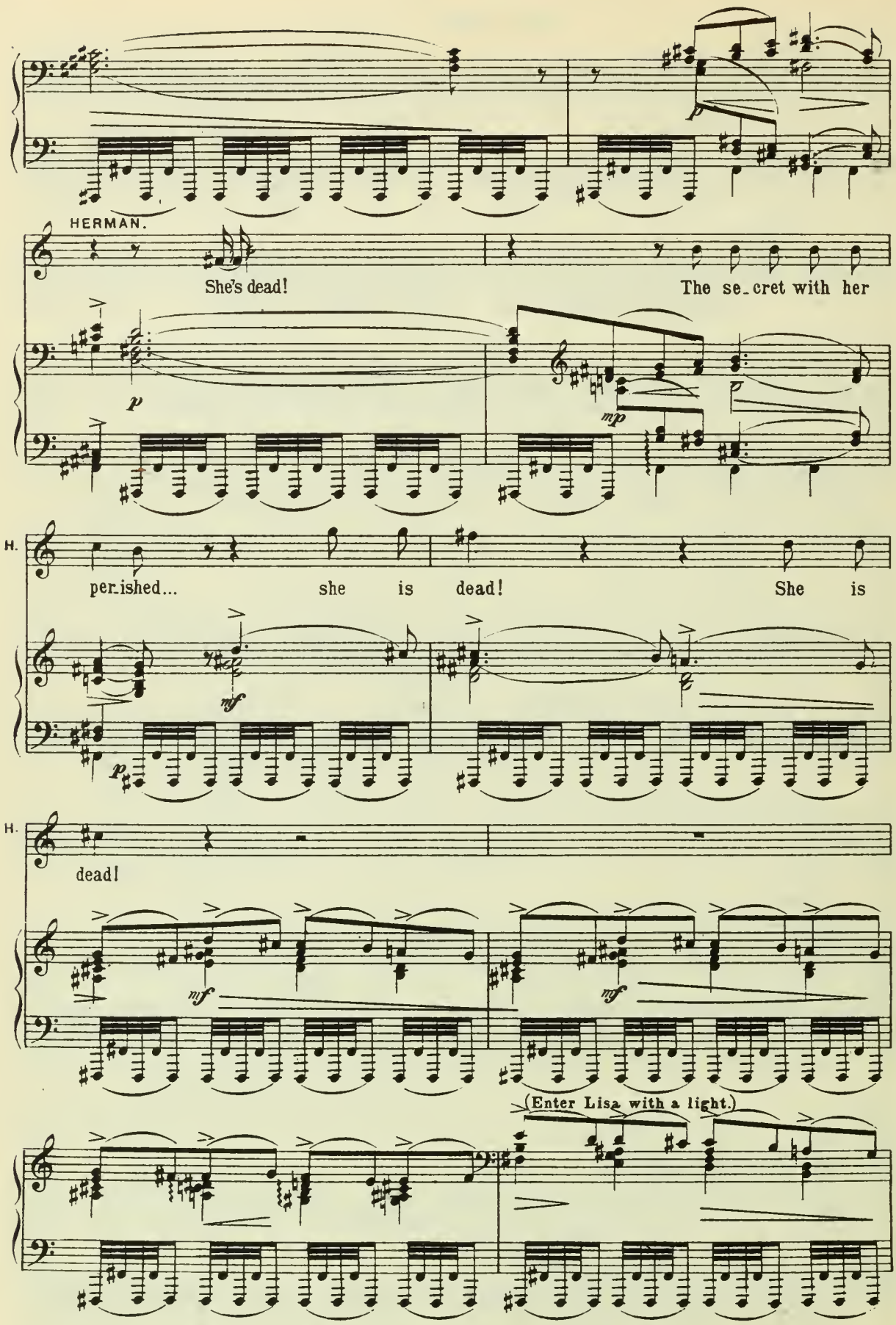
Moderato assai.

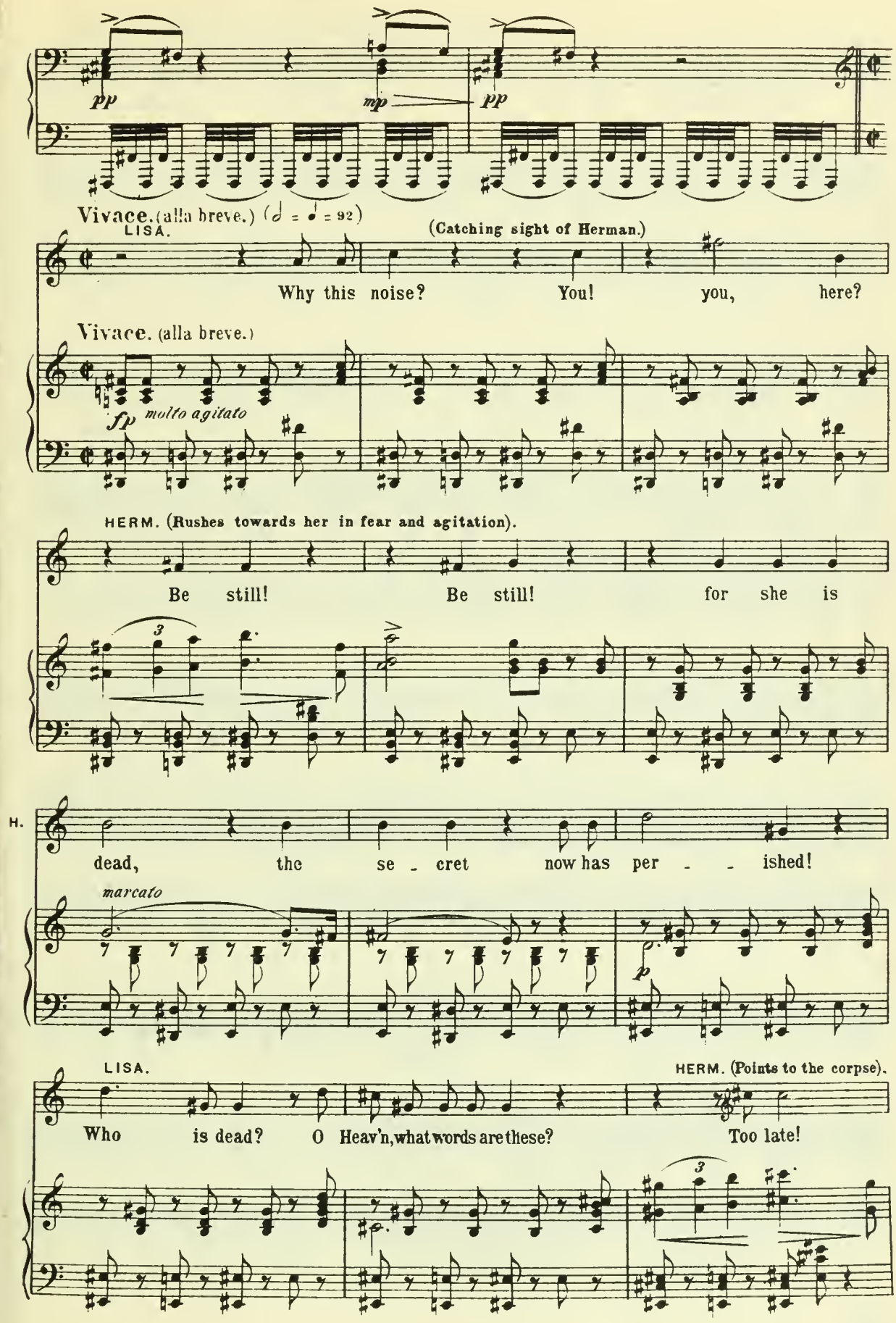
p

(Stands as though turned to stone.)

H. per_ished!

mf


HERMAN.
She's dead!
The se_cret with her
p
mp
H.
per_ished... she is dead! She is
mf
p
H.
dead!
mf
mf
(Enter Lisa with a light.)


pp
mp
pp
Vivace. (alla breve.) (𝅗𝅥 = 𝅗𝅥 = 92)
LISA.
(Catching sight of Herman.)
Why this noise? You! you, here?
Vivace. (alla breve.)
fp molto agitato
HERM. (Rushes towards her in fear and agitation).
Be still! Be still! for she is
H.
dead, the se - cret now has per - - ished!
marcato
p
LISA.
HERM. (Points to the corpse).
Who is dead? O Heav'n, what words are these? Too late!

(Lisa throws herself upon the body of the Countess.) LISA

H. for she is dead, the se - cret with her per - - ished. Yes!

marcato

L. She is dead! God help us! And

p

(Sobs.) HERMAN.

L. this has been your work! Ah, no,

H. I did not wish her death! I on - ly

H. tried to learn the three cards! LISA. T'was that

p *più f*

L. which brought you here, not love of me! You

L. longed for those three cards! My love was nothing worthbe-

più f *p*

L. side three cards... O, wretch-ed,

espress. poco a *poco cresc.* *marcato*

L. wretch - ed girl! A - las! Why did I

L. love you, who brought me shame and

marcato *mf*

L. ru - in... O, heart - less man,

(Herman tries to speak, but she motions him with a stern gesture towards the secret door.)

L. be - tray - er! Murd' rer!

L.

ff

Go! go! be gone! Go!

f

(Herman goes quickly away. Lisa sinks weeping beside

L.

Go!

HERMAN.

And she is dead!

ff

marcato

the corpse of the Countess.)

(Curtain.)

ff

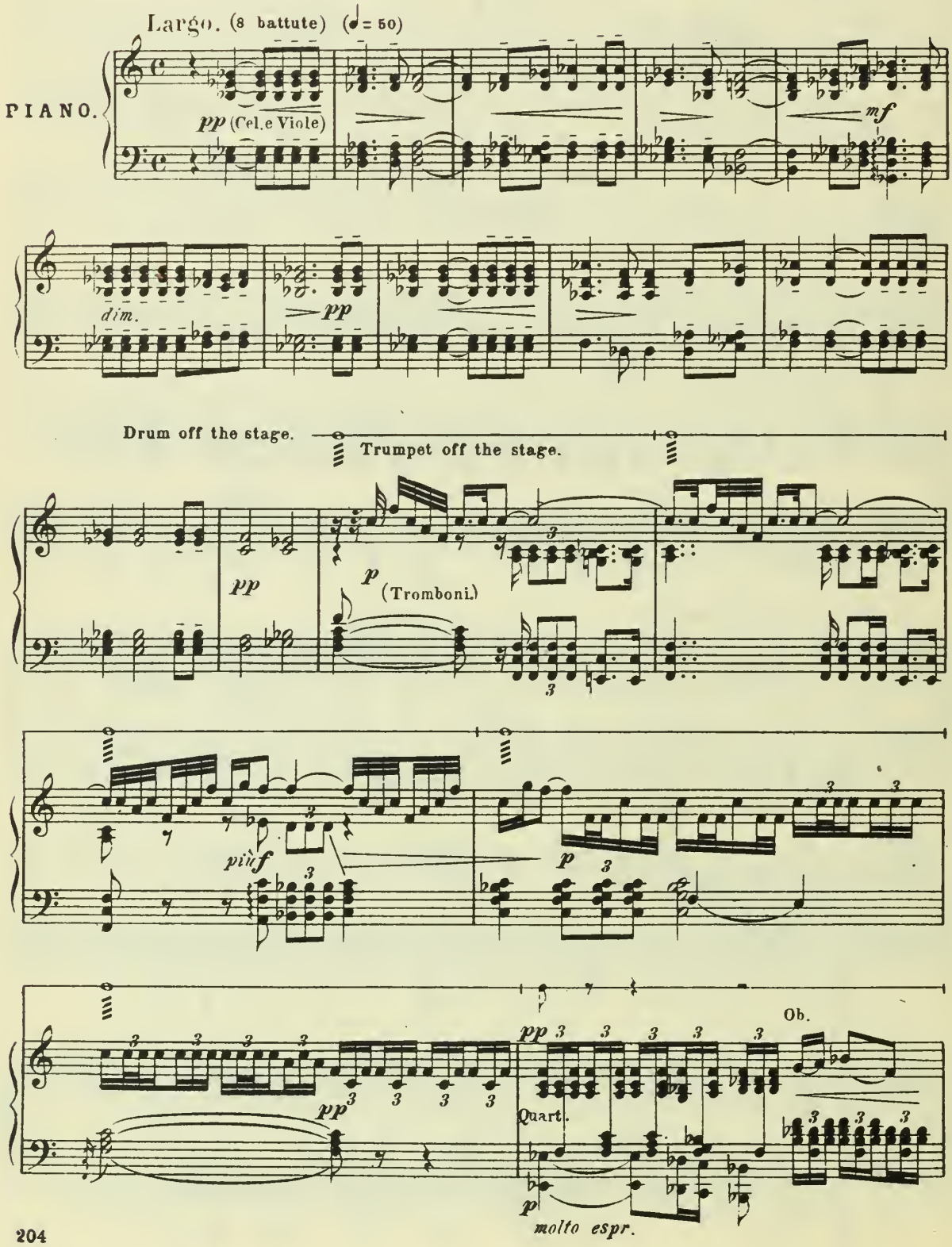
ff

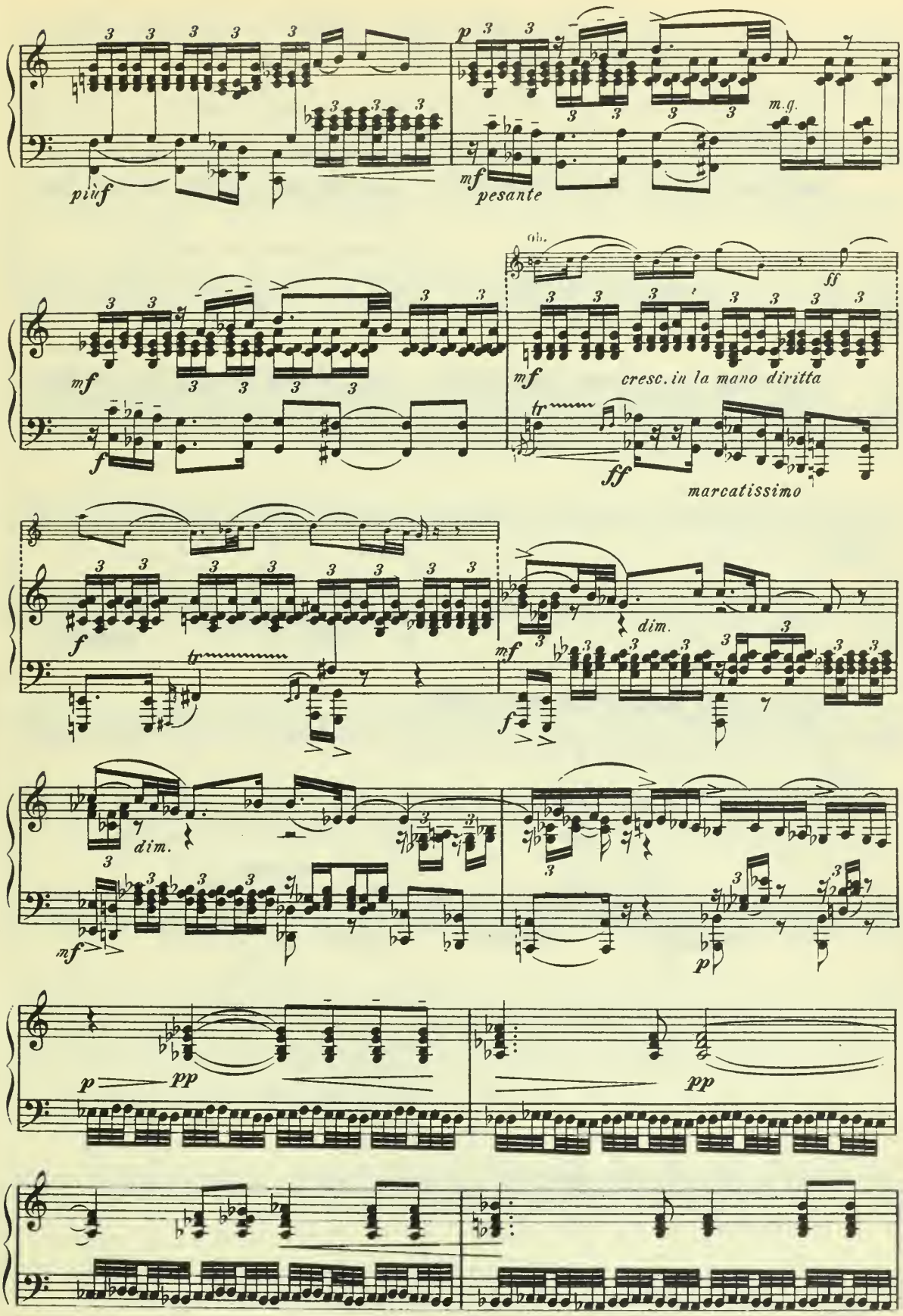
END OF SECOND ACT.

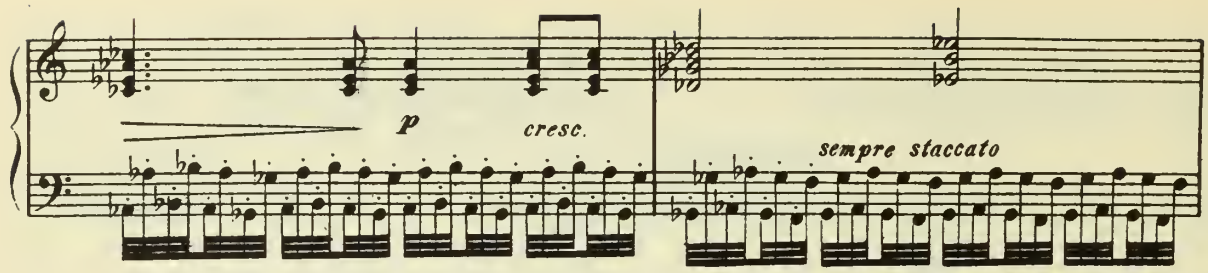
ACT XXI.

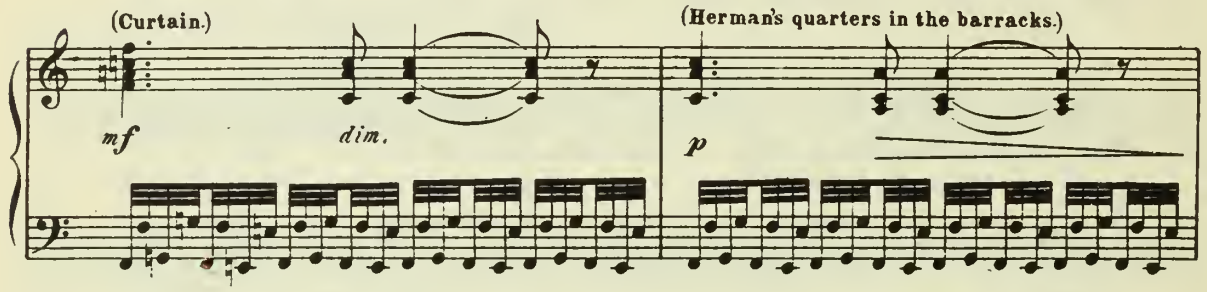
SCENE V.

№ 18. Entr'acte and scene.

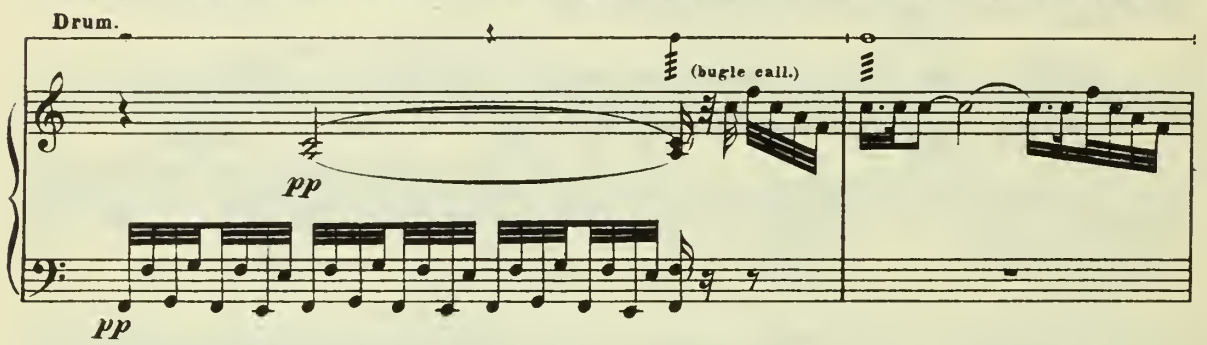



più f
p
mf
pesante
m.g.
mf
f
Gb.
ff
mf
cresc. in la mano diritta
tr
ff
marcatissimo
f
tr
mf
dim.
f
dim.
mf
p
p
pp
pp

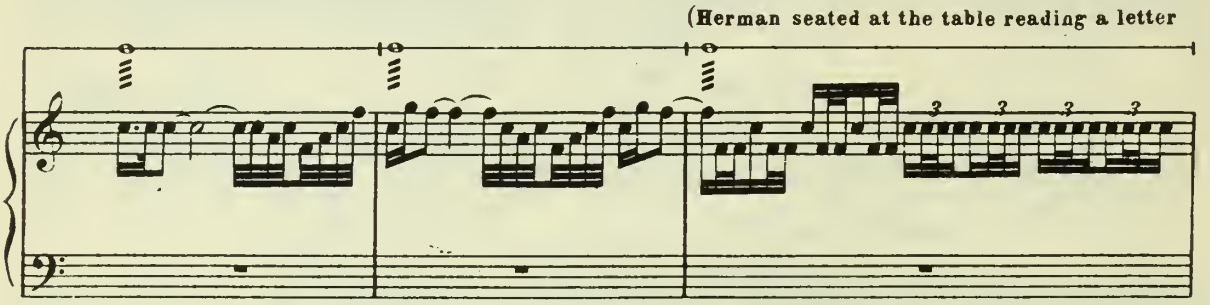




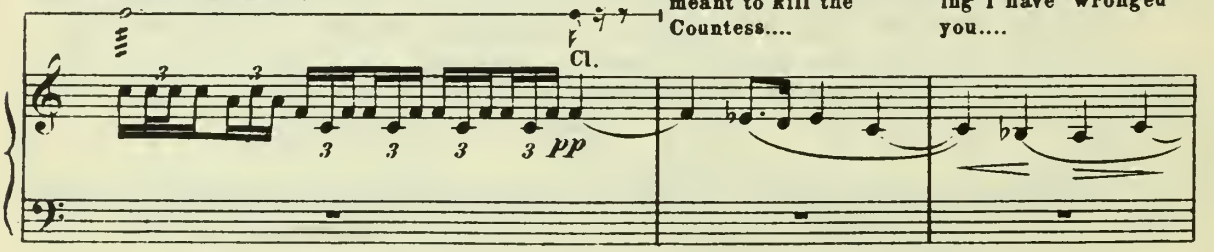
(It is late evening and the moonlight gleams through the window from time to time. The wind howls outside.)



(Herman seated at the table reading a letter



by the light of a candle.)



HERMAN (reads).
I do not believe you meant to kill the Countess....

I am wretched, believing I have wronged you....

Set me at rest! To-day I will expect you on the Quay, when no one will be there to see us. By midnight, if you fail to come, I shall be filled with dreadful fears, which I strive now to chase away. Forgive me, I suffer greatly...

HERMAN.

Poor woman!

Cl. basso

mf

H.

To what dark depths of shame and grief I've dragged her with me!

tr

p

H.

p

(Falls back in his chair and is lost in revery.)

H.

Ah, could I find some quiet, some o - bliv - ion!

sfp

p

p

HERM. (Starts up in terror).

It haunts my wak - ing, at night it

CHORUS OF SINGERS.

Sopr.

Alt.

(Chorus off the stage. It must sing loud but from a distance.)

Gra - - - cious Lord, to

Ten.

Bass.

H.

comes in dreams, the dark, de - pres - sing pic - ture of her burial, keeps

Thee I cry,

H.

ris - ing up be - fore me where'er I am...

My of - - fen - - - ces, O

p

(Listens.)

H.

purge Thou a - way,

mf

f

H.

What is that? Voi_ces, or the howling wind? I know not...

Lest the ev - - - il one pre_vail a - gainst my

sf *p*

H.

The same sad chant... yes, yes, they sing!

soul; Lest I

H.

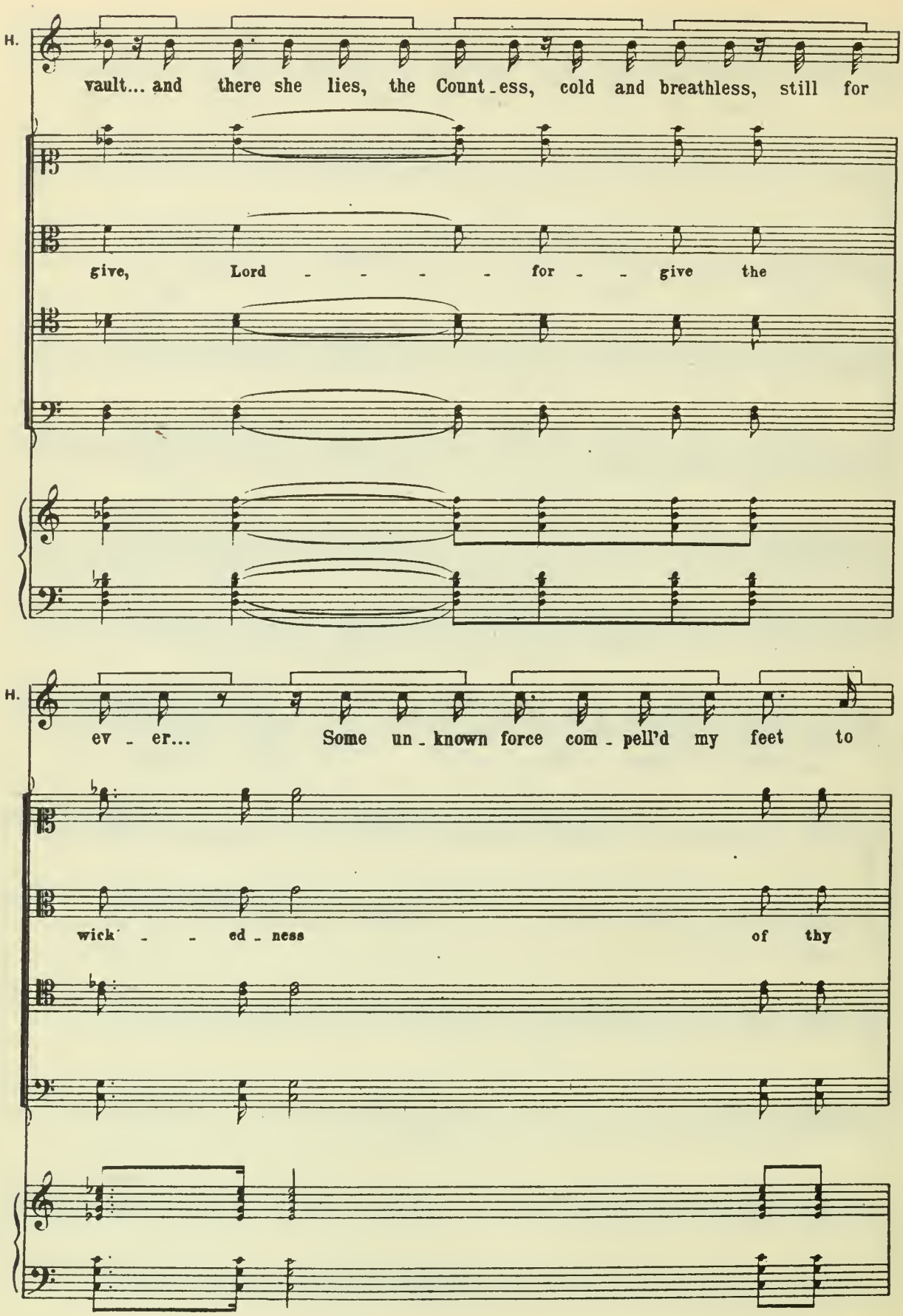
And there's the cha - pel, and the crowd, the cand - les and the

fall cap - - - tive to the

H.

cen - sers, sounds of weep - ing, the cat - a - falque, the

pow'rs of Hell, Lord for - -


H.
vault... and there she lies, the Count-ess, cold and breathless, still for
give, Lord - - - - for - - give the
H.
ev - er... Some un-known force com-pell'd my feet to
wick - - ed-ness of thy

H.

fol - low in that black pro - cess - ion! Hor - ror! And

ser - - - vant, of thy

H.

yet the will failed me to re - turn!...

ser - - vant!

Viole.

pp

H.

up - on her pal - lid face I gazed... and

pp

H.

then, she smil'd, a lit - tle wick - ed smile, and blink'd her

H.

eyes at me! Go, fear - ful ap - par

CHORUS.

ff

ff

And

ff

ff

cre - scen - do

f

(Sinks back in his chair, hiding his face in his hands.)

H.

i - tion! Go!

grant her peace e - ter - - - - - -

p

nal!

fff

Moderato con moto. (♩= 112.)

PIANO.

pp

ppp

(A knock on the window. Herman raises his head and listens. The wind howls.)

pp ma un poco marcato

f

(Some one looks in at the window, then vanishes.)

dim.

pp

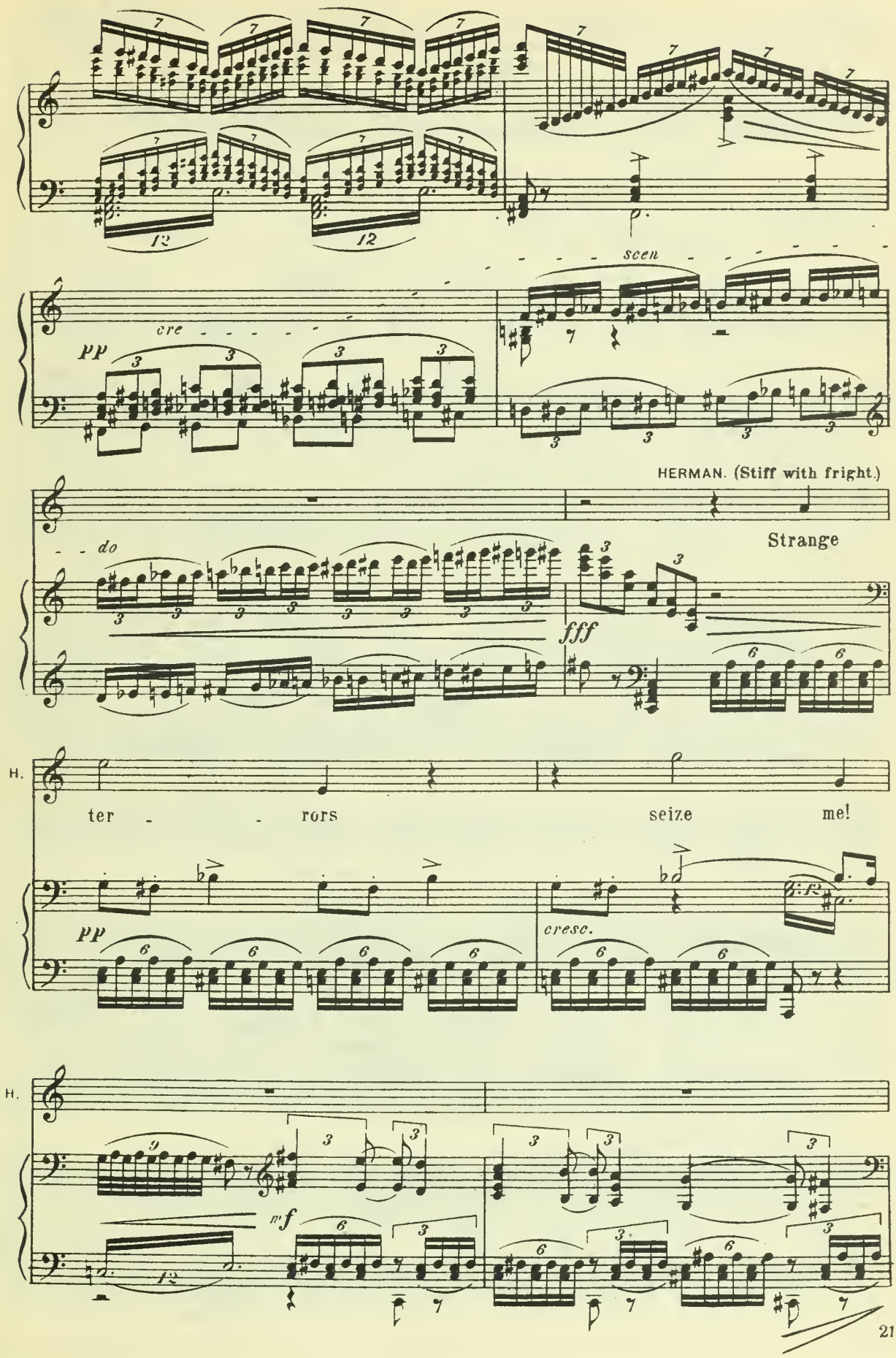
ppp

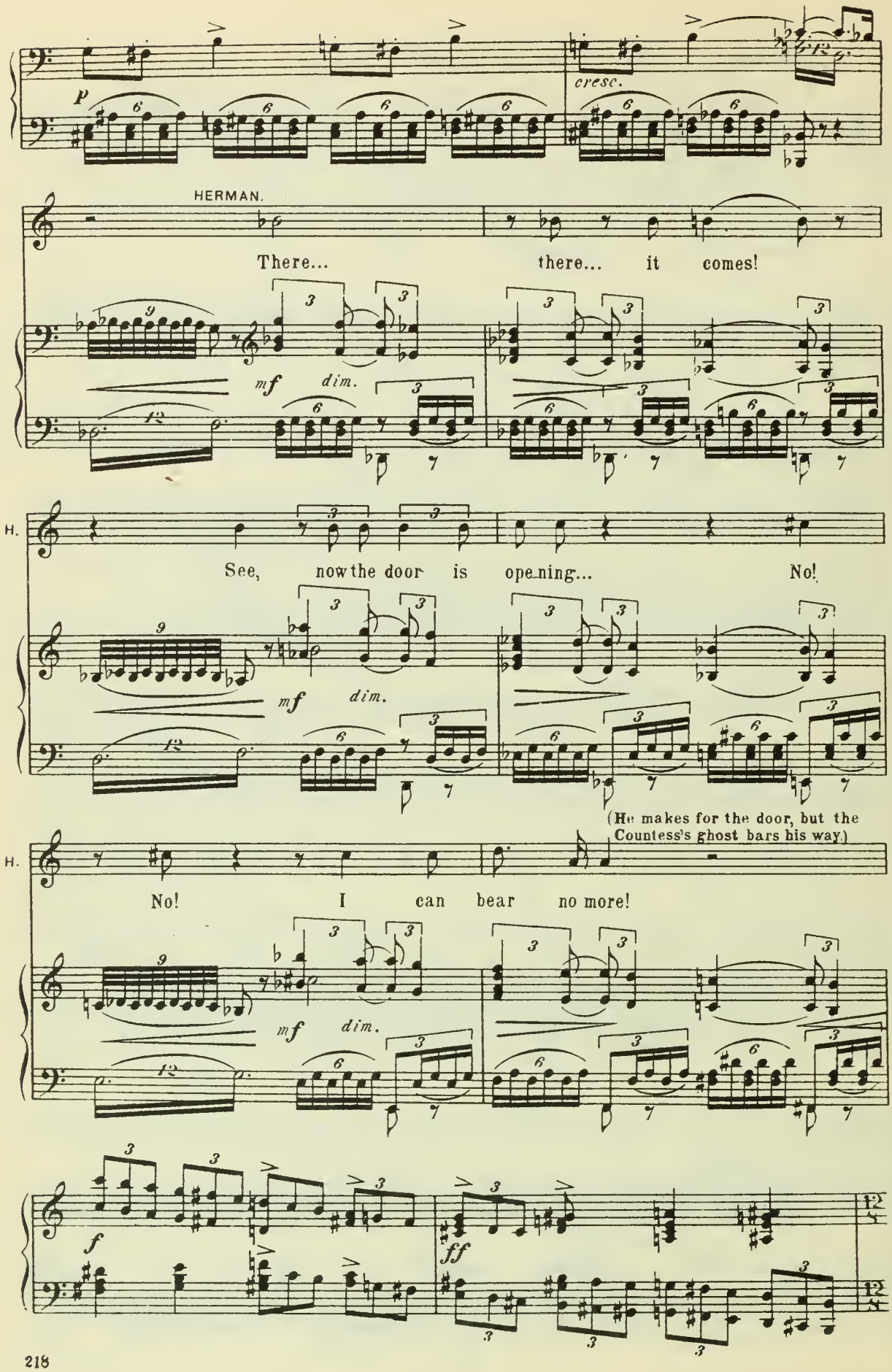
(The tapping at the window is heard again. A great gush

pp marcato

of wind blows it open and a shadow is seen there. The candle goes out.)

f


scen
cre
pp
HERMAN. (Stiff with fright.)
do
Strange
fff
H.
ter - - rors
seize
me!
pp
cresc.
H.
mf


p
cresc.
HERMAN.
There... there... it comes!
mf dim.
H.
See, now the door is opening... No!
mf dim.
(He makes for the door, but the Countess's ghost bars his way.)
H.
No! I can bear no more!
mf dim.
f
ff

Andante non tanto. (♩ = 84.)

fff

(He draws back, but the ghost approaches.)

fff

sf *sf* *sf*

sf

GHOST OF THE COUNTESS.

Against my will

pp *marcato*

pp

sempre *pp* *ma* *marca-*

G.C.

I ap - pear, I am sent that you may

to in la mano sinistra

G.C.

gain your dea_rest wish. Now rescue Lis - - a,

G.C.

and mar - ry her, then three cards,

G.C.

three cards, three cards

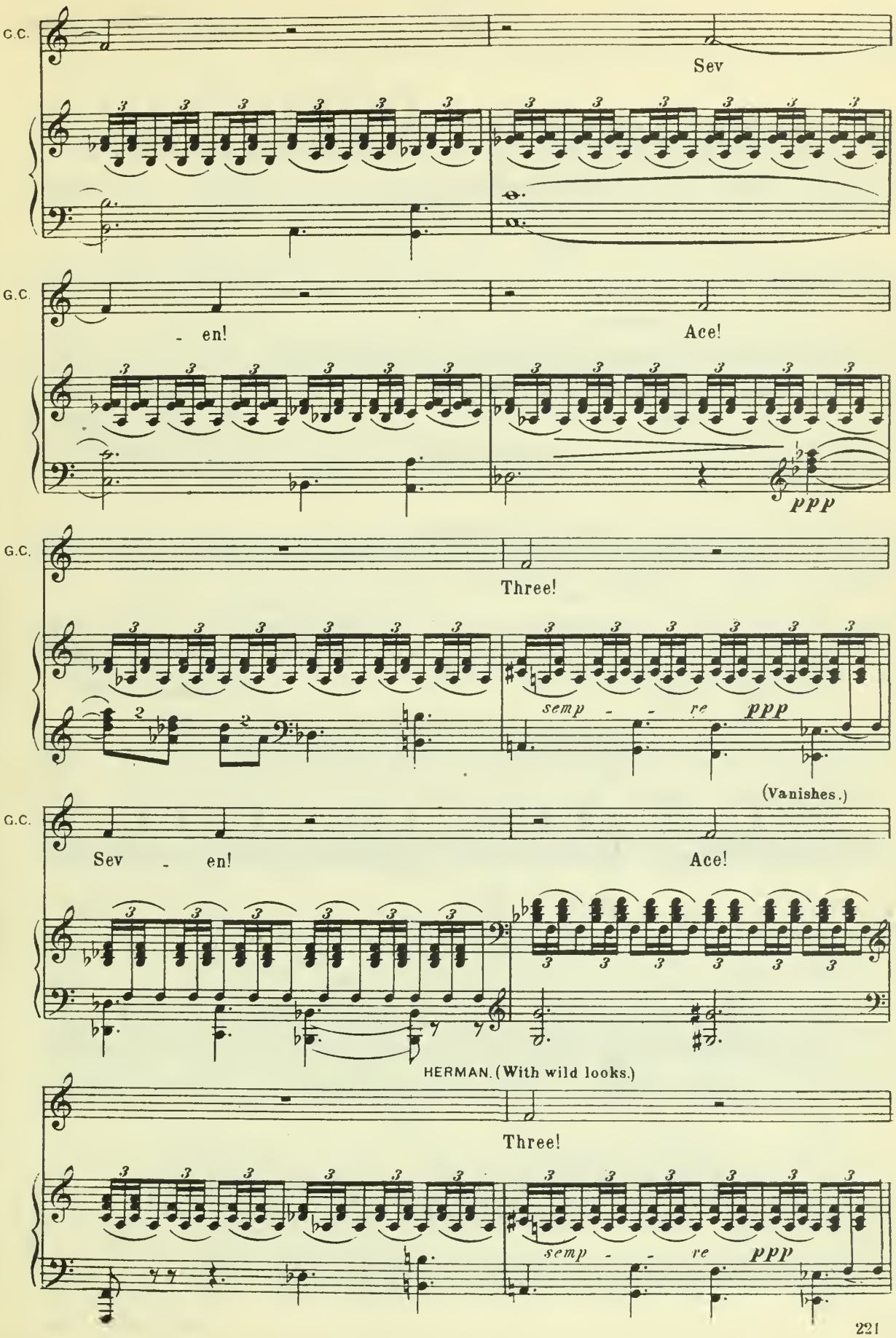
G.C.

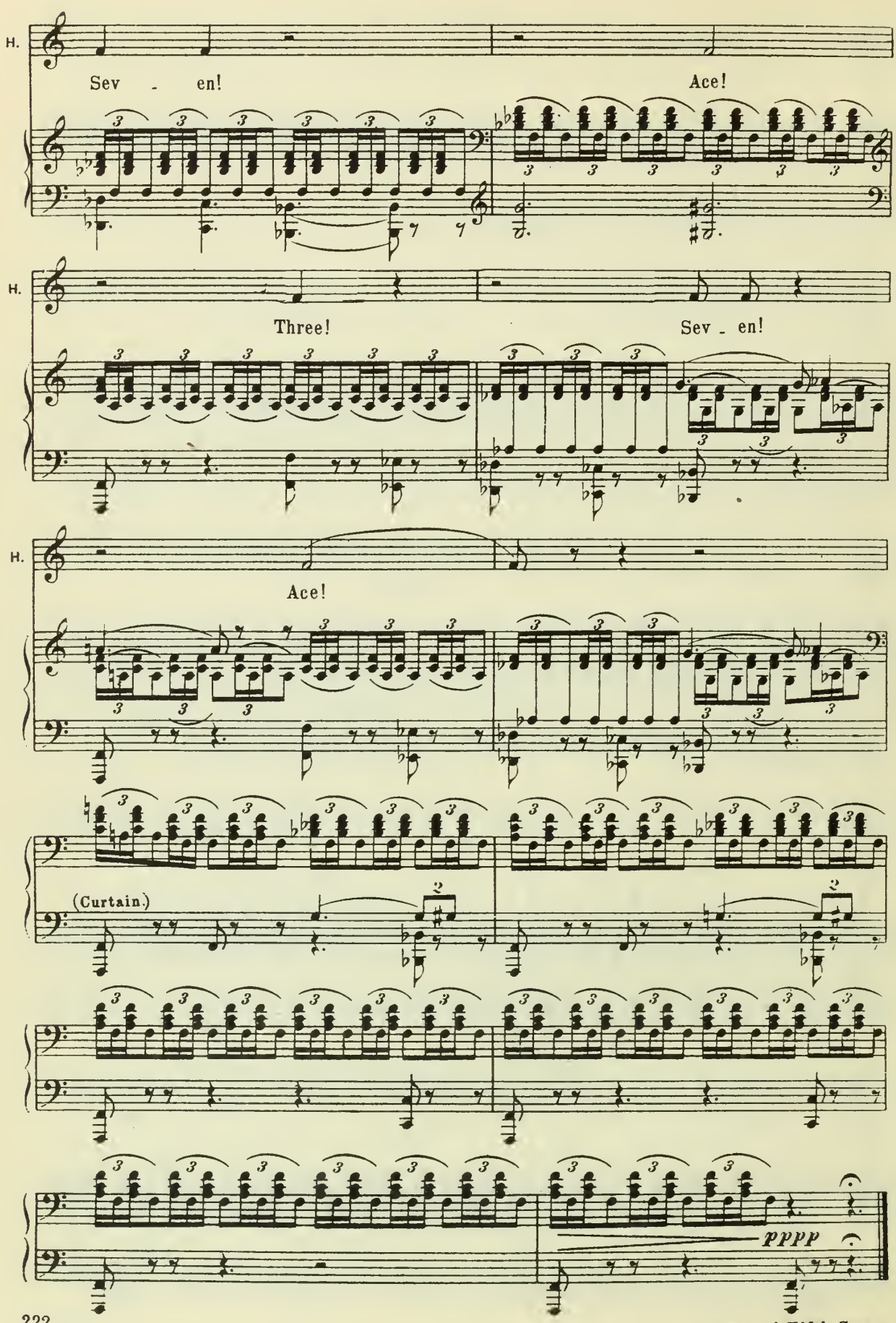
shall bring you good for - - tune. Re -

G.C.

mem - ber! Three!

ppp *marcato* *ppp* *un po - co* *cresc.*

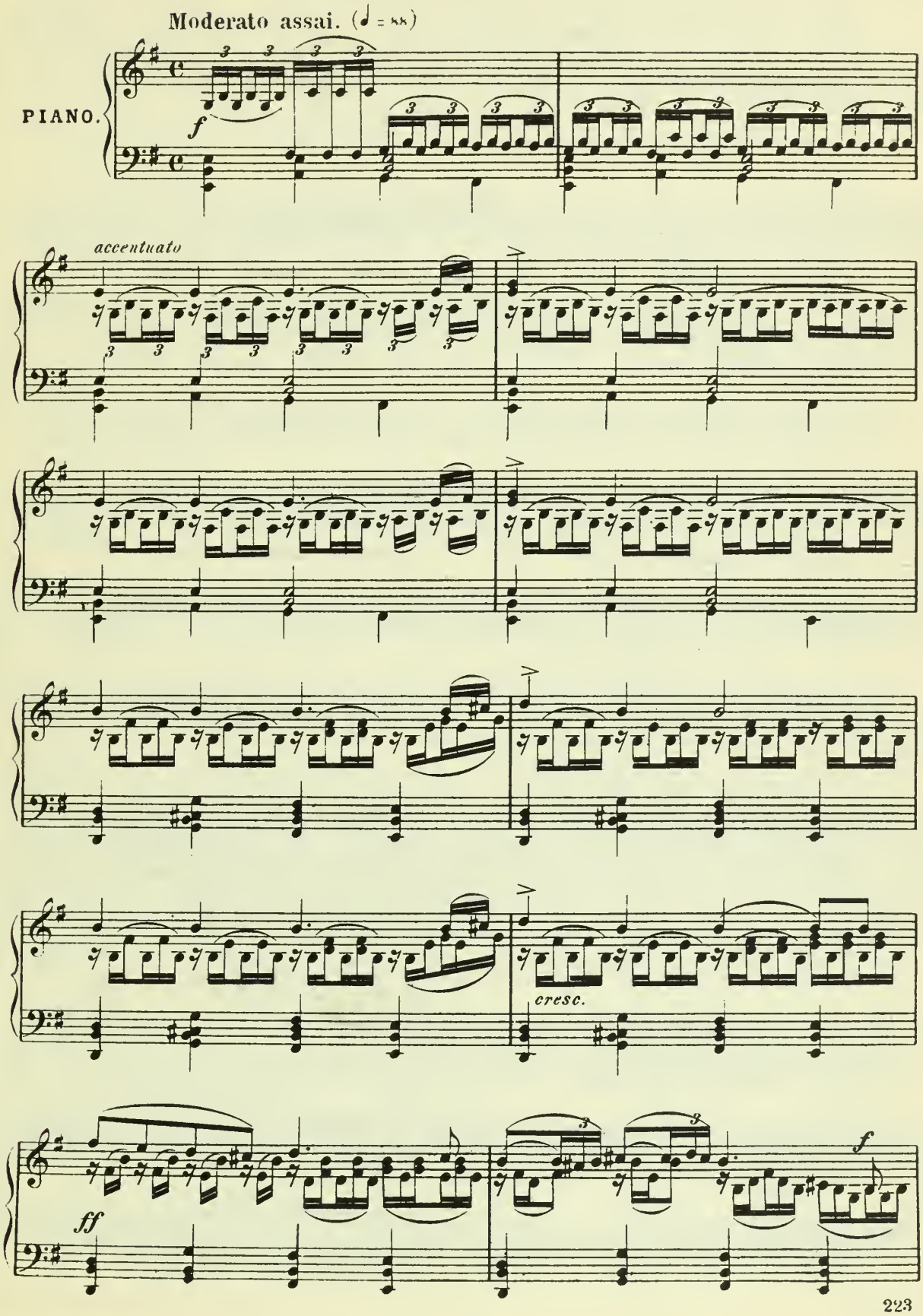

C.C.
Sev
G.C.
- en!
Ace!
ppp
G.C.
Three!
semp - - re ppp
(Vanishes.)
G.C.
Sev - en!
Ace!
HERMAN. (With wild looks.)
Three!
semp - - re ppp

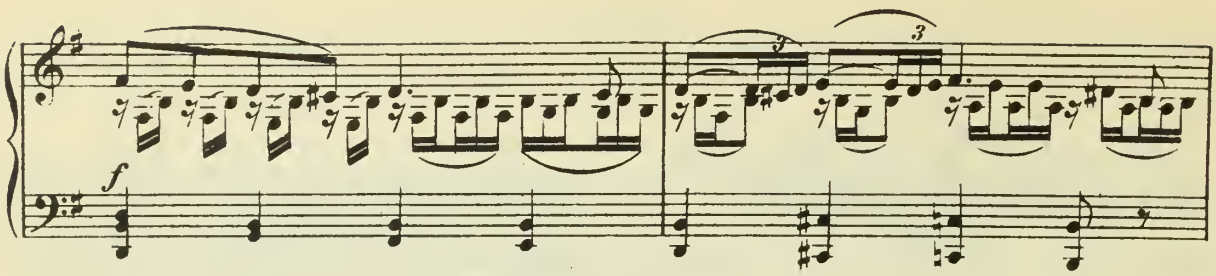


End of Fifth Scene.

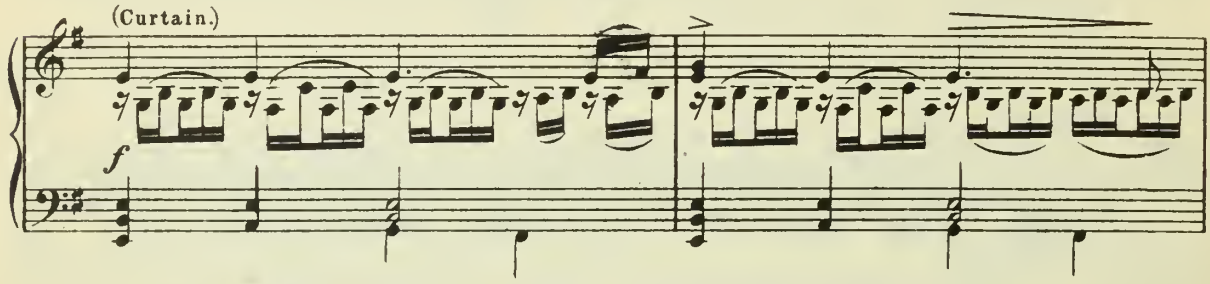
SCENE VI.

№ 20. Scene and Arioso: Lisa.

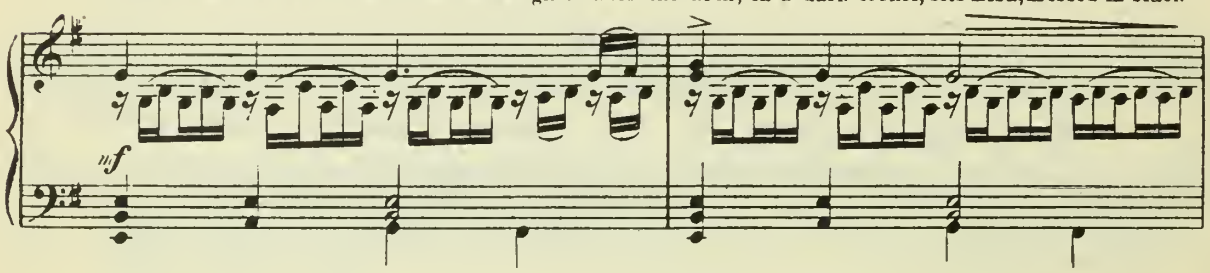




(Curtain.)

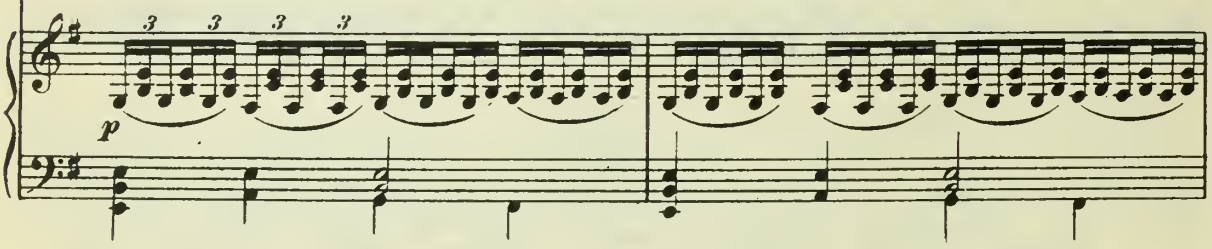


Night. The canal opposite the Winter Palace. In the back ground the Quays of the Neva, and the Peter-and-Paul Fortress in the moonlight. Under the arch, in a dark corner, sits Lisa, dressed in black



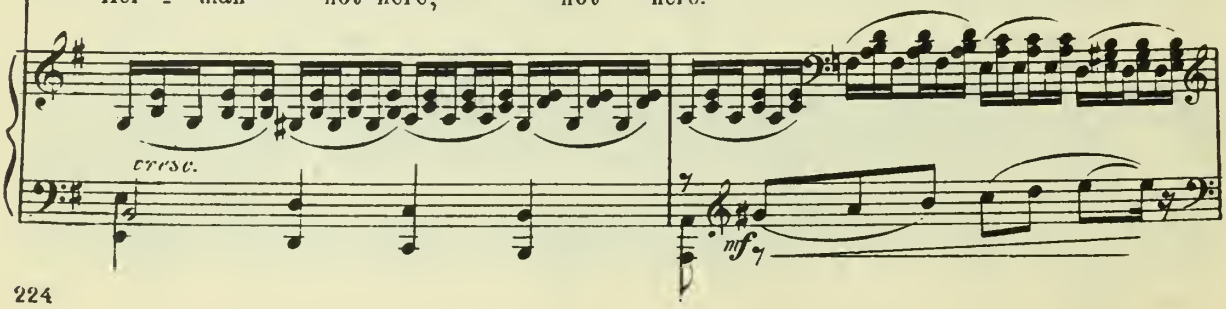
LISA.

'T will soon be mid - night now, and



L.

Her - man not here, not here.



L.

f

L.

Ah, sure - ly he will

mf *f*

L.

come to set at rest my an - guish.

p *f marcato*

L.

'T was fate that lured him on.

sf *mf*

L.

A crime so hate - ful he could not, he could not, per - pe

p

L. trate!

p *mf*

L. O, I am wea - ry and out-worn with grief.

Andante molto cantabile. (♩ = 66)

L. Ah, I am worn with my sor - row...

Andante molto cantabile.

mf *p* *mf* *p* *pp*

L. Ev - er in sight, morning and night, Crushing my heart like a heav - y stone...

pp *p* *p*

L. Past days of glad-ness, O whith - er flown? Ah, I am wear - y, and

pp

L. all a - lone! Once life was radiant with

mf *pp* *mf* *p* *mf* *p* *pp*

L. prom - ise, Then came black care, Woe and des - pair,

pp

L. Shat-t'ring the hopes that I cher - ish'd. For-tune and love, both have

p *p*

L. per - ish'd! Ah, I am worn by my sor - - row!

ff *pp* *f*

L. Ev - er in sight, morn - ing and night, Ah,

pp cre - - scen - - do *mf* dim.

Poco string.

L.

Crush - ing my heart like a heav - y stone. Past days of glad - ness, O

Poco string.

pp *cresc.* *riten.* *mf* *dim.*

L.

whi - ther flown? Now comes black care, neg - lect and des - pair,

Tempo I.

Tempo I.

pp *mf*

L.

Shat - t'ring the hopes that I cher - - ish'd!

p *p* *p* *cantabile*

L.

O, I am wear - y! My life is

L.

drear - y, And all my love and joy have per - ish'd...

riten. *riten.*

pp *pp* *ppp*

№ 21. Scene and Duet.

Moderato mosso. (♩ = 104)

LISA.

What if the clock strike midnight, thus ans'wring me that he is guilt - y

Moderato mosso.

PIANO.

p

L.

and a murd' - rer? I dare not think of it!

cresc.

f

L.

L.

O, time,

(The clock on the tower of the fortress begins to strike.)

1 2

pp

(in despair)

L. time, re_tard your flight, he will come! Be_lov_ed do not fail! Come.

pp

L. come, for pity's sake, my hus_band, my only ref_uge!

ppp poco poco

cre_scen_do

f dim.

pp ppp f

LISA

ff

A_las, 't is

ff *fff*

Allegro giusto. (♩ = 120)

L.

true, then! With a murd' _ rer's my

Allegro giusto.

sf *p* *p*

L.

life is linked for ev _ er _ more! A murd' _ rer

sf

L.

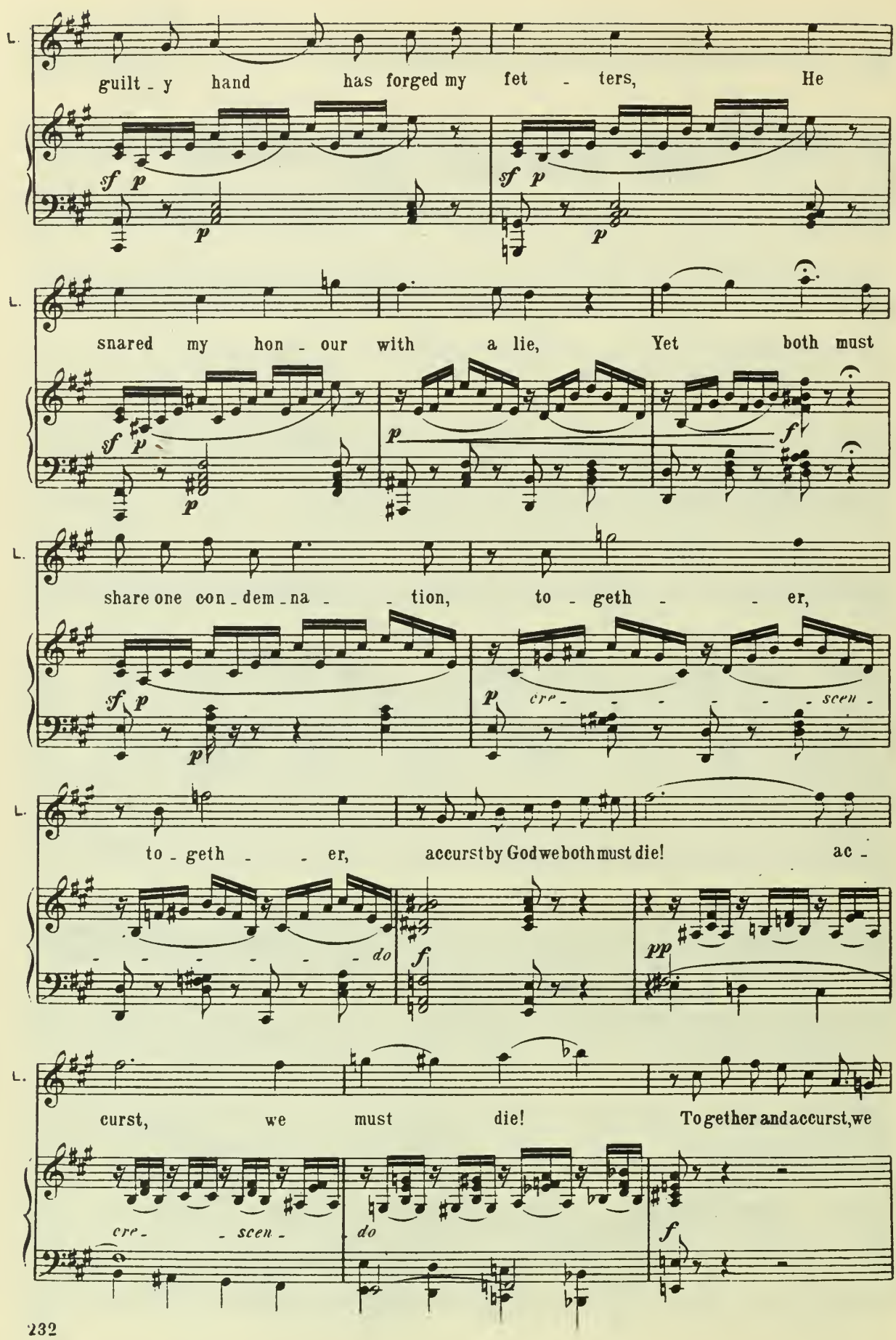
has my soul in keep _ _ ing,

sf *p* *sf* *p*

L.

My In _ no _ cence none can re _ store! His

sf


L.
guilt - y hand has forged my fet - ters, He
sf p
p
sf p
p
L.
snared my hon - our with a lie, Yet both must
sf p
p
p
f
L.
share one con - dem - na - tion, to - geth - er,
sf p
p
p cre - - - - - scen -
L.
to - geth - er, accurst by God we both must die! ac -
- - - - - do
f
pp
L.
curst, we must die! To gether and accurst, we
cre - scen - do
f

(Enter Herman)

L. both must die! (Wishes to fly) 'Tis

f *ff* *ff* *fp*

Poco meno.

L. he! He comes! He is not guilty! He comes! My hours of grief are

mf *f* *mf* *espress.*

L. o - ver, for once a - gain, dear, I am thine!

L. Go, foolish tears, and all re - pin - ing, For I am thine, as thou art

f

(Falls in his arms) HERMAN. (Kisses her)

L. mine! Be - lov - ed, I have come to thee!

p *p*

Andante con moto. (♩= 66)

LISA.

No sor - row or suf - f'ring can harm me, for

Andante con moto.

pp

L.

now thou art with me a - gain! No

HERMAN.

Love, now I am with thee a - gain!

p

L.

more can life's ev - ils a - larm me. Fare

H.

No more can life's e - vils a - larm me,

pp

pp

L.

well to our doubts and our pain! No

H.

Fare - well to our doubts and our

mf

L. sor_row or, suf - - f'ring can harm me, For now thou art with me a_

H. pain! Our

riten. *p* *riten.*

Tempo I.

L. gain! A

H. tears and our ter_rors were on_ly a dream that has flown with the night!

Tempo I. *pp* *p*

L. dream that has flown with the night! *f* For_

H. *f* For_ get thou wert trou_bled and lone_ly,

pp

L. get thou wert trou_bled and lone_ly, And re_mem_ber our

H. Once more I may clasp

pp *mf*

L. love and de - light, For - get thou wert trou-bled and lone - ly,

H. thee! I may clasp thee! For - get thou wert sad and lone - ly,

riten. molto.

L. Our tears and ter-rors were on - ly Dreams that have flown with the night! Now a -

H. Our tears and griefs were on - ly Dreams that have flown with the night! Now a -

riten. molto.

f *mf* *p*

Andante. Andantino. (♩ = 76)

L. gain, thou art near me, My love!

H. gain, I may clasp thee, My love!

Andante. Andantino.

pp *mf* *p*

HERMAN.

Now sweet heart mine, we

pp *pp*

H. must not lin - ger, the mo - ments fly... Come,

H. are you read - y to go? I'll fol - low you,

LISA.

L. to earth's most dis - tant lim - its! Where shall we flee?

HERMAN.

H. Ah where? The gaming house!

a piacere

Moderato assai quasi andantino. (♩ = 84)

LISA.

O Heav'n! You must be raving, Herman!

HERMAN.

There lies a pile of glitt'ring

f *p*

H

gold! to me, me a - lone, be - longs this wealth un

H.

LISA.

told! O Her - man! Her - man! Why do you rave thus?

poco cre - scen - do mf *simile* *dim.*

L.

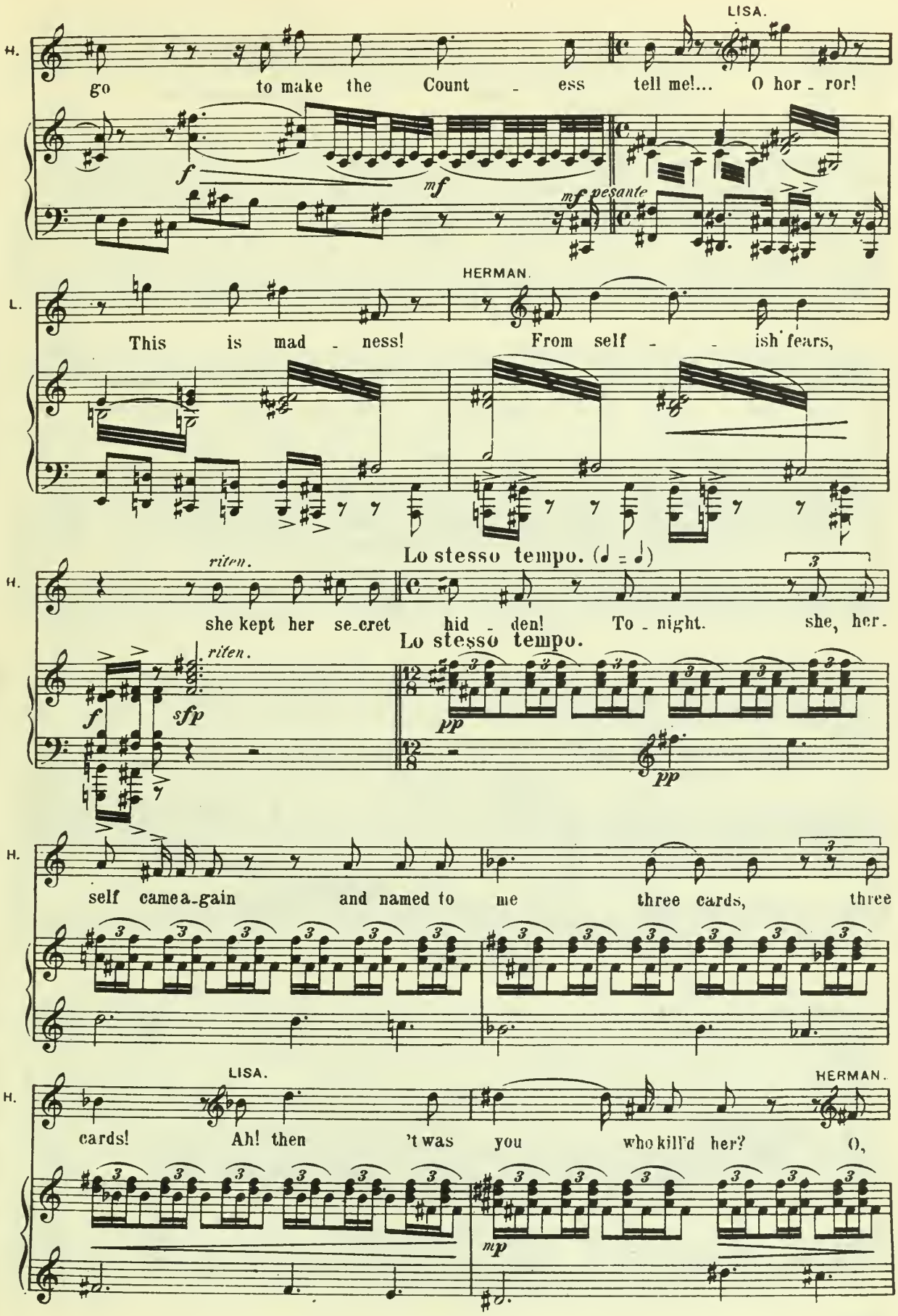
HERMAN.

Re - mem - ber! Ah! I for - got, you do not know the

H.

se - cret! Three cards! I wan - ted... you re - mem - ber... long a -

poco cresc. *mf* *cresc.*


LISA.
H.
go to make the Count - ess tell me!... O hor - ror!
f
mf
mf pesante
HERMAN.
L.
This is mad - ness! From self - - ish fears,
riten.
Lo stesso tempo. (♩ = ♩)
H.
she kept her se-cret hid - den! To - night. she, her-
riten.
Lo stesso tempo.
f
sfp
pp
pp
H.
self came a-gain and named to me three cards, three
LISA.
HERMAN.
H.
cards! Ah! then 't was you who kill'd her? O,
mp

H.

No! Why should I? I on - ly showed her the

pp

H.

pis - tol, And sud - den-ly the queer old witch fell back-ward!

(he laughs)

cresc.

f

LISA.

Then all is true then! Too true!

Moderato mosso. (♩ = 104)

Moderato mosso.

p

f

L.

A - las, 'tis

ff

ff

fff

Allegro giusto. (♩ = 120)

L. true, then, with a mur - d'rer's my

H. Allegro giusto. Yes! Yes! I tell you,

sf p p

L. life is linked for ev - er - more! A mur-d'rer

H. I hold her se - - cret fast!

sf

L. has my soul in his keep - - ing,

H 'T was by my hand she died. Three cards,

sf p sf p

L. My in - no - cence none can re - store! His

H. three cards she named to me at last!

sf

L. guilt - y hand has forged my fet - ters, He

H. 'T was fate that will'd this crime should be, 'T was

sf p sf p p p

L. snared my hon - our with a lie,

H. fate de - creed I should do mur - der,

sf p p p

L. Yet both must share one con - dem - na - tion,

H. O won in such a fat al way!

ff sf p p

L. To - geth - er, to - geth - er

H. Three cards, three cards!

p cre - scen - do

L. ac_curst by God, we both must die! Ac

H. Yes, fate de_creed I should do

f *pp*

L. curst we must die!

H. mur_der. O won in such a fat_al

cre - - - *scen* - - - *do*

L. To_gether, and ac_curst, we both must die! Ah no!

H. way! For my three cards the price I pay!

Più Allegro. (♩ = 132)

Più Allegro.

f *f* *sf* *p* *p*

L. It can_not be! You rave, poor Her_man!

fp *p*

HERMAN (beside himself).

Yes I, that third man im - pell'd by despair, Who

cre - scen - do

H. strove from the Count - ess her se - cret to tear - the three, the sev - en, the

f p sfp

LISA.

L. Be what you may, I'll still be true to you! Es - cape and

H. ace!

p sfp pp

HERMAN.

L. come with me, I'll save you yet! Hah! she told me, She, her -

cre - scen - do

H. self, re - vealed them: the three, the sev - en, the ace!

f p sfp p sfp

poco stringendo

(Laughs wildly and pushes Lisa aside.)

Allegro vivace. (♩ = 144)

H.

poco stringendo

All^ro vivace.

Now get you gone! Who are you? I do not

ff sf sf

(He flees from her.)

LISA.

H.

know you! Go! Go! O Her - man, lost

cre - scen - do mf cre - scen -

sf sf

Più mosso. (She rushes to the

L.

soul! And my soul lost with his!

do fff

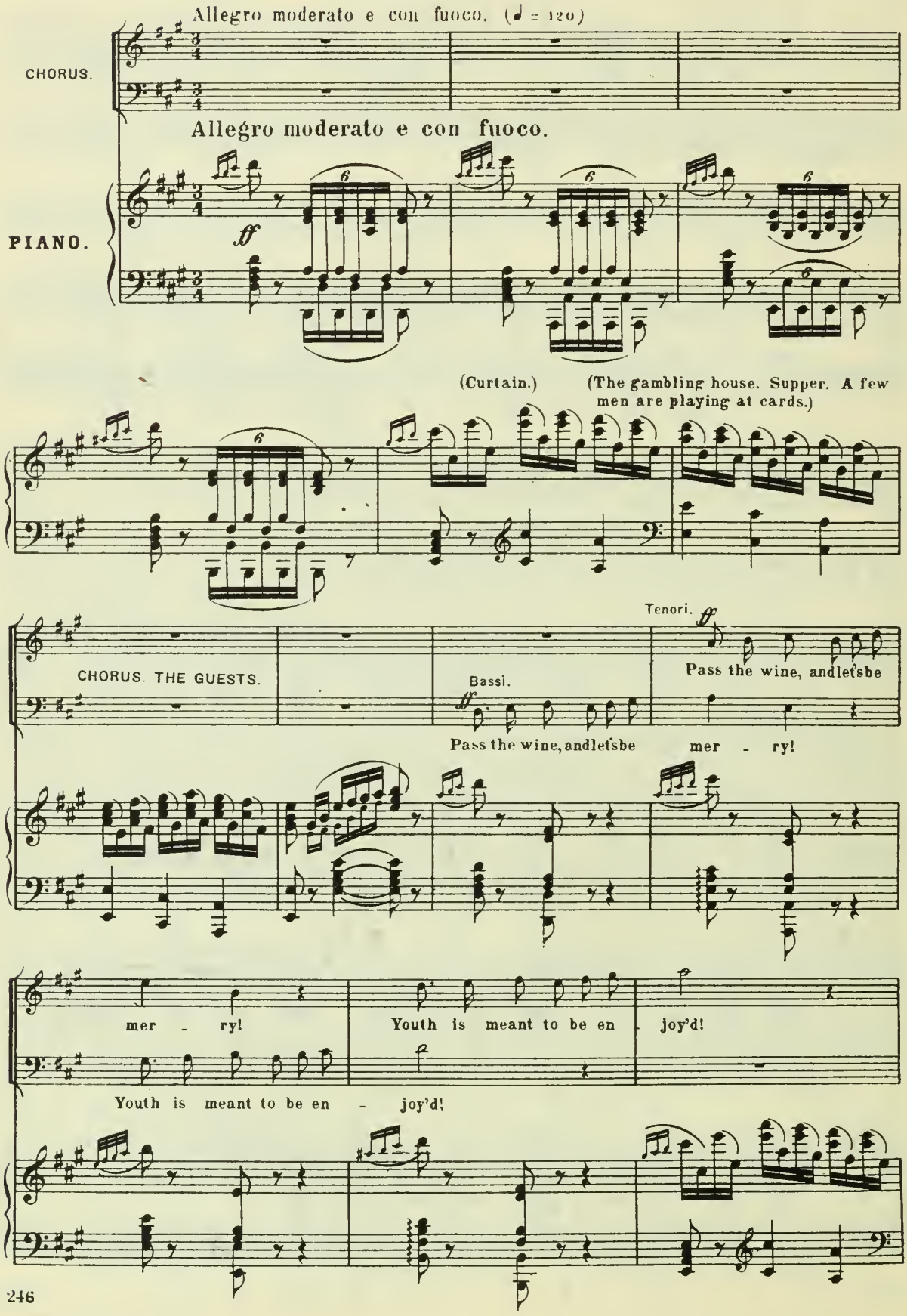
sf

parapet and throws herself into the river.) (Curtain.)

End of 6th Scene.

SCENE VII.

№ 22. Chorus and scene.



While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y.

While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,

Age we can - not long a - void, While youth lasts our

Age we can - not long a - void,

Pass the wine, pass the wine!

cares we'll bur - y, Age we can - not long a - void,

Now pass the wine, and let's make mer - ry,

Youth should be en - - joy'd! Age we can - not long a -

void, Let youth be en_joy'd!

mf Deal the cards and

p

pass the gob - - let, Let us float on pleasure's stream!

mf Deal the cards and pass the gob - - let, Let us float on pleasure's

p

mf *p*

stream! Stake your mon - - ey, friends, and double it,

mf

Life is pas - sing like a dream! Deal the cards and pass the

gob - - let, Let us float on pleasure's stream!

Deal the cards and pass the gob - let, Let us float on pleasure's

Stake your mon - - ey, friends, and doub le it, Life is

stream, for life pas - - ses like a dream, for life

cresc.

pas - sing like a dream! Life's pas - sing like a dream

pas - ses like a dream! pas - sing like a dream

ff

Pass the wine, and let's be mer - - ry!

ff

Pass the wine, and let's be mer - - ry!

ff

Youth was meant to be en - joy'd!

Youth was meant to be en - joy'd!

While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,

While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,

Age we can - not long a - void, age we can - - not

Age we can - not long a - void, age we can - - not

Deal the cards, pass the wine!

long a_void! Youth was meant to be en_joy'd!

long a_void! Now pass the wine and let's make mer - ry

Youth should be en - - joy'd! Age we can_not long a -

void! Let youth be en - joy'd!

Sostenuto. (ma lo stesso tempo.)

TCHAPLITSKY.

I pass pa - ro - li!

SOURIN.

My gain!...

NARUMOV.

I

Sostenuto. (ma lo stesso tempo.)

p

tr

TCHEKALINSKY (shuffling).

Tchapl. Pa_ro_li_pe! Now, who will stake?

N. trump it! At_ten_dez!

SOURIN

Tchek. Ace! That's Mi_ran_do_le.

TOMSKY (to the Prince).

What are you do_ing

T. here? I nev_er once have seen you here at play be_

THE PRINCE.

T. fore. True! This is my first vis_it. The pro_verb you

P.

know it: „un-luck-y in love, luck-y at cards"...

TOMSKY.

What do you mean to say?

THE PRINCE.

That I'm no lon-ger en-

P.

gaged. But do not ask me more! The wound is

P.

smart-ing still! Revenge has brought me here! You

P.

know the pro-verb: „luck - y in love, un - luck - - y at

cre - - *scen* - -

Tempo come prima.

TOMSKY.

Tell me, what is your meaning?

P.

cards!" Wait and see!

CHORUS

ff

Pass the wine and let's be

ff

Pass the wine and let's be mer - ry

Tempo come prima.

- *do*

ff

mer - ry, Youth is meant to be en - joy'd!

Youth is meant to be en - joy'd!

While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,

While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,

Age we can - not long a - void, While youth lasts, our

Age we can - not long a - void, While youth lasts, our

Deal the cards, pass the wine,

cares we'll bury, Age we can - not long a - void,

cares we'll bury, Now pass the wine and let's be mer - ry,

Youth should be en - - joy'd! Age we can not long a -

(The players join those at the supper table.)

void, Let youth be en - joy'd!

Sostenuto. (ma lo stesso tempo.)

TCHEKALINSKY.

Come, gent-le-men, let Tomsky sing a jov-ial dit - ty!

Sostenuto. (ma lo stesso tempo.)

p *poco* *cre* - - *scen* - - *do*

CHORUS.

Sing, Toms - ky, sing, but let it be a jol - - ly song,

Sing, Toms - ky, sing, but let it be a

mf

TOMSKY. TCHEK.

I am not in the mood. Hey! What's a -

A song of love and wine!

jol-ly song, a song!

p

Tchek

miss my friend? drink deep, then you'll feel bet - ter! Now, friends, lets

tr *mf*

Tchek.

drink to Toms-ky's health! Hur - rah!

CHORUS.

Here, Toms-ky, here's to you, Hur - rah!

tr *tr*

cre - - scen - - do

hur-rah! hur - rah!

Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!

hur-rah! hur - rah!

tr

ff *ff*

№ 23. Tomsky's Song and Chorus of Gamblers.

Text by Derjavin.

Andante. (♩ = 76)

TOMSKY.

Andante.

PIANO.

f

Adagio. (♩ = 58)

T.

If all girls with wings were fit - ted, If o'er hill and dale they

Adagio.

p

T.

flit - ted, Perch - ing on the trees to rest,

T.

I would be a branch well - lad - en, Shelt' - ring man - y a sweet

pp

p

T.

maid - en, By at least a thou - sand blest, By at least a thou - sand

mf

f

p

Andante. Adagio.

T. blest! There they'd

CHORUS. Bra_vo! Bra_vo! O sing an_oth_er verse!

Andante. Adagio.

T. sit and sing while rest_ing, In the spring be bu_sy nest_ing, Rear their Young and cal_low

T. brood! Then re_nounc_ing wine and play_ing, By my

T. song_birds al_ways staying, I might be for ev_er good, I might be for ev_er

Andante.

T.

good!

CHORUS.

Bra - vo! Bra - vo! That's a fam - ous song, it's

Andante.

splen - did! Bra - vo! Tomsky, thanks! Then re - nounc - ing wine and

play - ing, By my song - birds al - ways stay - ing, I might be for ev - er

scen - - - do

good, I might be for ev - er - good!

TCHEKALINSKY. Meno.

Well now, friends, in our good old style we'll sing the gambler's song!

Meno.

mf *f* *ff*

Allegro molto vivo. (♩ = 160)

p

TCHEK. *f*

TCHAP. Let it rain, let it sleet, Round the ta-bles we'll meet, dai - - ly!

NARUM. *f*

SOURIN.

p *f*

CHORUS. *f*

Let it rain, let it sleet, Round the ta-bles we'll meet, dai - - ly!

f

p *f*

Tchek.
Tchap.

There our hundreds we stake, And our loss - es we take, gai - - ly!

N.
S.

p *f*

CHOR.

There our hun - dreds we stake, And our loss - es we take, gai - - ly!

p *f*

Tchek.
Tchap.

All our gains we chalk up, While we pass round the cup, mad - - ly!

N.
S.

p *f*

CHOR.

All our gains we chalk up, While we pass round the cup, mad - - ly!

p *f*

Tchek.
Tchap.
Till the dawn is a - glow, And we rise up to go, sad - ly!
N.
S.
mf
CHOR.
Till the dawn is a - glow, And we rise up to go, sad - ly!
ff
mf
Tchek.
Tchap.
ff
Let it rain, let it sleet, round the ta - bles we'll meet, dai - - ly,
N.
S.
ff
ff
mf
ff
CHOR.
Let it rain, let it sleet, round the ta - bles we'll meet dai - - ly,
ff
mf
ff

Tchek.
Tchap.
All our gains we chalk up, While we pass round the cup,

N.
S.

All our gains we chalk up, While we pass round the cup,

sempre ff

Tchek.
Tchap
mad - - ly! Till the dawn is a - glow and we

N
S.

mad - - ly! Till the dawn is a - glow and we

Tchek.
Tchap.
rise up to go, sad - ly! mad - ly, sad - ly!

N.
S.

rise up to go, sad - ly! mad - ly, sad - ly!

Tchek.
Tchap.
N.
S.

mad - ly! There our hun - dreds we stake, and our loss - es we

mad - ly! There our hun - dreds we stake, and our loss - es we

take, and our loss - es we take, gai - - ly,

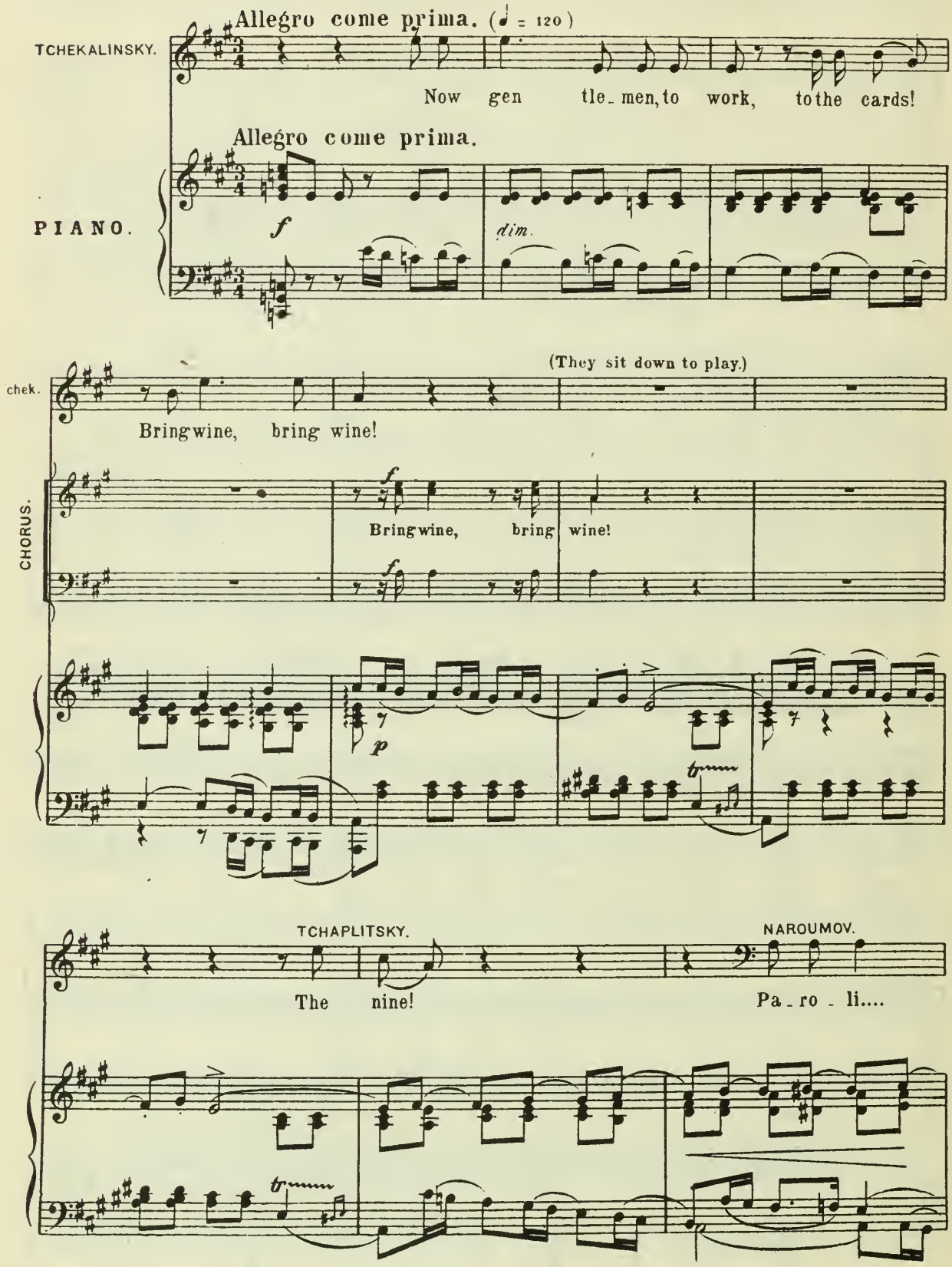
(Whistles, cries and dancing.)

take, and our loss - es we take, gai - - ly,

dai - ly, gai - ly, dai - ly, gai - ly!

dai - ly, gai - ly, dai - ly, gai - ly!

№ 24. Closing scene.



TCHAPLITSKY.

A - gainst you!

SOURIN.

Then I will back the ta - ble...

mf *p*

TCHAPLITSKY.

I win!

NAROUMOV.

Now trans - port to the ten!

(Enter Herman.)

tr *sf* *p* *tr* *sfp*

PRINCE (catching sight of him.)

So, my pre - sent - i - ment was right on this oc -

mf

P.

ca - sion!

(To Tomsky)

Per - haps I may have need of you as se - cond,

p *p*

TOMSKY.

P. Tomsky; I think you'll see me through? You can re_ly on

T. me!

CHORUS. What! Her_man, you! How late you are!

What! Her_man, Where were you? How

TCHEKALINSKY.

Come, sit by me, per_haps you'll bring me luck.

Where were you?

late you are!

SOURIN.

L'istesso tempo.

ritenuto

Where have you been? Where then? To hell and back, eh? You look uncommon

f

Andante moderato. (♩ = 80)

TCHEK.

S.

queer! As pa_le as any ghost! Have you been ill?

Andante moderato.

p *marcato*

(Tchekalinsky acquiesces with a silent bow.)

HERMAN. Recit.

SOURIN.

I want to take a hand at cards. What next, what next! Our Her_man

CHORUS.

What next, what

f *p*

NAROUMOV. Recit.

S.

playing! Dear fellow, good

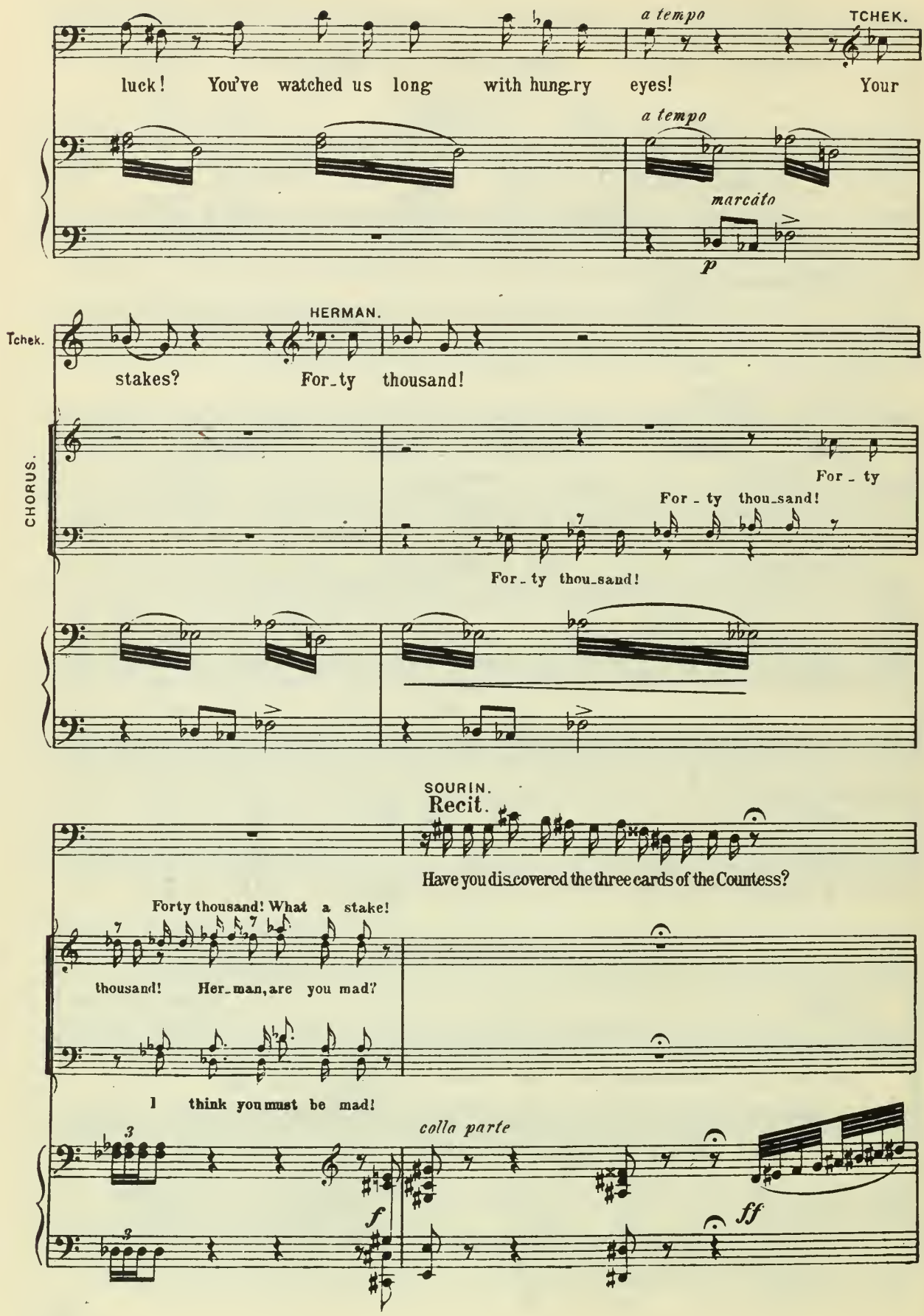
next! Our Her_man turning gamb_ler! Her - man!

(Herman takes a card and covers it with a bank note.)

What next, our Her - man turn_ing gambler! Her_man, Her_man!

colla parte

fp


a tempo
TCHEK.
luck! You've watched us long with hung-ry eyes! Your
a tempo
marcato
p
HERMAN.
Tchek.
stakes? For-ty thousand!
CHORUS.
For - ty
For - ty thou-sand!
For - ty thou-sand!
SOURIN.
Recit.
Have you dis-covered the three cards of the Countess?
Forty thousand! What a stake!
thousand! Her-man, are you mad?
I think you must be mad!
colla parte
f
ff

in tempo

HERMAN. (irritably)

Come, does my of.fer hold?

TCHEK.

It does! Up_on which cards?

in tempo

ff *p*

HERMAN.

Three!

(Tchekalinsky shuffles.)

f *cresc.* *ff*

HERMAN. Poco meno. (♩ = 72)

I have won!

CHORUS.

f

Yes, he has won! What luck he has!

f

Yes, ho has won! What luck he has!

Poco meno.

f *f*

Cel. *f*

HERMAN.

f

At last the goal is

TCHEKALINSKY.

mf *f*

There's something very queer! His look is fixed and star - -

TCHAPLITSKY.

There's something very queer! His

TOMSKY.

There's some - thing ve - ry queer! His

PRINCE.

mf

There's something very queer! But onward surely creeps his

SOURIN.

There's something very queer! His look is fixed and star - ing, In

NAROUMOV.

mf

There's something very queer! His

pp *un poco cresc.*

pp

H. reached, All goes with_out a hitch. No!

Tchek. *mf* ing, In me he rous _ es fear, There's mad _ ness in his dar _ ing!

Tchap. look is fixed and star_ing. In me he rouses fear! There's

T. look, his look, is fixed and star_ing, There's mad _ ness in his dar_ing,

P hour! Now my re_venge draws near,

S. me he rouses fear, There's madness, madness in his dar _ ing! Yes,

N. look is fixed and star_ing, In me he rous _ es fear, In me he rouses fear!

H. No! she's not failed me, aft - er all, the strange old

hek. Yes, there's something ver - y queer! There's mad - - ness in his

dim.

hap. mad ness in his dar - ing! Yes, there's something ver - y queer! His look is

dim.

T. In me he rous - es fear! Yes, There's something very strange and

dim.

P. Now my re - venge draws near, I have him in my

dim.

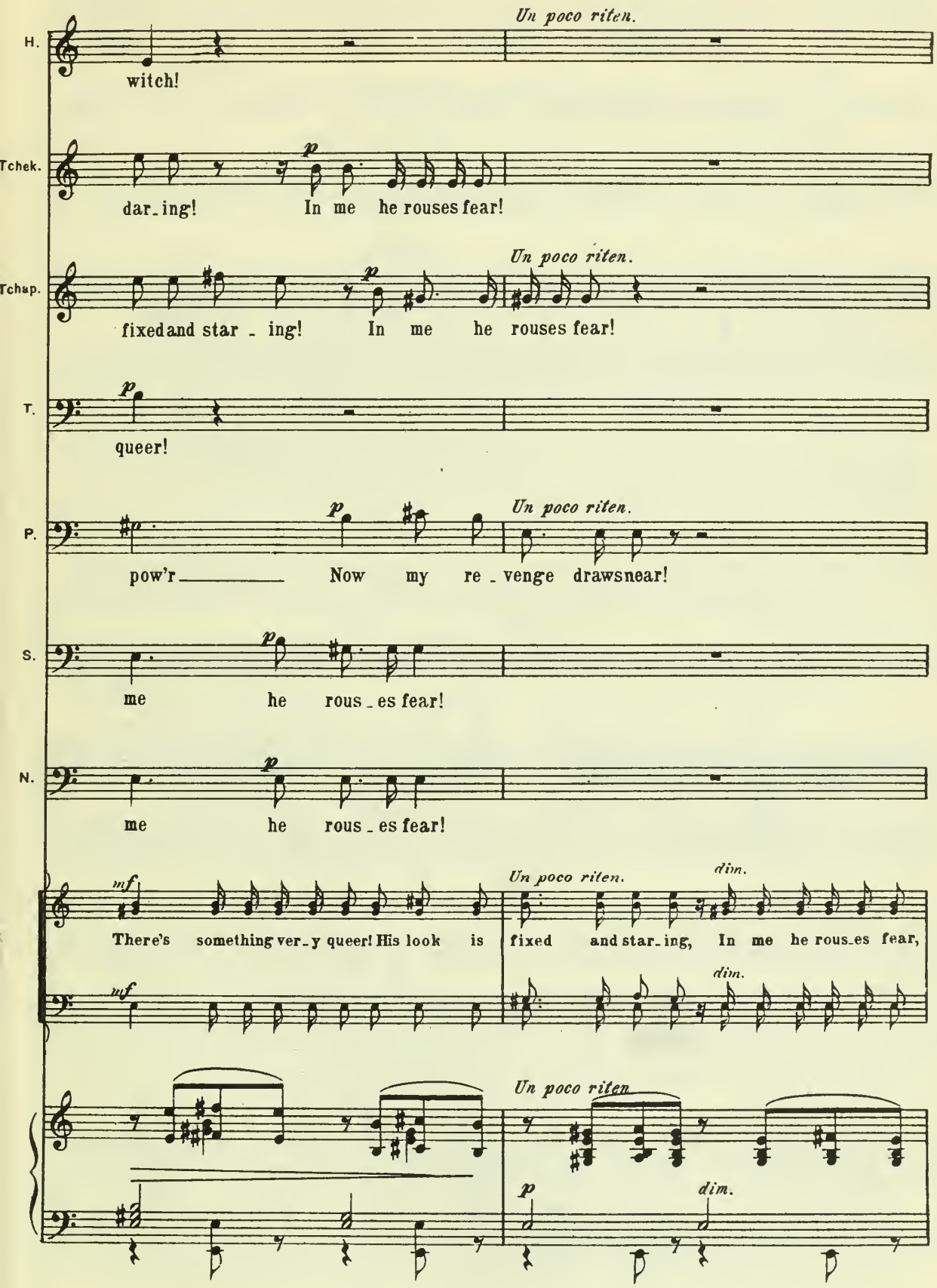
S. There's something ver - y queer! See, his look is fixed and staring. In

dim.

N. Yes! There's something ver - y queer! There's mad ness in his dar - ing. In

mf

dim.


H.
Un poco riten.
witch!
Tchek.
p
dar_ing! In me he rouses fear!
Tchap.
Un poco riten.
p
fixed and star _ ing! In me he rouses fear!
T.
p
queer!
P.
p
Un poco riten.
pow'r Now my re _ venge drawsnear!
S.
p
me he rous _ es fear!
N.
p
me he rous _ es fear!
mf
Un poco riten.
dim.
There's something ver _ y queer! His look is fixed and star _ ing, In me he rous _ es fear,
mf
dim.
Un poco riten
p
dim.

Tempo I (♩ = 80)

TCHEKALINSKY.

Your winnings! Take them up!

HERMAN.

No! Double or

ppp

There's mad_ness in his dar_ing!

ppp

Tempo I.

pp

p *marcato*

p

H.

quits!

O, he is rav_ing, poor old Her_man! Come, Tche_kal_

O, he is rav_ing, poor old Her_man! Come, Tche_kal_in_sky, leave off

in_sky, leave off play_ing, He looks so strange and

play_ing, leave off play ing, He looks so strange and

mf

HERMAN.

You play? Here! The seven!

TCHEKALINSKY. (Shuffles.)

I do! What cards?

wild!

H.

I win!

He wins a_gain!

H.

Well, you are look_ing downcast!

Why surely, all is not right, he's cheat_ing!

(Laughs hysterically.)

H. You're ner vous? You fear me? Bring wine, bring wine!

ff *f* *f*

H.

CHORUS. *ff* Her - - man, What ails you?

ff *ff*

(With glass in hand.)

Moderato con moto. (♩=100.)

H. What is our life? A game! Aye, right and wrong are

Moderato con moto.

p *p*

H. emp - ty dreams! And work and hon - our just a

H.

name! Now say, who's hap-pier of us two?

riten.

mf *riten.* *p*

Un poco meno animato. Tempo I.

To day 't is I, To morrow you! For scruples do not

Un poco meno animato. Tempo I.

p

wait, But catch your luck and use it! Let them re - pine who lose it.

f *mf* *f*

ad libitum. *a tempo*

Let them re - pine who lose it, And curse, and curse their

sf *p* *f* *p*

H.

Tempo I.

sor - - - - - ry fate! What's certain? Death

stringendo

mf *f* *ff* *p*

H.

a_lone! When o'er life's sea our course we

f *p*

H.

take, Death is the one sure port we

H.

riten.

make. And which of us has Death in view?

mf *riten.* *p*

Un poco meno animato. Tempo I.

H. To day'tis me, To-morrow you! For scruples do not wait, But

Un poco meno animato. Tempo I.

p

H. catch your luck and use it! Let them re - pine _____ who lose it,

mf f f f

H. Let them re - pine _____ who lose it, And curse their

ff f ff

Allegro. ♩=144.

H. sor - - - - - ry fate!

stringendo Allegro.

p f ff

Allegro giusto. (♩ = 120)

H.

TCHEKALINSKY.

You'll stake once more! No, take your gains! I think you

Allegro giusto.

f

(Tchekalinsky lays the money on the table.)

HERMAN.

chek.

have the dev - il's luck at cards! And if I have, what

p

H.

then? What does it mat - ter! Who

f mf

H.

feels disposed now, To stake the lot up

f

THE PRINCE (stepping forward).

H. dis on one card? Well? *Fürst.* I will!

CHORUS. *f* Prince, *f* Prince, come a_way!

f *mf*

come a_way! Do not stake, For this is not fair

Do not stake, For this is not fair play, not fair

f *mf* *f* *mf*

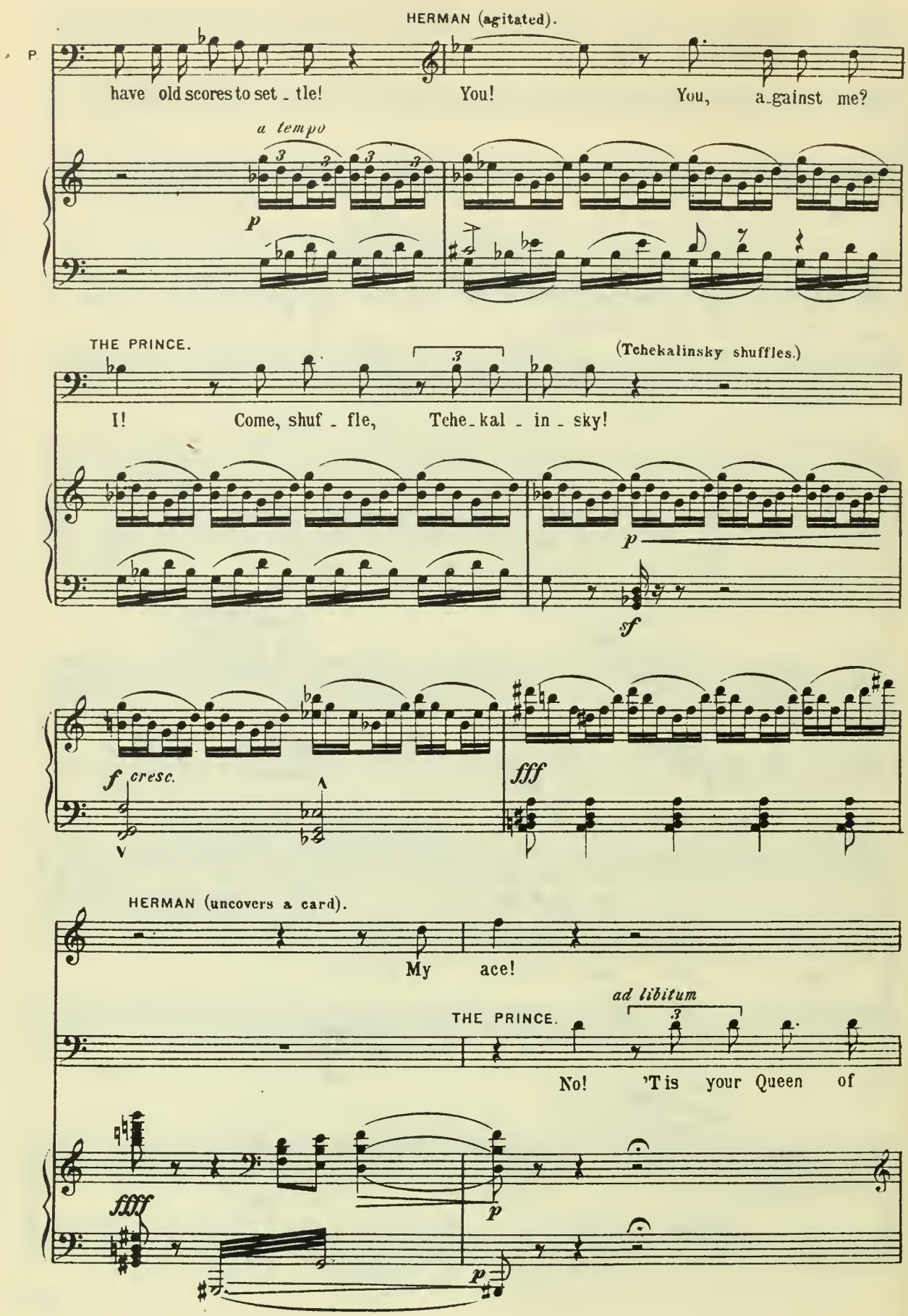
THE PRINCE. *ad libitum*

I know what I am doing, friends! We

play, but mad_ness! Don't stake!

play, but mad_ness! Don't stake!

f *ff*


HERMAN (agitated).
have old scores to set - tle!
You!
You, a-gainst me?
a tempo
p
THE PRINCE.
(Tchekalinsky shuffles.)
I!
Come, shuf - fle,
Tche-kal - in - sky!
p
sf
f cresc.
fff
HERMAN (uncovers a card).
My ace!
ad libitum
THE PRINCE.
No!
'T is your Queen of
ffff
p
p

Moderato assai. (♩ = 92)

HERMAN. THE PRINCE. *riten.*

P. Spades! What! Queen of Spades? There, in your hand, you hold the Queen of

Moderato assai. *riten.*

p

Andante non troppo. (Come prima.)

(The Ghost of the Countess appears. Everybody retreats before Herman.)

HERMAN (in terror)

P. Spades! The Count_ess! You! And here! What bodes your

Andante non troppo. (Come prima.)

pp

un poco marcato ma sempre pp

H. laugh_ter? To shame and mad_ness you have brought me! Ac_

H. curs_ed witch! What? What do you want of me?

H. Speak! Hah! my life? Well take it, then, my

(He stabs himself. The ghost vanishes. Some of the guests bend over Herman, who has fallen to the ground.)

Moderato mosso e agitato. (♩ = 100)

H. life is yours!

CHORUS. Poor Her - man!

Poor Her - man! What a

Moderato mosso e agitato.

cresc. *f* *mf*

What a dread - - ful, un - hal - low'd end is his! He

dread - ful, un - hal - low'd end is his! He lives, he

cresc.

(Herman comes to himself, and seeing the Prince, tries to raise himself up)

lives, he breathes!

lives, he breathes!

f *dim.*

HERMAN.

Prince! Prince, for-

p

Ritenuto. *ad libitum*

H. give, for-give! All's ov-er... ov-er... I am dy-ing...

Ritenuto. Andante.

Andantino. (♩ = 84)

H

Who is this? Li - sa? You here? God a - bove!

Andantino.

pp

pp espress.

H.

For what? For what? You for - give me? Yes?

p

H.

Curse me not! Ah! How I have loved you, Li - sa!

cre - scen - do

mf

dim.

(He dies.)

H.

An - gel, con - demn me not! Be - lov - ed! Ah!

p

mf

p

riten.

pp morendo

Andante sostenuto. (♩ = 69)

CHORUS.

For - give this sin - ner, Lord, and shed Thy peace e - ter - nal,

Andante sostenuto.

peace e - ter - - nal, up - on his suf - fring spi - - rit!

dolcissimo

con Ped.

(The Curtain goes down slowly.)

un poco cresc.

End of the Opera.

DATE DUE

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